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A WAR MISSION IN THE SAHARA

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WAR, with its vicissitudes, its varying fortunes, imposes singular and radical changes upon every one engaged in it. This time last year, for example, I was on the high table-lands of Asia Minor, travelling from one end of the Russian Caucasus to the other, from Erzeroum to Trébizonde, with the commission sent out to verify on the spot to just what degree of insubordination and confusion the anarchical propaganda of the Soviet had already reduced the Russian army. The experiences of that trip I have already described for the readers of SCRIBNER'S.*

And now, this year, here I am "somewhere in Africa," between five and six hundred kilometres from Algiers, on the confines of the Sahara!

Last winter one of the most eminent of French statesmen, M. Jonnart, former minister of foreign affairs, was intrusted by his friend M. Clemenceau, with the difficult duties of governor-general of Algeria—duties which he had discharged during a former term of office with marked success. This was the same M. Jonnart, by the way, who, as High Commissioner of the Allied Powers, in a few days caused the abdication of King Constantine and the political alignment of Greece on the side of the Entente. I accompanied the new governor-general to Algiers as his aide-de-camp. Immediately upon our arrival he sent me with the military leader of native affairs to the Southern Territories to stimulate recruiting among the Arabs. And so, since yesterday I have been at Laghouat, a delightful little Franco-Arabian city buried in flowers and palms and orange-trees.

Nothing can equal the charm of the oases of the Sahara in the springtime. After long journeyings over monotonous stretches of plateaux, across unending plains where nothing growing is to be seen save, here and there, scraggy clumps of *l'alfa* (esparto-grass), after traversing interminable sand-dunes, suddenly one finds oneself in a veritable bower of living green, musical with the sound of running water.

The barley planted at the foot of the palms is of a delicate green—a refreshment and a delight to the eye. Everywhere, growing among the native African trees, are the fruit-trees of France; the apricot, the peach-tree laden down with pink blossoms, and the grape-vine, its long and flexible tendrils climbing upward about the dry and knotty trunks of the palms.

Owing to the foresight of the colonel who is in command of the Territory of Laghouat, all the great native leaders of that region, the commanders-in-chief, the commanders and the heads of the tribes, were assembled in the Arab bureau, the official residence of the French authorities. The native chiefs were in full dress—long, flowing robes of fine silk over which was flung the great burnous of red wool. Pinned on the breast, or hung about the neck, of each one were the

*"The Russian Army and the Revolution," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, November, 1917.

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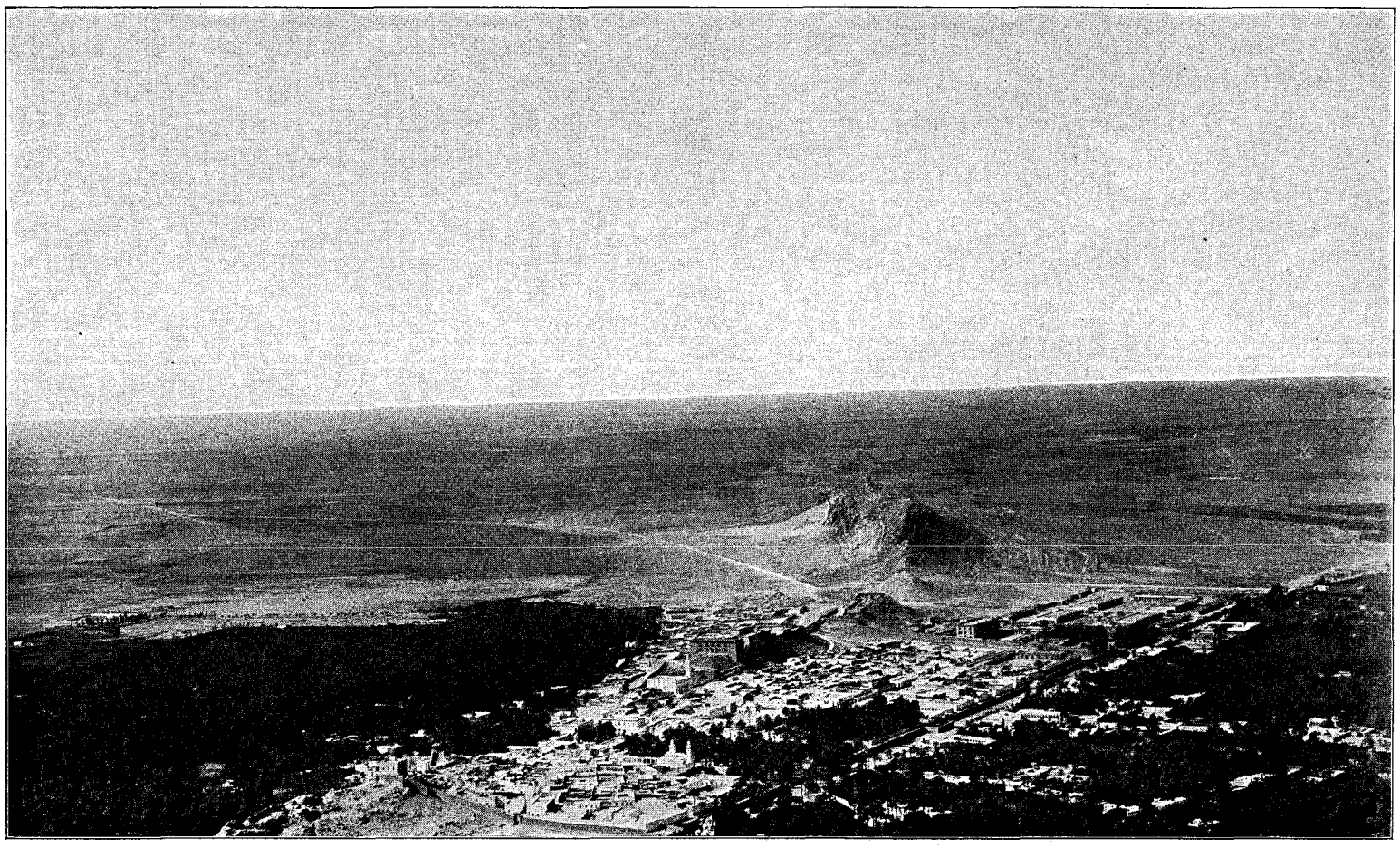

Laghouat from an airplane.

Since yesterday I have been at Laghouat, a delightful little Franco-Arabian city buried in flowers and palms and orange-trees.—Page 257.

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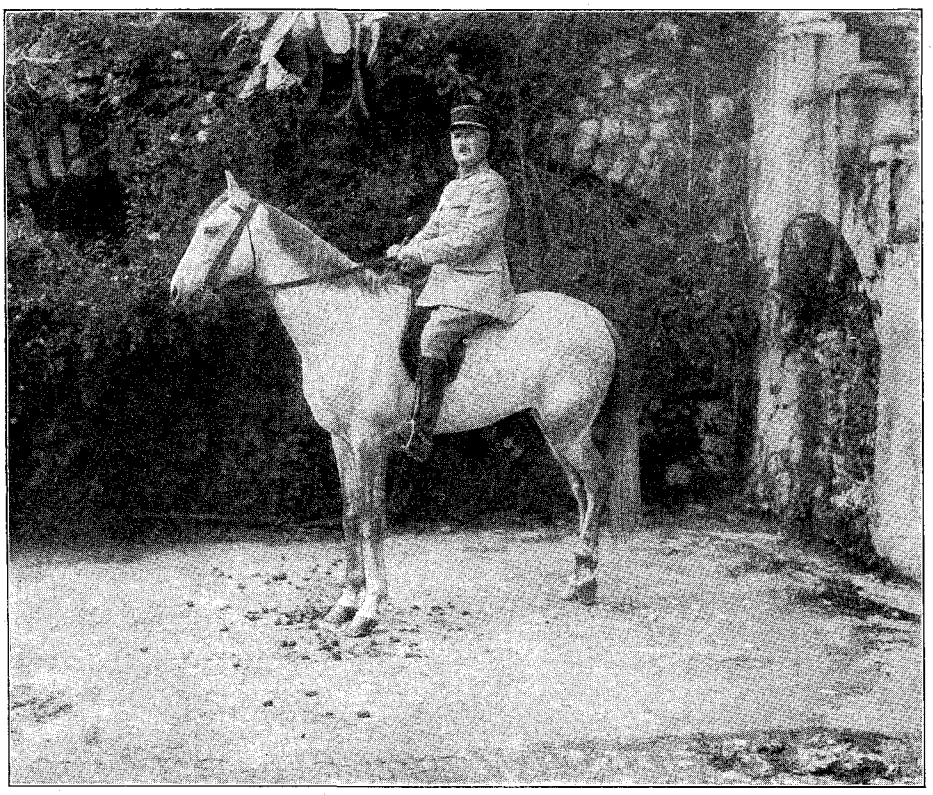
French decorations which our government has conferred upon them, and of which they are inordinately proud. Several of the youngest among them wore the Croix de Guerre, gallantly won at the head of their troops, cavalry or sharp-



Raymond Recouly.
Algiers, April, 1918.

shooters, on the battle-fields of France—in Champagne, in Picardy, in Flanders.

When all were gathered about us the colonel addressed them, explaining briefly the intentions of the French Government:

"The new governor, M. Jonnart, whom you have known a long while and for whom you have always expressed the warmest affection, desires that the Southern Territories, which are governed by military authorities, should furnish, of their own accord and without any pressure brought to bear on them, the contingents of native troops which will have the honor of serving in the French army. The French authorities will not intervene in any way in the recruiting of these units nor in the disposition of them. They will leave these matters entirely in the hands of the native chiefs in whom they have the fullest confidence."

And then the colonel added: "It is for the purpose of making this communication to you and at the same time of conveying to you a message of welcome, that the governor-general has sent me here."

When this speech had been translated by the interpreter, the commander-in-chief, a fine-looking, black-bearded Arab, replied:

"Our tribes are ready to furnish all the men you ask for and more. Only give us a few weeks in which to round up those who are out pasturing their flocks, two or three hundred kilometres from here in the Sahara. As soon as we can get hold of them we will recruit these troops; our soldiers will be on hand the day agreed upon and not one will be missing.

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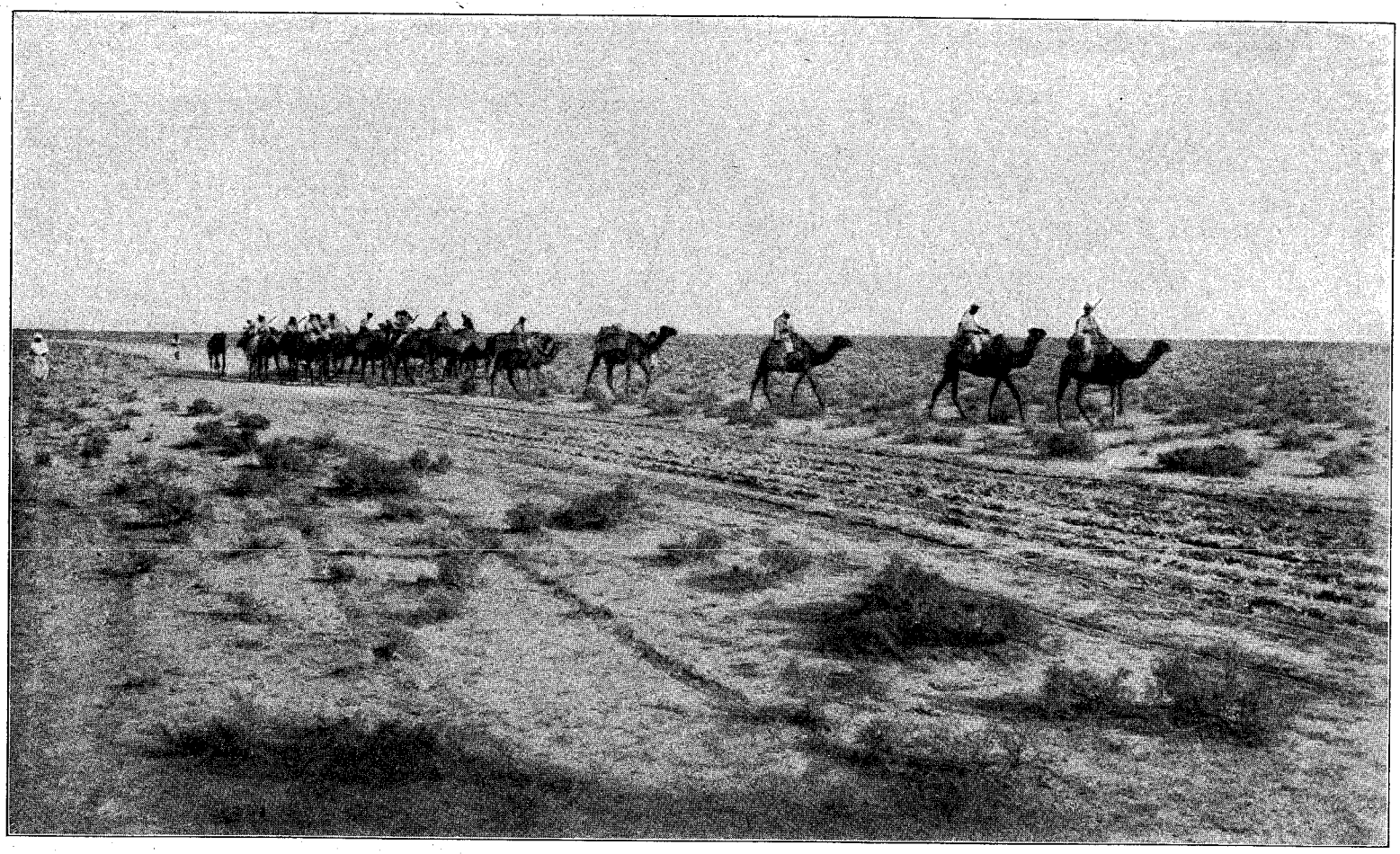

The southern trail through the desert.

Leaving Laghouat, we strike downward toward the south.—Page 264.

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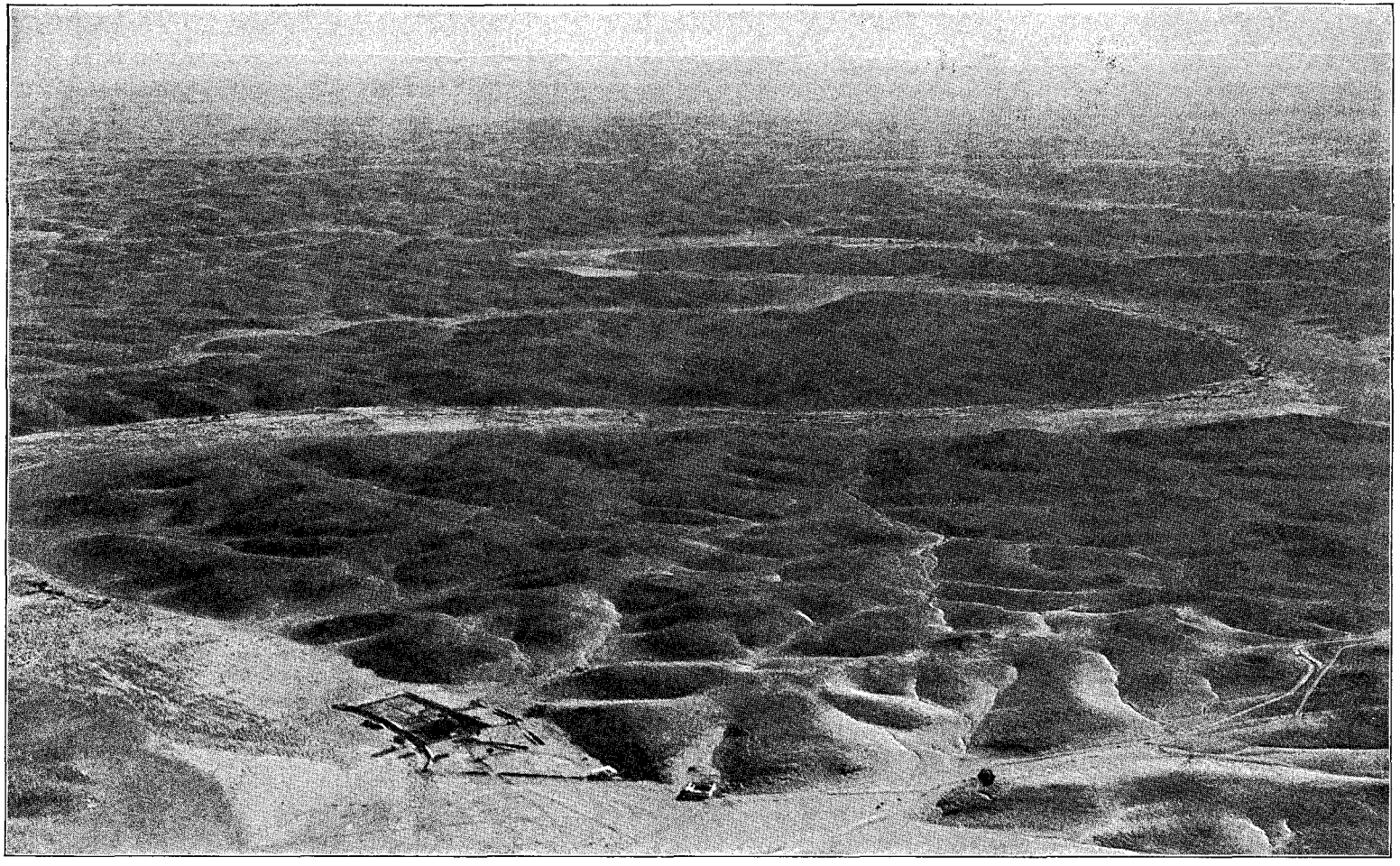

The rocky plateau of the Chebka. From an airplane.

The rocks, worn, hollowed out by the action of the water, assume under the burning reflection of the sun's rays the appearance of a net whose meshes shimmer away as far as the eye can see.—Page 264.

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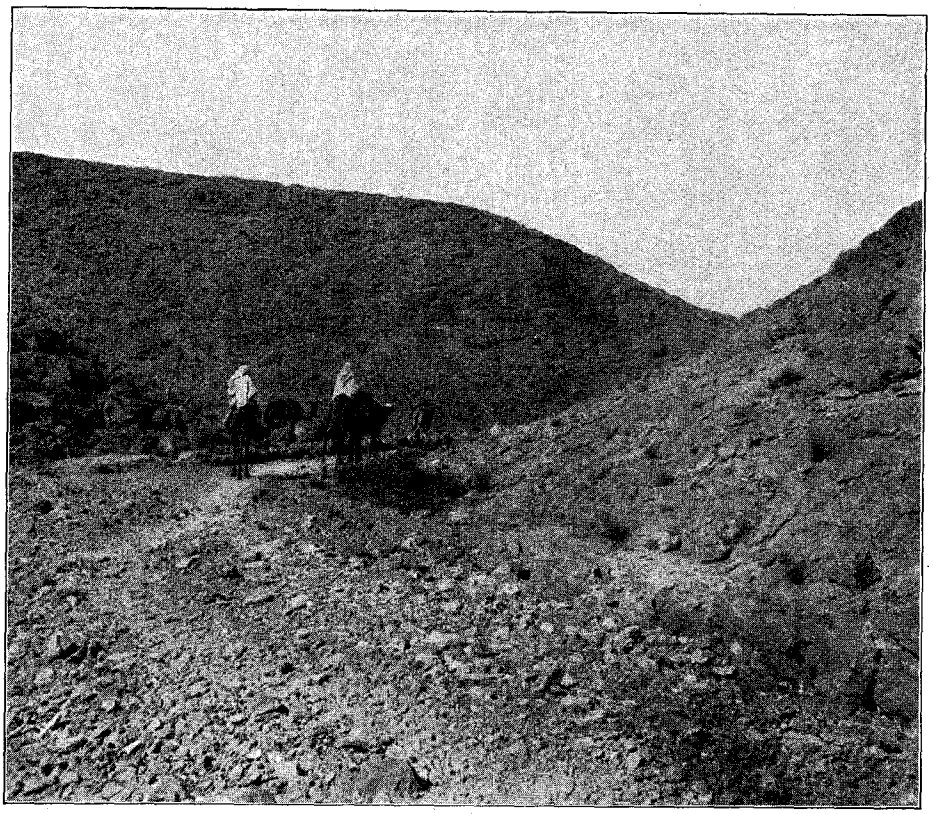

The rocky desert of M'zab.
This desolate sea of stones.—Page 264.

"Never before has our country been so prosperous, our people so well off. They sell their sheep for two or three times as much as before the war; the French Government makes large allotments to the families of our soldiers, exactly the same, in fact, as those granted to the native French combatants. The wealth, the prosperity, and the tranquillity of our country are your work. We cannot stand aside, therefore, selfishly enjoying our good fortune, while France, who has been fighting for three years, is called upon to make more and more sacrifices."

The promises of the commander-in-chief were fulfilled in every particular. In fact, the Southern Territories, where, by the advice of M. Jonnart, conscription was not resorted to, will furnish more native troops this year than the Civilian Territories of the north. The splendid result of this policy is that among the thousands of these recruits there is not one dissatisfied soldier, not one deserter!

The willingness of colonies to engage in war side by side with the mother country is the supreme test of their loyalty.

The Germans were fully persuaded that, thanks to their intrigues and machinations, the Mohammedan territories of northern French Africa—Algeria, Tunis, Morocco—would rise against us at the very beginning of the great European war. They had spared no effort to accomplish that result. Throughout these countries they had established a vast system of espionage of which the numerous German hotel proprietors, German commercial travellers, and a certain number of neutrals were the well-paid agents. The proximity of Tripoli, as yet not entirely under French domination, and of Spanish Morocco, in both of which countries their

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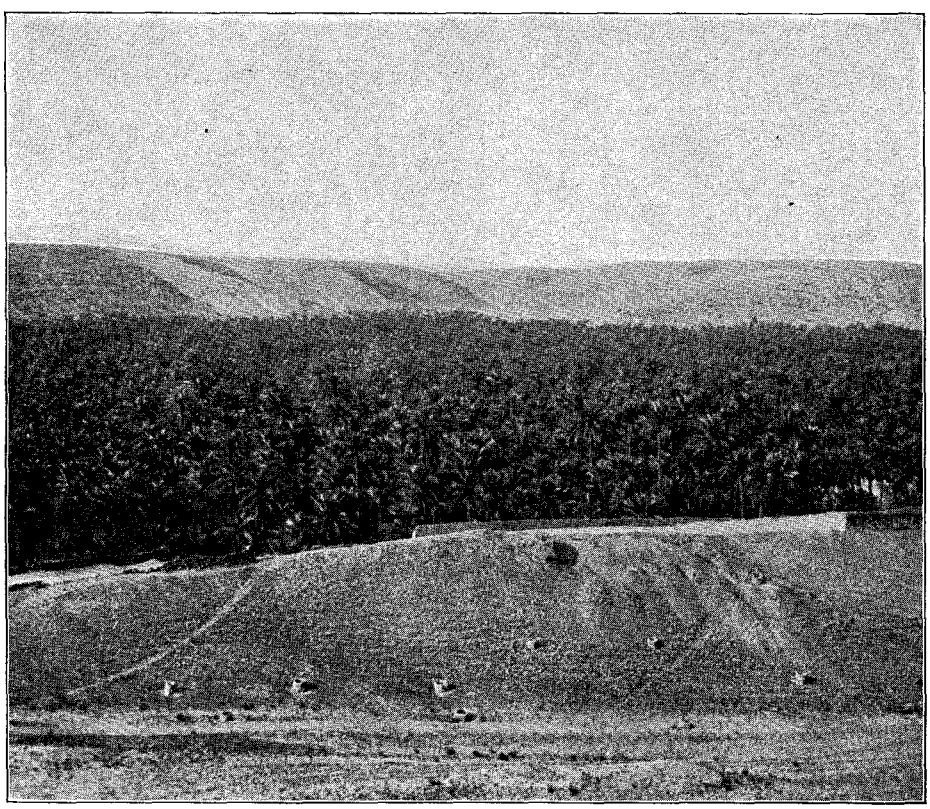
emissaries can take refuge, have made it possible for them to continue their intrigues since the commencement of hostilities.

Those efforts and those intrigues have been without the results so confidently expected. The Mussulmans of Algeria have stood by France with an unshakable loyalty and fidelity. Since the outset of the war three-fourths of our active forces here have been sent to France. They played a magnificent rôle in the first decisive battles. At the Marne, on the Yser, the African troops, zouaves and sharpshooters, covered themselves with glory. The troops remaining in Algeria, few in number and composed largely of old classes, have, nevertheless, been able to preserve unbroken order and security in the colony.

After nearly four years of warfare it is good to see the tranquillity and prosperity of Algeria. Algiers, the capital of our African empire, has become a large city, having almost doubled in extent and population in the last ten years. Owing to the increase in price of all foodstuffs, the Algerian colonists, who are wonderful farmers, do an excellent business. They sell their wines, cereals, early vegetables, fruits, and sheep at high prices, while the value of the land itself has considerably augmented. There is not an acre which is not under cultivation. Everywhere are vineyards, orchards of orange and lemon trees, fields of wheat and barley. Farming, and especially grape-growing, is carried on along the most modern lines and with the aid of up-to-date machinery.

There is something about the Algerian planter which reminds one of the American farmer. Like the American, he cultivates a rich, virgin soil; like him, he breaks away from tradition and the rou-



A desert oasis.

One is surprised and enchanted on rounding a hill to come suddenly upon a forest of green palms.—Page 264.

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tine way of doing things much more easily than the French peasant.

Leaving Laghouat, we strike downward toward the south. Our route lies in the direction of the oases of M'zab, one of the most curious and unique spots in the world.

The Frenchman is a wonderful builder of roads. Nowhere save in Algeria is there such a network of roads and trails offering to the automobilist the most attractive, and at the same time the most varied, excursions. American tourists who come to Europe after the war will not regret taking a look-in on Algeria.

From Laghouat on through the desert, the military authorities who control the affairs of the country have constructed a road especially reserved for automobiles. Vehicles without rubber tires are prohibited from using it under heavy penalty of the law. Thanks to this regulation, the road is as smooth as a billiard-table.

Every thirty kilometres there is a fortified road-house where soldiers on the march may halt for rest. There they can obtain water and food. One of these caravansaries, Tilrempt, even boasts a wonderful native cook, El Haid, a desert Vatel, who can serve a breakfast which would make the chef of a "Café de Paris" or a "Voisin" restaurant jealous.

At eighty kilometres from Laghouat there is a sudden and extraordinary change in the character of the country. We have reached the limestone plateau of the "Chebka," an Arab word signifying a net. The rocks, worn, hollowed out by the action of the water, assume under the burning reflection of the sun's rays the appearance of a net whose meshes shimmer away as far as the eye can see. This chain of faintly yellow, rocky ravines is the last word in desolation. In comparison with their arid, parched rims, stretched across the landscape like some vast skeleton, dried to powder by the blazing African sun, the sand-dunes seem delightfully cheerful!

Behind this barrier of sterility and death men, fired with religious zeal, the Mozabites, have sought a sanctuary where, free from persecution, they could worship according to their beliefs.

The Mozabites are Berbers belonging to a dissenting Mohammedan sect, the Idabites, who in the tenth century conquered northern Africa and founded the kingdom of Tiaret. Violently persecuted by the Arabs, who looked upon them as heretics, the Mozabites took refuge in this inhospitable land, too poor and too remote to tempt any other people.

After hours of driving over this desolate sea of stones, one is surprised and enchanted on rounding a hill to come suddenly upon a forest of green palms. One asks oneself by what miracle they have been able to grow in such an arid, rocky place.

It *is* a miracle—a miracle wrought by man, who, at the cost of arduous labor has achieved the fertilization of a barren soil. In order to irrigate these oases, it has been found necessary to bore to a great depth in the rock for water. And after all, these wells yield only a scanty flow. Unless there are good rainfalls during the season they are apt to go dry altogether. Camels, mules, and asses tug incessantly at the long ropes which, by a primitive system of pulleys, raise the buckets of goatskin filled with the precious water to the surface, and empty them into a reservoir. From these reservoirs the water is carried by pipes, cleverly disposed, to the gardens. Everywhere is heard the creaking of the never-idle pulleys. It is the only noise that breaks the silence of the oases of the Mozabites.

The sacred cities of M'zab, Ghardaïa, Melika, Beni-Isguen, are situated in a line along a dried river-bed of the Sahara. Only once in every four or five years is there any water in this river, and at those times the stream is carefully dammed and used for the fertilization of the parched oases. During the dry years, only by the most strenuous efforts do the Mozabites protect their gardens from the ever-menacing aridity of the surrounding desert.

But such a land is too poor to maintain the inhabitants, no matter how industrious and hard-working they may be. Therefore great numbers of the young Mozabites are obliged to expatriate themselves. They go to the fertile and rich country of North Algeria, where they engage in commercial pursuits and succeed admirably. Their shops are in all the cities of the sea-coast. These deeply religious Mohammedans are the most astute

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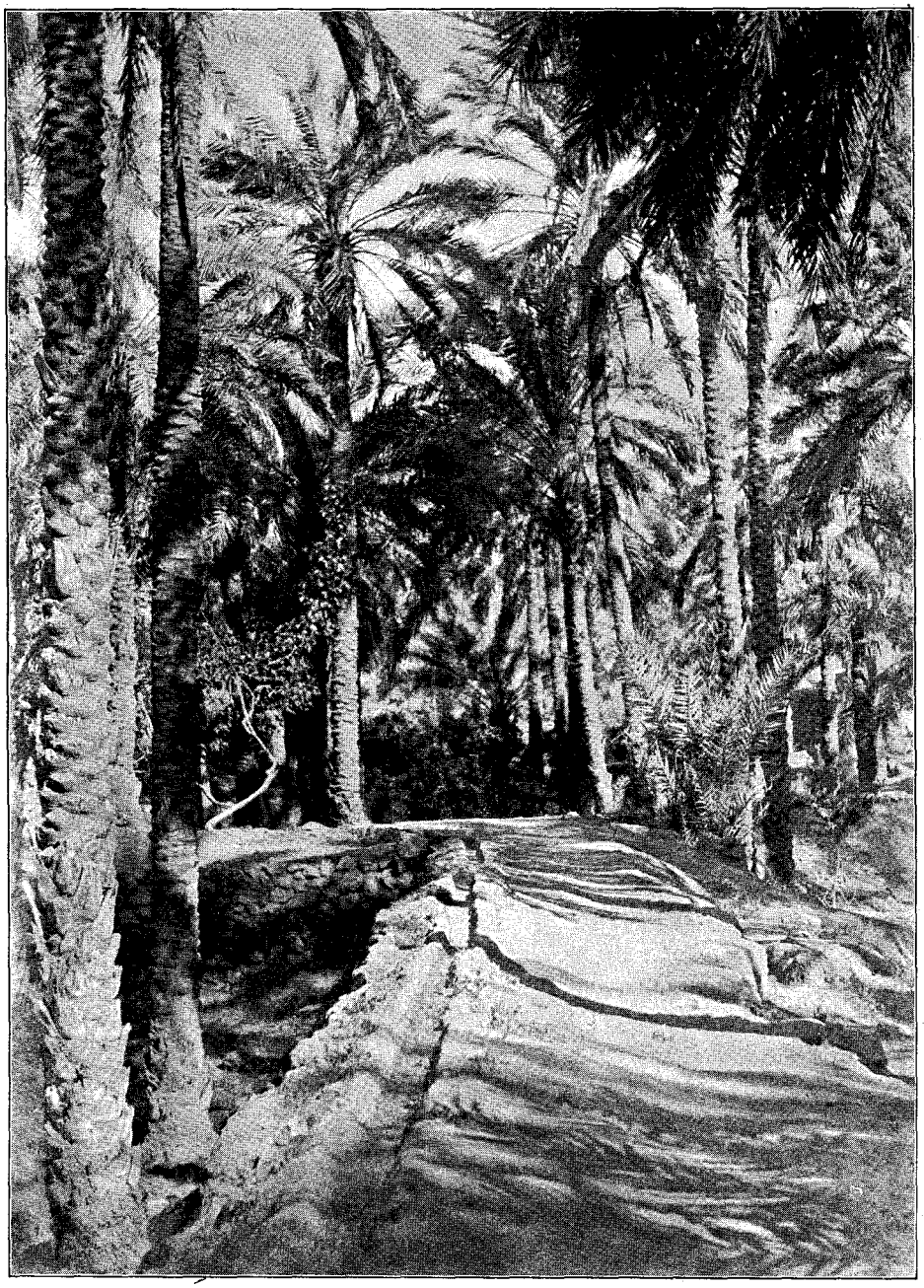

A garden in Beni-Isguen.

A miracle wrought by man, who, at the cost of arduous labor has achieved the fertilization of a barren soil.
—Page 264.

of merchants, canny enough to outwit even the Jews. They are at one and the same time the Quakers and the Phœnicians of Islam.

But, though expatriated themselves, they leave in far-off M'zab their families —their wives and their children—and invariably they return to M'zab. The priests who govern these little theocratic republics lay upon them the inviolable obligation to return to the land where their ancestors are buried and where they,

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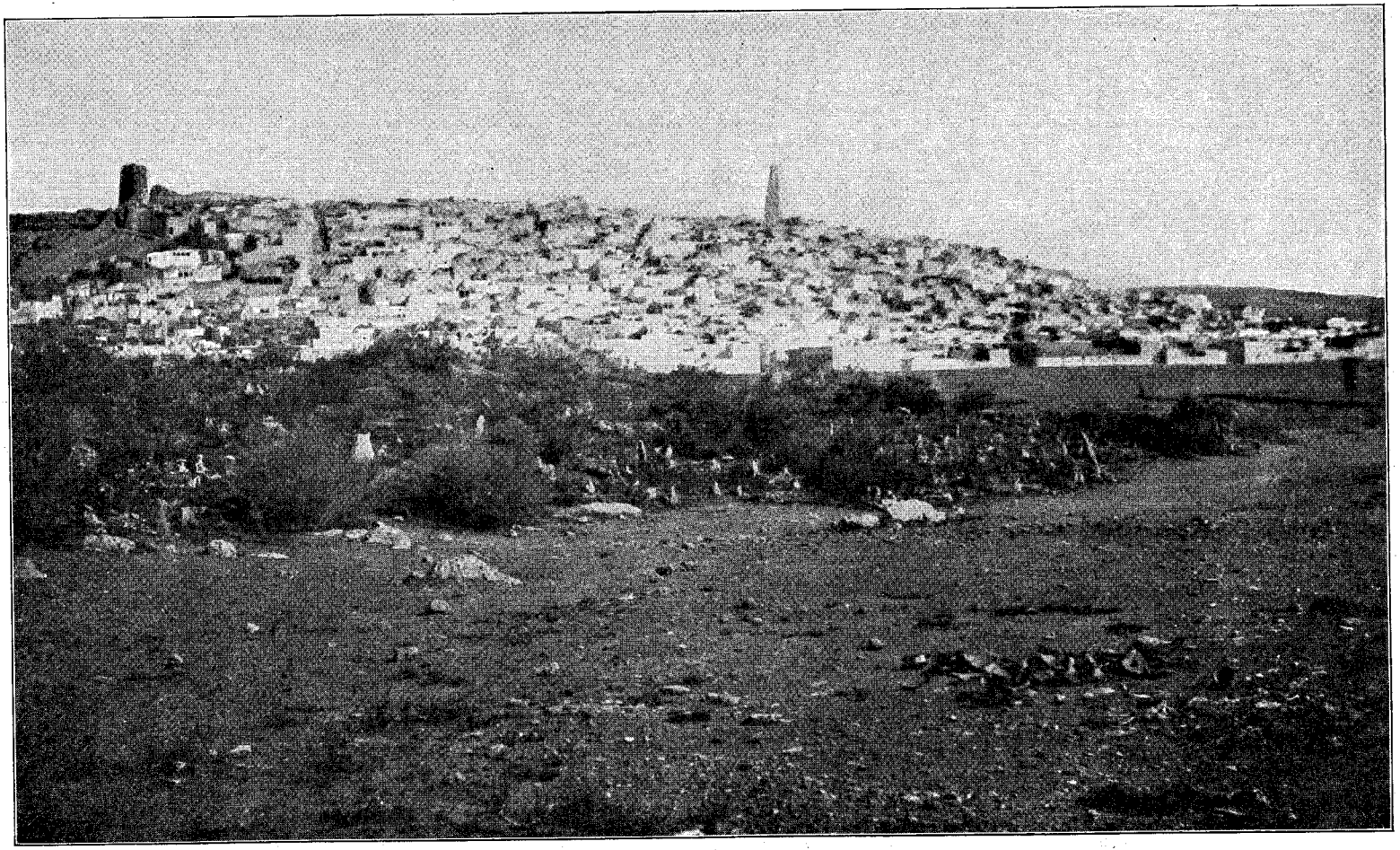

Beni-Isguen.

The sacred cities of M'zab, Ghardaïa, Melika, Beni-Isguen, are situated in a line along a dried river-bed of the Sahara.—Page 264.

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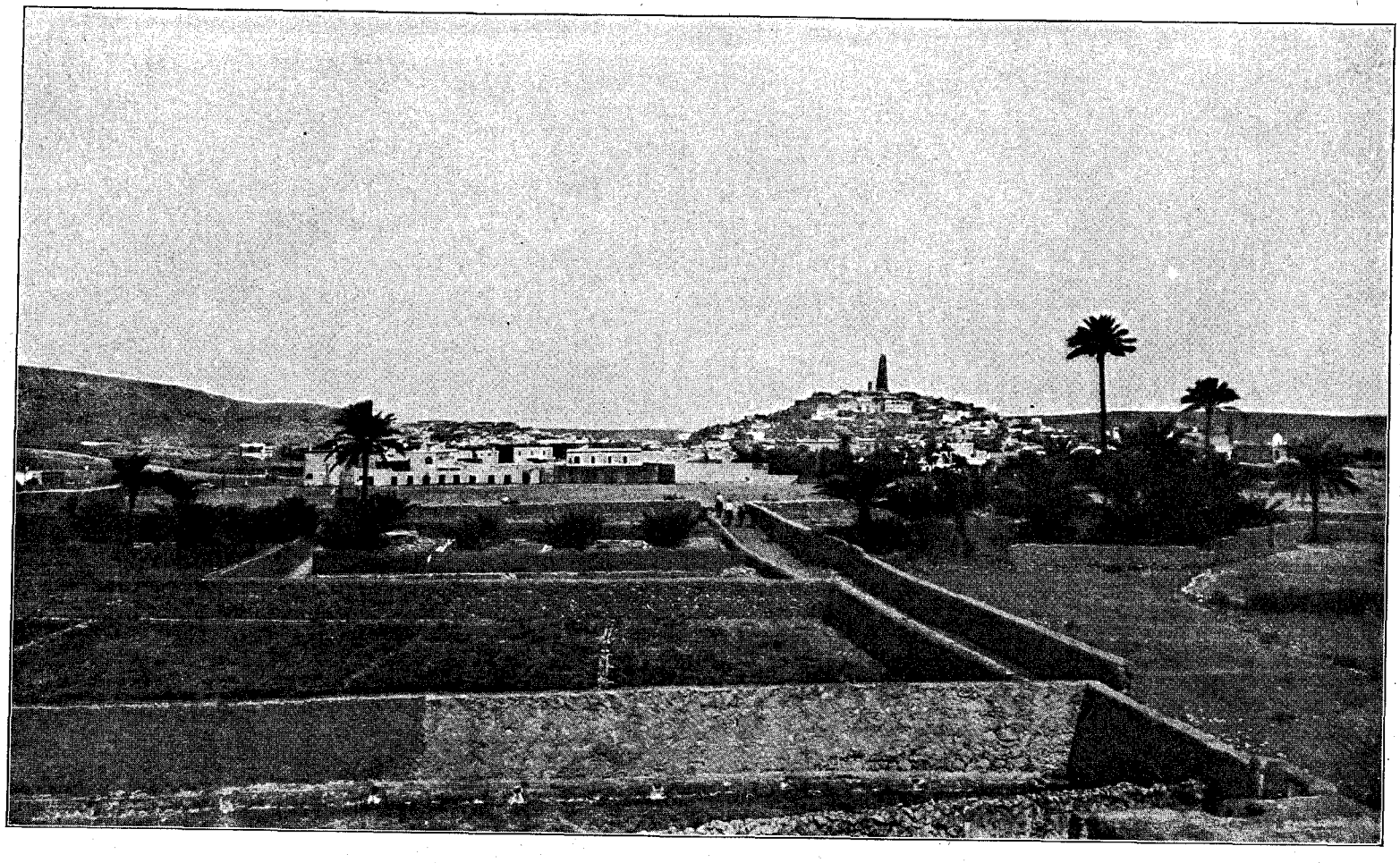

Ghardaïa.

At Ghardaïa, the capital of M'zab, one stands on the threshold of the great African desert. . . . It is the last outpost of civilization.—Page 270.

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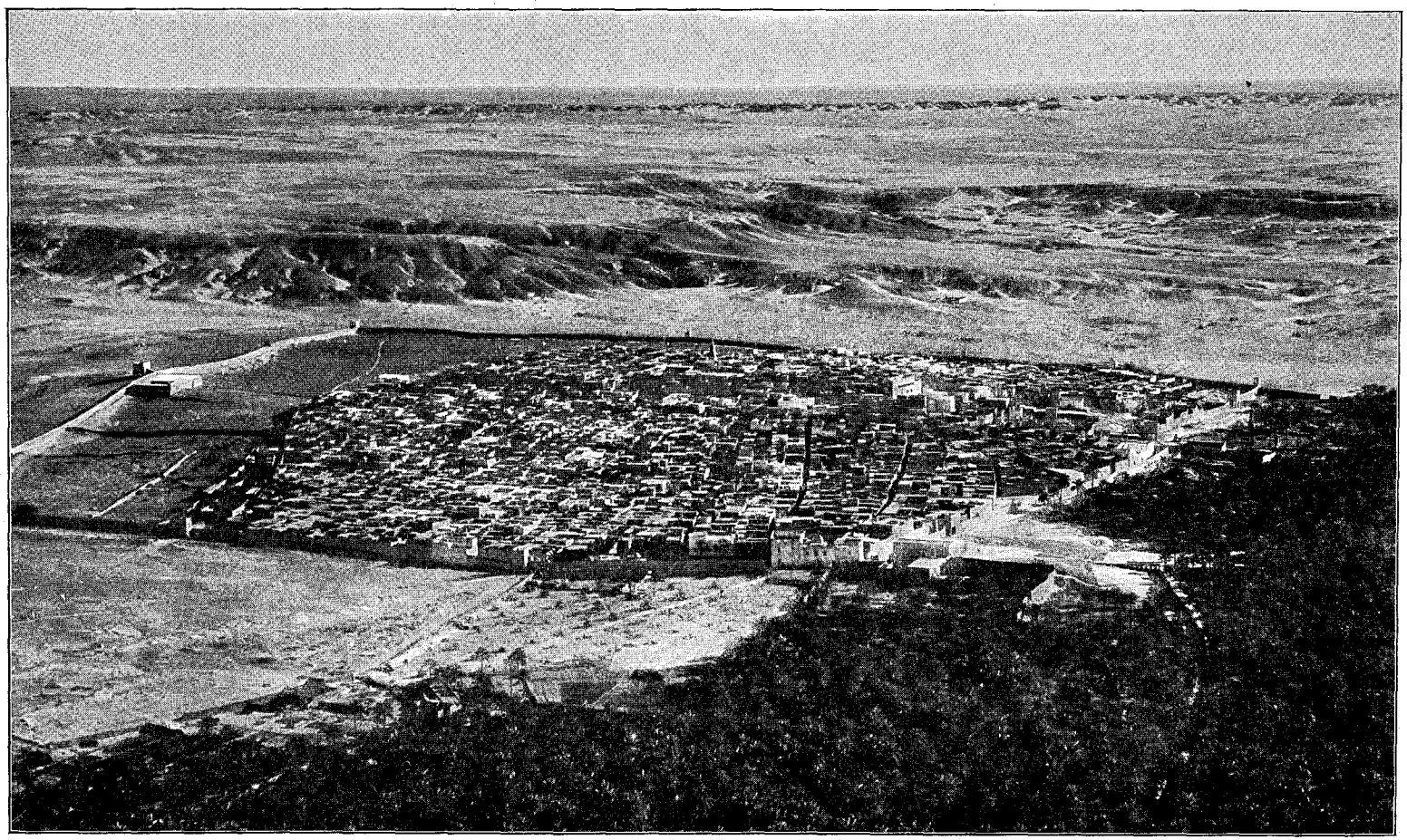

Guerrara. From an airplane.
One of the oases of M'zab.

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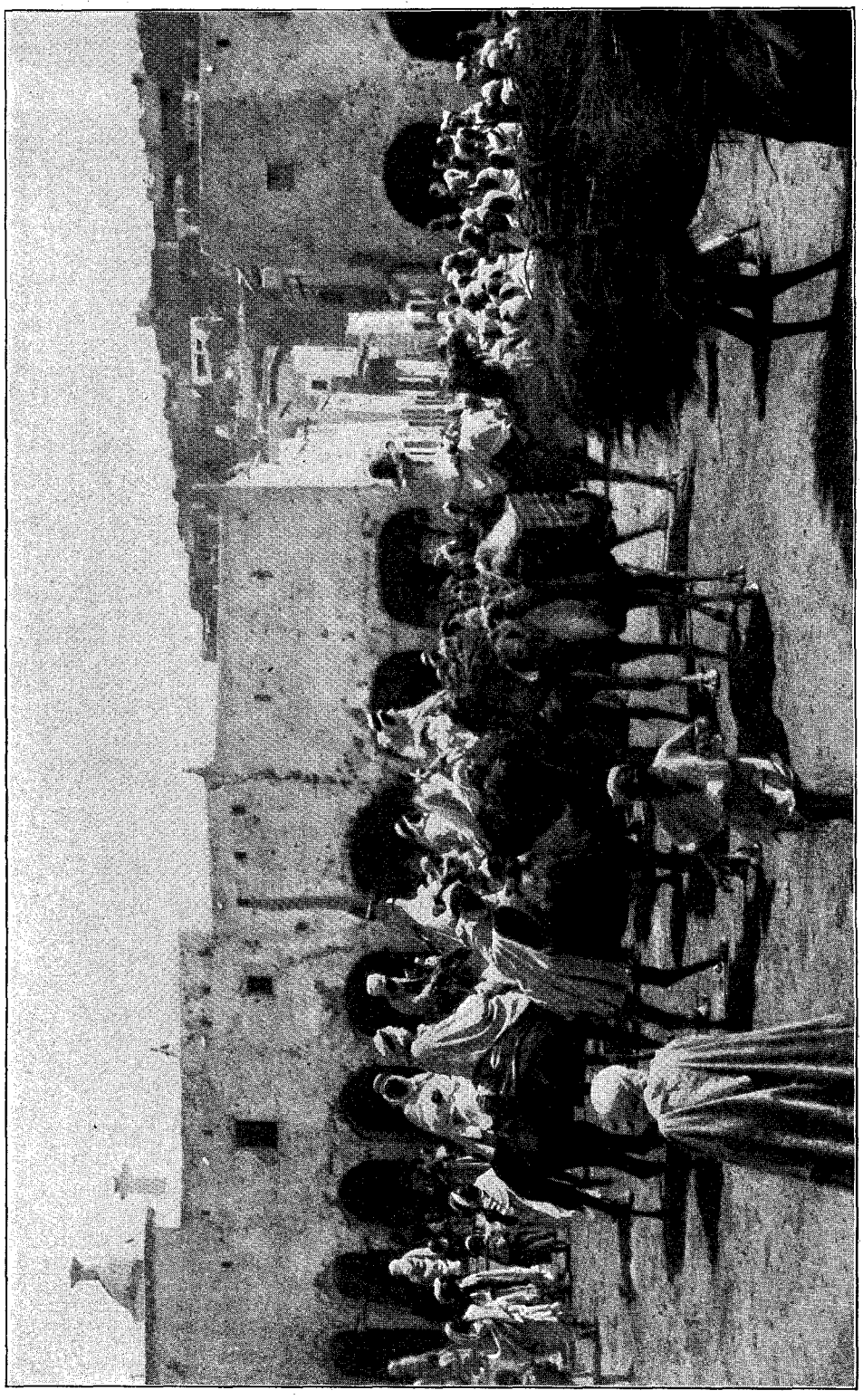

The arrival of a caravan in the market-place of Ghardaia.

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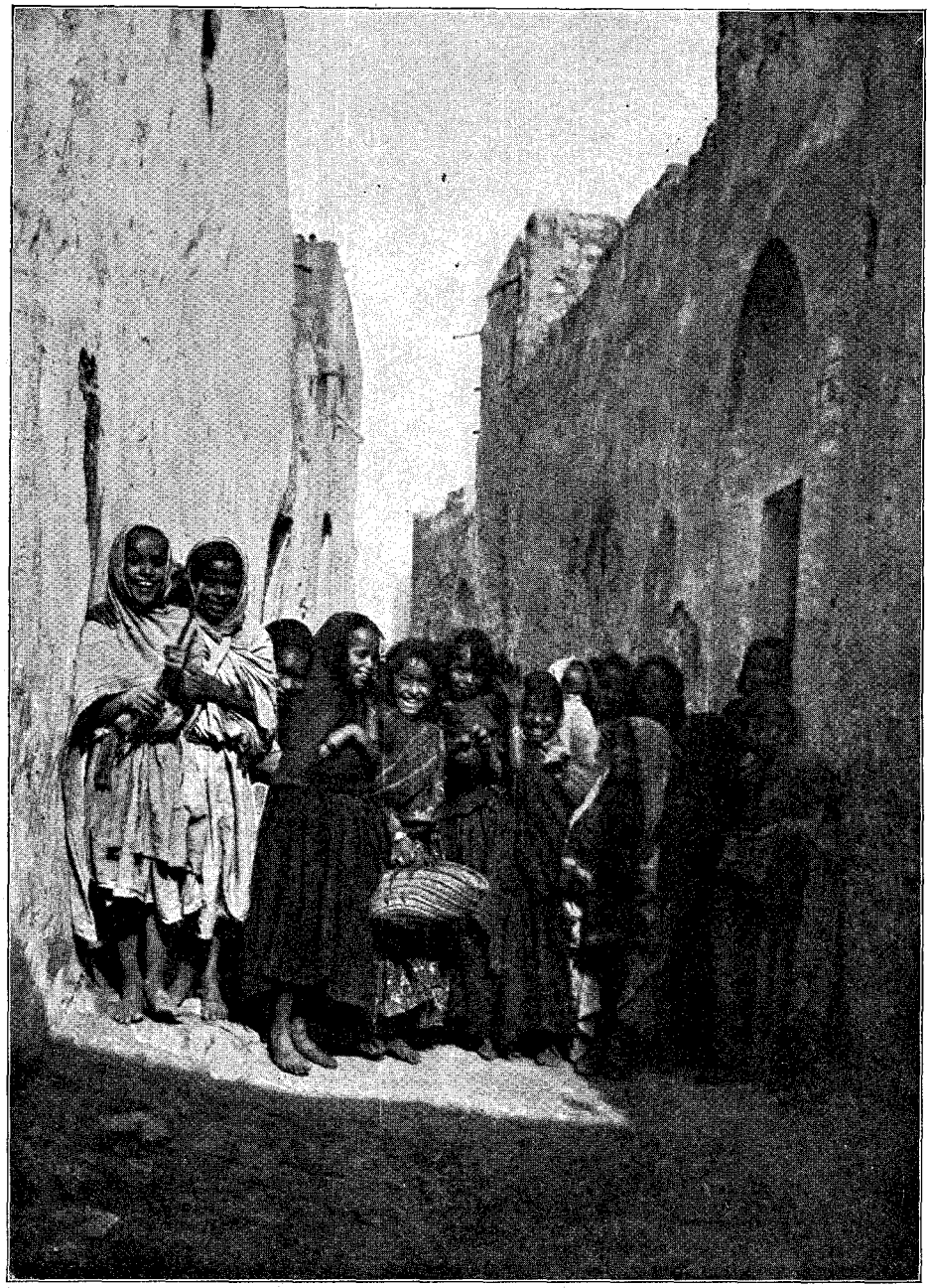

Mozabite children.

They leave in far-off M'zab their wives and their children.—Page 265.

too, on pain of excommunication, must one day rest.

At Ghardaïa, the capital of M'zab, one stands on the threshold of the great African desert. The odors of the Sahara are borne to one on the wind. It is the last outpost of civilization. From there on there stretches southward to Timbuctoo, in the heart of the Soudan, that vast expanse of desert which constitutes the illimitable empire of the sand.

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The méhari, the trotting camel of the desert, which is to the caravan camel what the thoroughbred is to the cart-horse, here makes its first appearance. During the last few days of our journey the captain, head of the Arab bureau at Ghardaïa, stationed along our route groups of méharist riders to mark out the road for us. Perched fearlessly upon their long-legged mounts and draped in the flowing burnous, the lower part of the face hidden by a veil according to the Touareg fashion, they present arms and salute when we pass.

These troops of méharist cavalry, made part of our forces by the happy inspiration of our military commanders, have rendered it possible for us to conquer the entire Sahara without too great an effort or at too great a sacrifice. There were in the desert several tribes who, unable to hit upon a more lucrative occupation, applied themselves to the fine art of brigandage, making off with flocks of sheep, destroying encampments, plundering caravans, and murdering travellers. The cure which our officers found for this unhealthy state of things was to take these robbers and make mounted policemen of them. They lent themselves willingly enough to this transformation, greatly encouraged thereto by the regular government pay! Of course, nothing was more simple than this expedient, only, like the famous egg of Christopher Columbus, the idea had to occur to some one.

And now, thanks to us, practically the whole immense desert of the Sahara is pacified. As a rule it is a comparatively easy trip from Algiers to Timbuctoo—the whole length of the great desert. It is no longer a warlike expedition, bristling with serious risks, but just "globe-trotting," pure and simple.

During the three years and more of the war the security of the Sahara has not been seriously disturbed. At one time the Turco-German intrigues in Tripoli threatened to cause us some embarrassment. The Italians were obliged to evacuate the hinterland of their colony, the oases of the interior, Ghadames and Rhat. A Senoussist uprising, instigated by the Turco-German propaganda, seemed to be on the point of breaking out in the extreme south of Algeria, the Senoussists having been able to bring up a fairly strong fighting force which attacked our outposts. But this menace was speedily averted, thanks to the energetic measures taken by our military commanders and to the loyalty of the native chiefs. At the present time the danger has entirely passed.

At the beginning of the European war, when the fate of France hung in the balance, it might have seemed more wise and prudent to economize our troops, to reduce appreciably the extent of our African possessions guarded by French soldiers, to evacuate our frontier posts in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, with the intention, of course, of reoccupying them, once the great war was over.

During the first months of the war this measure was advocated by certain political leaders at Paris. But the military commanders here on the spot, who understood the situation better than any one else, violently combated this move, which, while it was apparently wise and far-sighted, would have been in reality most imprudent. They decided that even with the diminished forces left to them, they would not abandon a single frontier post. Where the French flag had once waved, there it should never be hauled down. In the relations between Europeans and natives, above all with the Mussulmans of North Africa, moral forces and prestige are of more importance than material strength. It is necessary to guard carefully against doing the least thing which, in the eyes of the Arabs, would diminish our prestige.

Recently General Nivelle, commander of the French troops in North Africa, has made, without the slightest difficulty, the journey to In Salah, a thousand kilometres from here in the Sahara by automobile. Our auto-trucks go everywhere in the desert with rations for the soldiers. At Biskra there is an escadrille of aeroplanes which fly over the roads, accomplishing in a few hours distances that formerly took weeks to traverse. The aeroplane and the camel in the desert—what a wonderful contrast! Without doubt air machines will in a short time become the most practical mode of desert travel. American tourists who come to Algeria after the war will be able to visit the oases of the Sahara in aeroplanes!

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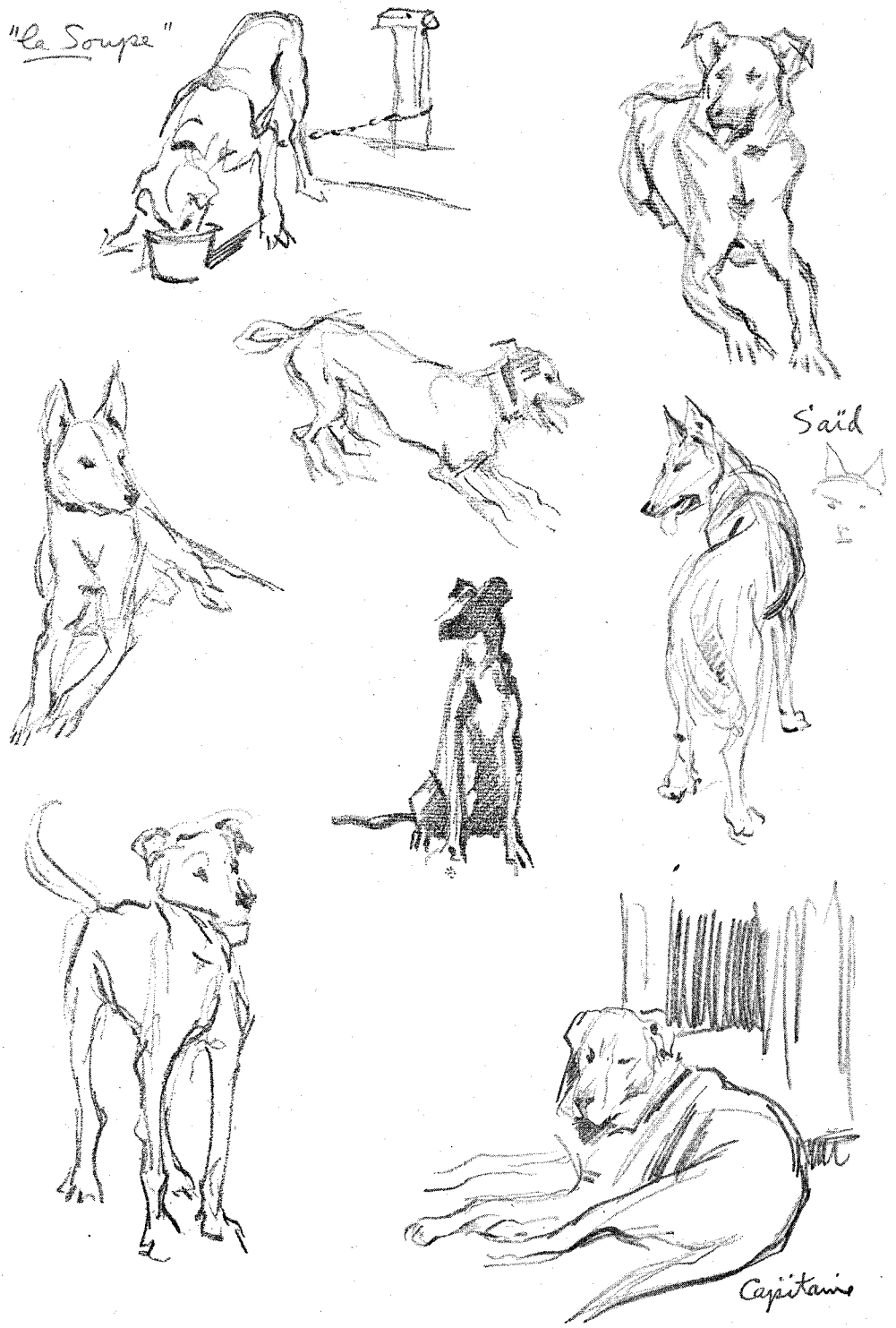

Liaison dogs with the French army.

Real poilus they are. . . . They share all the hardships of front-line life and all the dangers, and they share, too, the "wooden cross," or military honors.—Page 277.

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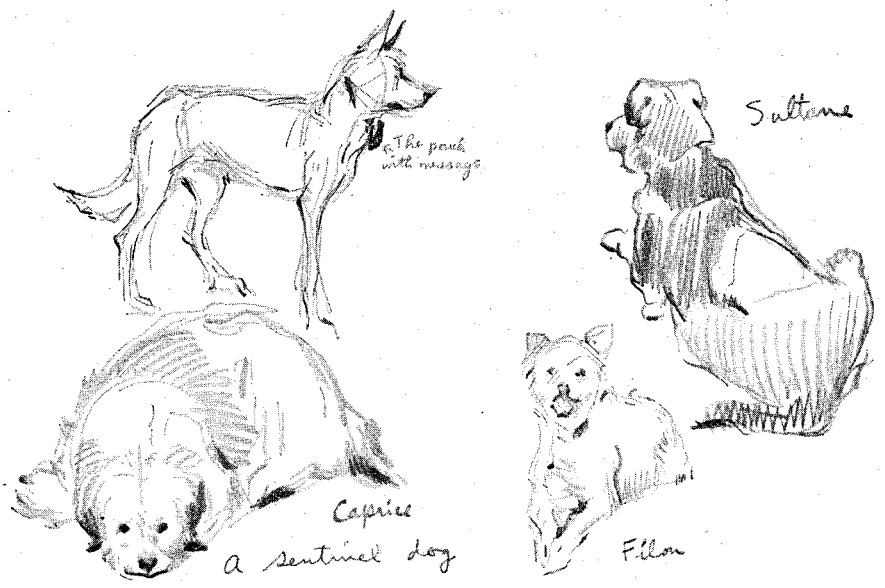

THE SMALLEST POILUS OF ALL

BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
Of the French Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE French mother sat at *déjeuner* when a tray was brought to her with the morning's post. Letters from the front! Quickly she sorted them, the customary fears and hopes rushing through her mind. Her heart jumped at the sight of one envelope. In the corner was the official stamp of the *Grand Quartier Général* of the French army. And, tearing it open, she read:

Mignon N° M^le 1489K
Mort pour la France
au Champ d'Honneur
le ——— 1918

"Mignon!"

Sadly, she smiled. "Mort pour la France."

Little hairy Mignon with the round black eyes and restless tail, she who forever demanded caresses with impatient little yelps—the youngest soldier of them all, who had given her life on the field of battle.

For in France even the dogs are mobilized, thousands of them who have been enlisted by their owners for "the duration of the war."

It, too, is an "army of democracy," this dog army of France.

Dogs from "every walk of life," of every size and all colors, and of all breeds are found in the military kennels. Also all breeds in individual dogs! But there is, indeed, an aristocracy of intellect. To be a soldier in the dog army one must be clever.

In Germany, as we might expect, democracy among the army dogs is not so marked. They have a military tradition, for the Prussian officer, his mind on

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war, thought years ago about militarizing the animals. So in peace-time he began the training of "police dogs." Innocent enough. But these police dogs along with all the other German pacifics turned into dogs of war overnight, and received their orders for Belgium. I have heard there were twenty-three thousand of them.

But the French, for the most part, had to call for volunteers; and so instead of a standardized, disciplined band of regulars came forward this motley, heterogeneous army of democracy.

They are nice fellows these little poilus; as peace-loving and care-free as their master comrades in arms, and in the war only

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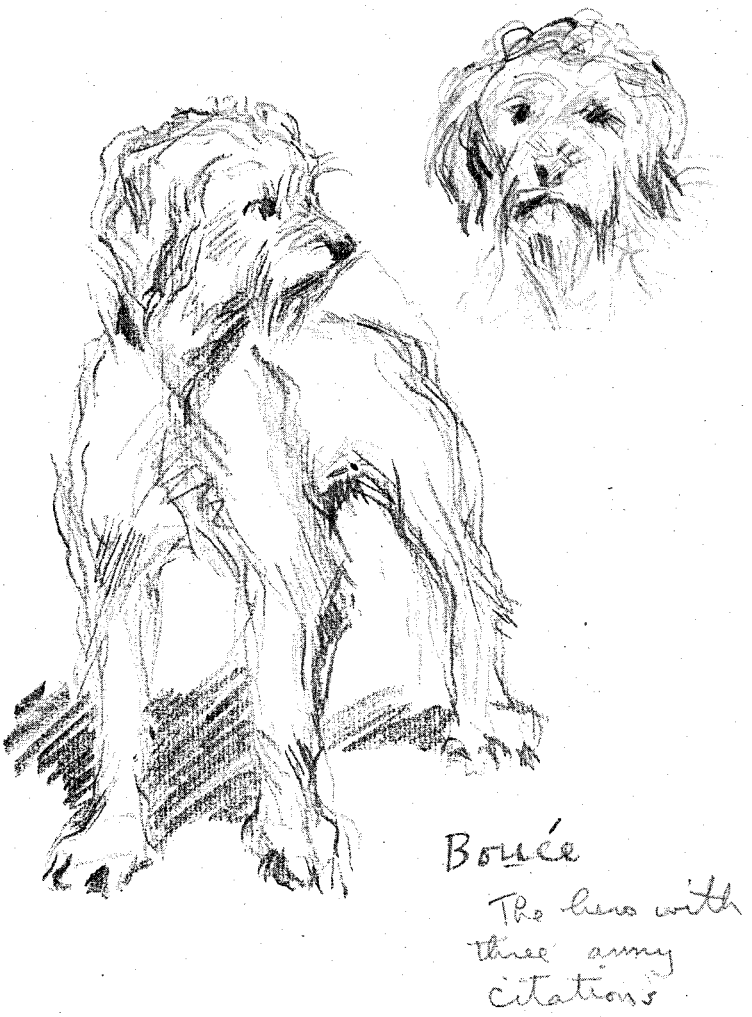

until the Kaiser is done for. The terrifying fuss they make when one approaches their kennel is nothing more than an invitation to pet them. This had to be explained to me the first time I visited a cantonment. For as I was led to where some forty were chained in a forest, the concentrated welcome of forty yelping throats made me doubt their intentions. Now I understand their French better. They have not been taught to hate.

Hate, however, with the Germans is part of the animal's training. A German dog caught by some American women ambulance-drivers had been taught to snarl at anything in khaki, and it was not until after some weeks of re-education that he was shown how kindly disposed toward him khaki-clad masters might be.

There are four classes of dogs used by the army—ratiers, Red Cross dogs, sentinels, and liaisons.

In trench warfare, where men have to live in dirt and filth much of the time, the

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Sentinels.

A "doughboy" with a French trained sentinel dog crawling through the shell-holes of "No Man's Land" to an advance listening-post. At any sound the dog warns his master by a low growl.

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rat is a great danger to health as well as being a destructive element to army stores. So nearly every company has its rat-catcher.

Because of this same trench life, however, the use of the Red Cross dog has become less important. In a war of movement the dog who could find wounded men, trot back with some article of clothing, and then guide help to the disabled soldier, was useful; but in this stationary warfare there is not, as a rule, this need for a search for wounded in out-of-the-way places.

Sentinel and liaison dogs are of greatest value. The former goes into advance-posts with his master, and is trained to give the alarm by a low growl at the approach of any other person. These dogs can hear an advancing man at four hundred metres, and are of great value at night. The liaison dog is trained to carry messages from one of his two masters to the other, and is used for despatching orders. It takes about three months to train dogs to travel as far as three kilometres in this work. Many can be taught to go in both directions. A liaison team consists of two dogs and their two trainers, who always work together.

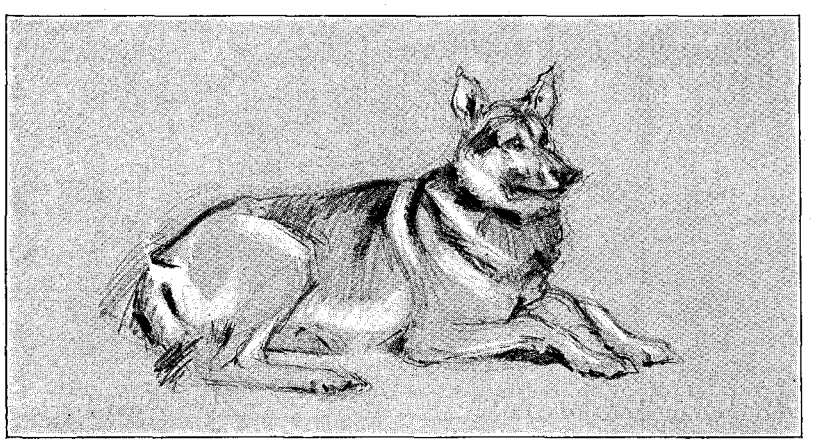
Real poilus they are, too; no *embusqués* among them! They share all the hardships of front-line life and all the dangers, and they share, too, the "wooden cross," or military honors. When their regiment gets the "*croix de guerre*," so do they; and often they have been mentioned in despatches.

The other day I was taken before one hero, a small, fuzzy-haired, dirty-yellow-and-black, tailless fellow called Bouée (Buoy). Three times he has been cited *à l'ordre de l'armée* for his services. The latest citation was received on a day of heavy action when all telephone-wires had been destroyed, and Bouée was the only means of communication between a *commandant* and his force. It reads:

"*Bouée N° M^le^ 1375A*

"*Chien de liaison* of the first order; fulfilling his duties in a perfect manner, of the *X^me^ Régt. d'Infanterie*. During a very violent bombardment at each shell explosion the animal crouched to the ground and then immediately afterward continued his way to his destination. Absolutely remarkable for his regularity and his quickness; nor does he allow anything to distract him when he is given a duty."

But with all his military honors, Bouée is modesty itself. As I sketched his portrait he seemed positively bored.



Dornack.
Type of sentry dog.

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Drawn by Gerald Leake.

"'That's right,'" said old Raynor. "'Now we'll get back to work.'"—Page 283.

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RAYNOR, J. P.

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

"THE British habit of punching people's heads is the bulwark of democracy," said the colonel. "The blacking of eyes mostly results in the clasping of hands. It enables men to estimate in each other the qualities of pluck, patience, skill. The Italian stiletto, the American revolver, the French rapier, the German sabre, as administered to the unarmed civilian: these are apt to reduce your enemy to a corpse and yourself to a convict. But the expert application of fists, while it attains the defeat, the abasement, and the public ridicule of one's foe, not infrequently turns an opponent into a friend. I can tell you of such an instance," continued the colonel. "To me it was one of the most eloquent and pathetic incidents I encountered during the war and upholds my contention that this conflict is going to upset old conventions and bring men closer together than our false values and social barriers have ever permitted them to be before."

The colonel and his listeners were seated in the garden of an ancient English country house. The venerable trees, which had looked down upon adherents of the Tudors and the Stuarts, now beheld a party of wounded officers and men fresh from the fields of France. This old seat was now a convalescent home, and here upon an August day the colonel, a young man of about thirty, minus one leg and with his body sorely maimed, gleefully upheld the traditions of the boxer's art.

"You remember Raynor of Rugby," said the colonel to some of the group about him. "No? Well, he was at school with me. A dear fellow, fine at cricket and as pretty a fighter as you would wish to meet. It was a distinguished pleasure to be beaten by him.

"When Raynor came into his property he became a justice of the peace—Archibald Raynor, J. P. It was a fine sight to see the dear old fellow administer justice."

Here the colonel seemed to indulge in gentle reflection, for he paused and smiled to himself very tenderly. He returned to his story with a sigh and a wave of the hand, as though dissipating the mists of remembrance.

"Good old Raynor!" continued the colonel. "Well, in Raynor's village there was a rough, good-for-nothing, rebellious sort of a fellow who was always concerned in some mischief. He never had regular employment, drank hard and was a general terror to the neighborhood. He had been up before Raynor twenty times for poaching. You know the laws are strict about poaching. The penalties which protect our game are severe.

"Well, Raynor had inflicted various sentences on this fellow, but the man was obdurate, sulky, insolent. Nothing could mend him, nothing could reach his better nature, nothing could conquer him. I had business in the court one day when he came before Raynor again. He had killed birds for the tenth time on Raynor's own preserves. Two keepers gave evidence. The poaching was proved.

"'Cave!' said Raynor, 'have you anything to say, anything in your own defense?'

"'What's the good of defending myself?' said Cave with a scowl on his wicked-looking countenance. 'You, and them like you, has the upper hand. There's no chance for a man like me. You've made the law and you give out the law; you own the land and the things that grow on the land; you own the air and the birds that fly in the air, and the rivers and the fish that swim in the rivers. What have I done? I've shot a bird or two. You can sentence me all you like, I'll do it again. Curse you! and the likes of you I say; curse you!'

"Good old Raynor looked at the husky

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Drawn by Gerald Leake.

"If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor." —Page 284.

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brute before him. He looked about the court. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'the law can inflict no penance upon this man which will render him any possible service. The object of incarceration and of penalties is not punitive but reformatory. If we do not cure criminal tendencies and mend vicious proclivities, we have merely hardened the heart and inflamed the afflicted and, maybe, immature or stunted intelligence of those offenders of order and decency whom it is our duty and our desire to aid, to fortify and to redeem. This man,' looking at Cave, 'has been punished to no end. Each fresh sentence creates only resentment and hatred in his heart. I myself have frequently, on the occasion of his earlier offenses, let him go unpunished in the hope that my leniency might affect him. I have taken him to one side and have talked to him as I might talk to a brother or a son. I have aided him in his financial difficulties which, by the way, were purely the result of his own indolence, for I have offered him good employment with generous wages and he has refused it. I have not been alone in my efforts to help this fellow to a clearer and graver understanding of his reasonable obligations to our community. My sisters, my dear mother and many ladies of our neighborhood have approached him with gentle proffers of comfort and assistance. They have visited his wife, and have endeavored to improve the conditions of his home; they have provided his neglected children with employment and amusement and instruction; they have cared for them in illness and have nourished them in health. Is not this the truth, Cave?' said Raynor to the man.

"'Well, what of it?' said Cave. 'You've got plenty to give, why shouldn't you give it?'

"'You observe, gentlemen,' said Raynor, addressing the court, 'that this man is absolutely callous. No appeal to reason nor sentiment will affect him for his own advantage, nor for the advantage of his wife and his children whom he has sworn to love, honor and succor in sickness and in health. I ask you once more, Cave,' said Raynor, 'if you will make some effort to reform, to obey the law and to try to live a clean and decent life?'

"'No! I won't,' said Cave, and he shook his fist at old Raynor. 'No, I won't, and what's more, curse you, you look out for yourself!'

"Old Raynor rose from his seat on the bench. 'Bellows,' said he to the court officer, 'Bellows, have those tables cleared away from the centre of the court. Stand back there, please,' he continued as he stepped down to the middle of the room. 'Come here,' he said to Cave, 'come down from the dock.'

"The two stood together in a clear space on the floor of the court of justice. Old Raynor took off his coat.

"'Take off your coat and put up your hands,' said Raynor.

"Cave looked surprised for a moment, then a red glare of hate crept into his eyes; murder was in his heart. Really I had a moment's fear for old Raynor as I looked at him. The man had a bad name as a fighter, he had maimed many a man for life and had come near to killing one or two. There was no trick of rough-and-tumble fighting which he had not practised since boyhood.

"A murmur, half of protest, half of expectation, ran through the crowd.

"'I must ask you to keep quiet,' said old Raynor. 'Of course you will see fair play. I am going to thrash this man,' he continued, 'I am going to thrash him because I am sorry for him, and because I want to help him to be a decent chap. Come on!' said old Raynor, and the two squared off.

"I have seen some pretty fights in my time," said the colonel, "as pretty a lot of fights as a man can wish to see, but that fight between Cave and old Raynor stands out beyond them all.

"There was a vast difference in the men. Cave weighed at least a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and although he had been dissipated he was as hard as nails; the hero of a hundred nasty scraps, a fellow without fear, and hating his opponent with the hate of a wild animal.

"Old Raynor weighed about a hundred and forty. He kept himself down for hunting. The men's ages were about the same, but, of course, Raynor had led a clean life and that was in his favor.

"I won't go into a detailed description of the fight," said the colonel, "it would

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take too long. They fought for over an hour. The court doors had been locked and guards placed outside. To persons who asked what was going on, the answer given was 'court adjourned during refreshments.' It was a winter's day. The air was cool, the windows were open, the conditions were excellent. Cave, of course, indulged in rushing tactics and once or twice tried to get at old Raynor's eyes and gouge him. He did succeed in biting him on the shoulder, right through his shirt, but a dozen flasks of whiskey were in the air in a moment and the wound was soon disinfected, and at it they went again. There was a lot of hissing at the biting business, but old Raynor said, 'Please don't. He doesn't know any better. This and other such inclinations are the very things I intend to cure. Come on,' and they went to it once more. Old Raynor had a hard time for the first fifteen minutes. The other man was heavy and his weight told. Raynor, of course, was quite cool, and his dear old blue eyes were like cold steel as they watched the bloodshot eyes of his opponent. For some time he wore a smile on his face, but after the fellow bit him his lips grew tight and he became a little paler.

"Cave had, I think, expected an easy victory. Raynor's skill puzzled him, but he had confidence in his rough-and-ready methods. He tried constantly to trip Raynor and to injure him with his knee. However, we had been schooled in these manœuvres when we were boys; one meets this sort of customer at race-courses and such places. Raynor easily escaped the tripping and gave Cave a dose of his own medicine which sent him flat on the floor. The second time he gave Raynor the knee, the old boy quickly caught him by the leg and lifted him up in the air. Twice Cave got Raynor up against the wall and tried to get at his eyes, but the crowd pulled him off with cries of 'Shame!'

"At last, in the second quarter of an hour, Raynor's science began to tell. Cave breathed hard and a look of doubt came into his eyes. They fought on, round after round; I myself held the watch while two other men acted as referees. It required two, I can tell you. Now came the third quarter of an hour, and old Raynor was going well, steady as a clock; he had not a mark on his face, while Cave's eyes were badly used and he bled freely at the nose and at the mouth.

"The room was deadly still as the fight grew to a climax. Old Raynor seemed to get a second wind. His smile came back and the hard look left his lips. I thought I saw actual pity in his eyes several times when the bleeding, burly Cave staggered and grunted under a well-delivered blow. Raynor was able to get in close to him now and he showered upper-cuts at him until the man's neck must have been half broken. You could hear the dull smash as the fist met the chin. It was good work, I can tell you.

"At length Cave was practically beaten to a standstill; he looked dazed and fear was in his eyes. He stopped fighting and stood looking at Raynor, who stepped back a pace or two and waited.

"'Have you had enough?' said Raynor.

"'Damn you!' hissed Cave, his breath coming hard.

"'Have you had enough?' repeated Raynor.

"Cave turned away as if to move to the door. The crowd barred his way.

"'Coward!' cried the crowd.

"Cave turned like a wild thing.

"'Who's a coward?' he cried, and stood panting, defiant.

"Raynor spoke: 'No, men!' he said, 'no, the man is not a coward. That's not fair. He has fought as well, and perhaps as fairly, as he knows how. But I want him to feel that I can teach him a lesson without the aid of the law, which he regards as a power against which he has no hope. I want him to know that I can thrash him as a man as readily as I can sentence him as a magistrate. Come on,' said old Raynor. 'Cave, put up your hands, I'm going to finish you now.'

"Cave did not move. He stood there, his face opened up in twenty places, one eye completely closed, the other gashed and bleeding, his mouth swollen and cut. He looked about the room as if for some way to escape. On all sides he met the glances of men he had known from childhood, all eyes looked on him without pity. He knew himself a beaten man.

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"'Come on,' said old Raynor.

"'I've had enough,' said Cave.

"A great sigh went up from the crowd.

"Raynor approached the battered wretch.

"'Cave,' said Raynor, 'give me your hand. I've done you a good turn, for I've taught you that in society, as now constituted for our mutual protection and welfare, brute force shall not prevail. Come, shake hands.'

"Cave held out a bruised hand and Raynor grasped it.

"'I hope we may be friends,' said Raynor. 'I want to help you, Cave. I have always wanted to help you.'

"A thrill went through all men in that room when the great bruised and bleeding bully before them threw his arms across his eyes and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"'God forgive me!' sobbed Cave. 'You've licked me and I'm sorry, I tell you I'm sorry.'

"Raynor threw his arms about his foe. 'That's right,' said old Raynor. 'Now we'll get back to work.'

"The doors were opened, the officers and the people resumed their places. Some sympathetic persons wiped Cave's countenance. Raynor climbed into his coat and up onto the bench.

"'Order in court!' cried the officer.

"'Step into the dock, please,' said a policeman to Cave.

"'Prisoner at the bar,' said Raynor, J. P., 'you are discharged, and'—here every one turned toward the justice—'and,' continued old Raynor, 'you leave the court without a stain on your character.'

"When the war broke out, we, of course, started enlisting in our village. Raynor was at breakfast on the morning of August 5 when a servant announced that Cave was at the door. Raynor went out to speak to him.

"'Mr. Raynor,' said Cave, 'are you going to the war?'

"'Of course I am,' said Raynor.

"'Will you take me with you?' said Cave.

"'Well, I don't know that I can do that,' said old Raynor, 'but you enlist and we'll see what can be done. How about your wife and children if you go?'

"'That's all right, your honor,' said Cave. 'My wife's father, before he died, made up the quarrel he had with her because she married me, and left her quite a bit. She'll be all right.'

"During the period of training Cave was a very model recruit.

"'You see,' said old Raynor to him, 'you see the power of discipline. See the difference between those solid, precise ranks of marching and manœuvring men and some uncontrolled rabble where each man tries to have his way and most are victims of their own confusion. These obey a trained intelligence and all recognize that concerted, governed action redounds to the general welfare. How clean, how intelligent, how powerful they look! They are the *nation*, Cave! They are *England*—the England of law and order, of decent, clean, clear-headed men and women; men and women who want the right, and who are never ashamed to confess the wrong.'

"The eyes of the two men met. Old Raynor held out his hand. Both smiled a smile of great understanding.

"'Thank your honor,' said Cave.

"You remember the fight at Messines, do you not?" said the colonel, "and you remember how near the beggars came to clearing the road to Calais? Raynor and Cave were attached to the squadron of horse which dismounted held on to the shattered trenches outside of the little town. Behind them, only partially covered by the roadway ditch, lay other decimated squadrons in support. Between the two bodies of troops descended the barrage curtain of fire. Nobody could cross that quarter mile of shot-swept terrain. Of reserves there were none. The expected division was still leagues away and the enemy hordes were gathering within the wrecked village for a fresh onslaught. One by one, the men of the front line were being shot to pieces or buried in the crumbling trenches. The day seemed lost. A clear road to Calais appeared open to the enemy. At high noon the tornado of shell fire ceased and from hedges and lines of poplar long streams of gray warriors deployed, moved into open order and came swinging forward. Converging and direct fire swept the British front line as the forlorn squad-

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ron sought to check the advancing waves of men. Of sixty rifles only twenty remained in working order; choked with dust and dirt, the bolts refused to move.

"You men were not there. Few who were present are now alive. But you have heard from those of us who took part in the events of that day how the enemy, at the moment when the road to Calais lay open, stopped their cheering, ceased their advance and retired. You have heard how the staff-officers, gathered in the darkness, marvelled at the escape. What could have been the explanation of that sudden halting of overwhelming forces? There has been talk of miraculous intervention. I will tell you something which may enlighten you. A company of the enemy were making a furious attack on the broken trench occupied by old Raynor, Cave, and their few companions. The Englishmen seemed doomed.

"'My God!' cried a man at old Raynor's elbow, 'where are the reserves? We're done for!'

"Cave was standing by old Raynor's side and he heard him say:

"If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

"That Crispin day speech was a great favorite with old Raynor, and when Cave was telling me the story I was able to prompt him.

"When the enemy began to retire, and the few remaining in old Raynor's trench ceased their fire and stood exhausted and marvelling, Raynor cried out:

"And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

"You have heard that the heroes of Crecy and of Agincourt are declared to have taken part in that day's work. The Germans themselves swear they saw masses of reserve troops, battalion on battalion, company on company, coming on in threatening array, when we know too well that no help was near. For my part, I am ready to believe that our cause enlists the gods and that those who fought for England in old days have risen from their graves to fight again. But I am inclined to think that old Raynor's cry gave birth to the legend and that men whose reason reeled in the fury of conflict caught from his words an image of great spirits from our past. Be that as it may, this war is working miracles. I said in the beginning that false values and social barriers are being shattered. Men who have fought shoulder to shoulder as did the men at Messines will not forget. This is not as other wars. Here *all* the men of *all* the nations are in conflict; all men of England will have seen all men of England with such clear eyes as they have never had before. Much that is small and mean will have been washed away, and much that lay deep down in hearts both high and humble will stand forth as the washings of fine gold.

"Cave, the poacher, the bully, the ingrate, had seen old Raynor in the hall of judgment; he had seen old Raynor in the trench, and there was born in him a knowledge new and strange. It was noticed that, day in, day out, wherever they two moved or stood, Cave's eyes sought with a sort of hunger the face of old Raynor. He watched him as one who worshipped might watch the very cross where hung his pardon and his hope.

"One night in a raid, Raynor, Cave, and about ten men were caught in a trap. They had bombed a great shell crater and were taking a number of prisoners back to our lines, when, as it seemed, out of the earth sprang about twenty Germans. Our men found themselves between two parties of the enemy—the men they had taken and these new foes. The prisoners seized stray weapons from the ground. In a moment Raynor's small crowd was surrounded. They fought well, but in the end Raynor and Cave, alone, faced a dozen men. Raynor was badly hurt but quite calm. He chatted with Cave as they fought, planning and directing. At last they had disposed of all but five of the enemy. Now Raynor was shot through the lungs. He fell. The five men closed in at length when both sides had exhausted their ammunition and they cried to Cave to surrender.

"'Never!' answered Raynor. 'Cave!' he cried, 'don't hold your manhood cheap. You fought well enough in the court, get at them now!'

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"Cave rushed at the five men with his gun clubbed. He fought with fury. He had disabled three of his opponents when his weapon broke and he stood with nothing but his bare hands between his foes and Raynor's life and his own.

"'Now, then!' cried old Raynor. 'Now, then, for Saint Crispin's day!'

"'By God!' said old Raynor as he lay on his cot and I held him by the hand before he died. 'By God! it was a fight to die for and be proud! The way Cave met those two, big fellows both, the way he fought and tore and tripped them and fell upon them! No weapon but his hands—the evil hands, the poacher's, the bully's, but at least a man's! This time there were no cries of "shame." The gods looked on and I who looked with them will swear the gods were glad.'

"Cave killed them both, and lifting old Raynor on his shoulder, under a heavy fire from a near-by trench, carried him back to us. As you know, old Raynor is gone. He lay for days with Cave's hand in his, and I heard him say as he looked with love into the poacher's dog-like eyes:

"For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.

"And so it shall be," said the colonel. "When this war is done, there will still be wisdom and folly, strength and weakness, but among men so tried and proved there will be no more class. These days shall gentle all conditions; this land shall be a land of gentle-men."

The wounded men who had listened moved in their chairs and those who stood spoke not.

At last, "How about Cave?" said one.

"The government is not ungrateful," said the colonel. "Cave has received what soldiers value most, but Cave has lost what Cave has loved with a love passing the love of woman. Gentlemen, Cave will not smile again. Hush! Here he is now," said the colonel.

And a soldier passed by led by a nurse.

"Is he blind?" said one.

"He has lost his sight," said the colonel. "But there are fair things the soul may learn to see."

WOMEN IN WAR FINANCE

BY MARY SYNON

Treasurer, National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee

OF all the buildings of Washington the Treasury of the United States stands most impressively adamantine. Squat, almost stolid in its architecture, seeming to guard with defiant solemnity the chaste elegance of the White House from the wide sweep of the avenue it deflects, the structure has somehow assumed in the course of its years a monumental aspect, significant of its solid traditions. Gray, flat-faced except for the classic stateliness of those entrances which are now nothing but decorations on its façade, it fronts the war-time world of Washington with the severity of Alexander Hamilton, its spiritual founder, rather than with the bluff democracy of Andrew Jackson, the mason of its material corner-stone.

It is, all things considered, the last place in the nation where the historian of current events would go in search of sudden and vital change; and yet on a day in May in 1917, when the magnolias were blooming in the White House yard across the street, there began in the old building a revolution. The Secretary of the Treasury launched it, not with the candle-light and impassioned excitement of stage-setting usually considered essential to the birth of great changes, but with the quiet earnestness of governmental routine that takes the mask of impassivity. For all that, it was revolution; since it was nothing less than the introduction of the

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women of the United States into national finance, that farthest field of endeavor from which custom and tradition had barred woman.

That the revolution was social rather than political and that it has been consummated in a manner so casual that its significance has not yet been fully apprehended, even by those whom it has most affected, takes away not one jot from its importance as a factor of human progress. By one act, the creation of a woman's committee with executive power to organize the women of the nation for the raising of money for the prosecution of the government's business in the war, a government official with definitely delegated power over a certain field opened that field to woman. What the women of the United States have done upon it is one of the most significant chapters of our awakening in the war. It is also a keystone chapter in the story of woman's advancement.

When the United States went into war with Germany there were so few women engaged in the business of bond-selling in this country that their number was negligible. Only in the large cities did they exist at all, and there as peculiar instances rather than as trail-blazers. In the Third Liberty Loan, a year later, more than five hundred thousand women actually sold bonds. Between one-fourth and one-third of the subscriptions in the Second and Third Loans is credited to the work of women. The queen of nursery-rhyme who used to sit in the parlor "eating bread and honey" had gone into the counting-house with the potentate who presided there alone. Her progress into it is a tale not of magic, but of hard work.

The National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, the organization which the secretary created, began its business as the first and only executive committee of women in the Government of the United States. The shade of Hamilton, lurking in some dim and dusty archive, must have gasped itself into total eclipse when the women appointed to membership formulated their work as a division of the Treasury Department. Women, it is true, had been admitted to work in the building during the Lincoln administration. The Treasury, as an institution, had only just absorbed the shock of that intrusion when it was shaken again by this seismic knowledge that women were not only laboring under the roof of the temple of finance, but were actually empowered to originate work within it. Old men and women tottered out of their offices to gaze upon the strange beings who were turning upside down the idea that national finance was a strictly masculine proposition. It is to be hoped that they found us less strange than our occupation.

The occupation, through those first days of endeavor, was not quite clearly defined. The first meeting of the committee, coming when the campaign for the First Liberty Loan was in swing, decided that the work done by its members during that campaign should be directed toward general aid in the districts rather than to intensive organization work of women. In spite of that decision, however, and of the shortness of time allowed it was noteworthy that Mrs. Francis Lee Higginson of the committee, who has acted as federal reserve chairman for New England, played Paul Revere there and managed to band the women of her district into an organization which greatly augmented the returns; that the women of the New York district raised more than eight millions of dollars in two weeks; that the women of Pittsburgh raised one-third of that city's large subscription when the count excluded corporations; and that southern California, Mecca of women of independent fortunes, outdid the rest of the country by establishing a ratio of seven women to every three men buying Liberty Bonds.

The beginning, small as it was, showed that the women of the country were interested in buying Liberty Bonds for themselves and in selling Liberty Bonds to others. Finance, which might in ordinary times interest woman not at all except in its relation to her household or personal expenditures, suddenly became a lesson to be learned. The speed with which the American woman learned the lesson has shown that marketing is not bad training for budget-making, and that the eloquence formerly used at town club-meetings may be utilized in greater channels.

Looking back upon the foundations of

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the organization which now spreads over practically every township of the country, it is possible to see that the corner-stone of the structure was the unfaltering faith in American womanhood held by the builders. The same faith which had inspired Mr. McAdoo to originate the organization led his women lieutenants to fling their lines wide. The committee had, of course, the advantage of having some members whose salient characteristic had been for years a deep belief in the power and patriotism of American women. To Antoinette Funk and Elizabeth Bass, fighting long on the firing-lines of woman's endeavor, the generally unplumbed possibilities of woman's ability was an old story. "Give them the chance" was their duet whenever the question arose concerning the advisability of placing heavier responsibility upon local workers. It may be to the credit of the national committee that the chance was given; but it is infinitely more important that the women out through the States have unfailingly justified the pleas of their special advocates.

The closing of the First Loan was the real beginning of the work of organizing the women of the country for later loans. The committee, confronting the difficulty of dovetailing Treasury methods with woman's organization methods, evolved a plan which, while cumbersome on paper, proved efficient for the first year, although it has been and will continue to be subject to constant revisions. It is, in fact, characteristic of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee that it has not assumed a cast-iron garment. When a method is not producing good results, it is discarded for one that promises better. No one in its membership is ever satisfied with past achievement of organization. Probably one of the most searching commentaries on the mind of the committee was the remark of Ella Flagg Young, one-time superintendent of schools in Chicago and now of the loan organization. "If 'Ring It Again!' is the motto of the Liberty Loans," she announced at a recent meeting, "then 'Change It Again!' is the motto of this body."

The original plan of the committee had to meet two existing conditions, one fiscal, the other feminine. The Treasury was working through twelve federal reserve banks, but the women of the United States were organized, where organization existed, by States. For efficiency in the loans the two elements had to be correlated.

To accomplish this the committee appointed two sets of chairmen, twelve to the various federal reserve districts and forty-nine for the States and the District of Columbia. For the first year of its existence the Liberty Loan organization utilized the machinery of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense by asking that body to request its State committees to elect to membership the Liberty Loan chairman appointed by the former. The arrangement, however, was not altogether satisfactory because of the fact that the Liberty Loan chairman held by virtue of her office an executive power not possessed by other members of the State group, and was, therefore, in the anomalous position of holding an authority greater and more direct than that of the chairman of the group. By agreement of the two Washington committees the arrangement was discontinued. Co-operation between the State divisions of the Defense and Liberty Loan organizations of women has continued, however, in all the States and remains one of the important elements in the work of organization, the revised relationship giving renewed impetus to the correlation.

Under the first plan and the immediate direction of the State chairmen appointed —for the federal reserve chairmen are, in general, ambassadors to the district banks rather than organization promoters— sixty thousand women became soldiers of the Second Liberty Loan. Women who had never regarded interest as anything but a problem in a half-forgotten arithmetic or something to be paid on a dim and harassing mortgage talked four per cent with the assurance of experts. Women who had never before sold a ticket to a charity concert went on house-to-house canvasses, asking their neighbors to buy Liberty Bonds. Women who had never before done a day's work stood at booths in department stores, selling bonds. Women marched, and bore banners, and stood on street corners, and in railway-stations. Women lighted bonfires, and

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bore torches, and spoke from soap-boxes, and sang from wagons, and made automobile campaigns, and worked in offices—all for the Liberty Loan. Women also sat in council on the executive committees of federal reserve banks and advised with masters of finance on ways and means of augmenting subscriptions to the Loan; and women conferred with country bankers on ways and means of selling bonds.

In New England villages and on Southern plantations, on the prairies of Texas, and in the passes of Idaho women "stumped." Towns where suffrage was taboo saw their most violent antisuffragists plunge into a public work with a vim that would have been a convincing argument to themselves against the vote a year before. Communities that had sequestered their women, as far as any American woman may ever be said to have been sequestered, in the cotton-wool of exclusion from the commercial world, poured out these very women to march on the most radical route feminism could have devised. It was a great and inspiring revolution in the old order. Like John Brown's soul, the women of America went marching on.

For the important fact in the work of women for the Liberty Loan is not the work of the leaders, but the work of the scouts on the firing-lines. It is interesting that Eleanor Wilson McAdoo, who was elected chairman by the committee after she had been appointed to membership at the request of its members, has month after month done man-size jobs in organization formation. It is interesting that committee members and State and federal reserve district chairmen have in most cases performed prodigies of labor, bringing together in one cause more than a half-million working agents and raising enormous amounts of money. Interesting, too, is the fact that in the Second Loan the woman's organization was officially credited with having raised one billion dollars. There is more than information in the statement that in the Third Liberty Loan the woman's organization in the State of Delaware raised one hundred and twenty-one per cent of the entire State quota; in Alabama, Missouri, Wyoming, Kentucky, and West Virginia approximately one-half the quotas; in North Carolina, Indiana, Arizona, Kansas, Tennessee, Nevada, Virginia, Connecticut, New Mexico, and Pennsylvania between one-third and one-half the quotas of the entire States; and in Illinois, Georgia, South Carolina, and Texas more than one-fourth of the quotas. It is food for thought that the woman's organization in Natrona County, Wyoming, raised a subscription which made a per capita record of eighty-seven dollars and sixty cents, and left Natrona the banner county of the nation, and that the women of Rio Arriba County in New Mexico raised five hundred and eleven per cent of their county's quota, that the women of the city of Philadelphia, although not organized until the Third Loan, brought in subscriptions of more than fifty-three million dollars; and that the men of Nebraska offered to allow the women, before the Loan started at all, credit for fifty per cent of the total raised if the latter would cooperate with them in the allotment plan they were to operate. It is noteworthy that this record is by no means the entire record of what American women have subscribed, but merely the record of what the woman's organization sold. But the real importance—both for the nation and for the future of womanhood—of woman's work in war finance lies in the response of individual non-commissioned women officers of the loans to the call of the country. That five hundred thousand women threw themselves into new and difficult work, not for themselves, but for their nation, is the most striking fact in relation to women that the war has developed.

Money seems so altogether materialistic that it is, perhaps, difficult to realize that it may be a medium of spiritual growth as well as a medium of exchange. But it is through the common things of life that the spirit must, in the long run, be expressed; and it is, therefore, not altogether remarkable that the governmental loans have become agents of patriotism to women. Women have been accustomed to paying for great verities in the small coin of continuous sacrifice.

It has been through the Liberty Loans that great numbers of women of foreign birth or of extraction in the United States have been aroused to appreciation of what this war means to Americans. The Na-

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tional Woman's Liberty Loan Committee has an advisory council, composed of the heads of organizations of women having nation-wide membership. Through these organizations the committee has conducted a campaign of general patriotic education; and through these organizations the committee has sometimes been, in turn, educated in the meaning of America. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, who directs the advisory council, has reported to the committee that the enthusiasm of the women in the various organizations of women is one of the most inspiring elements in this war. It is merely characteristic that the very first organization of women to subscribe to the Liberty Loans was the First Catholic Slovak Ladies Union, with a membership of women of Slovak birth or parentage, who came forward with a set of resolutions that has few parallels in the spirit of passionate gratitude to American free institutions.

Another curious development of the loans is the interest taken in them by the women of farther countries. Mrs. Murray Warner, chairman for China and Japan, has found a wide field in her work; and the chairmen for Hawaii and Alaska have discovered in snows and jungles no less ardent Americanism than exists in Kansas or Iowa.

Not the amount of money subscribed, but the actual number of bonds sold by women show the wide-spread value of the work as propaganda as well as finance. Mrs. John O. Miller, of the committee, who has been for three loans the chairman for the State of Pennsylvania, declares that in the Third Loan the women of her organization sold one million bonds. In one ward of Pittsburgh canvassed by the women five hundred and fifty-six bonds were sold in the course of five hundred and eighty calls made on possible subscribers. In a mining-county township two women who travelled by the old-fashioned way of horse and buggy made four hundred calls on families of miners employed in the small wagon-mines of that district, and sold more than three hundred bonds. And out in Chicago one woman schoolteacher went into a portion of the "Black Belt" which the men's committees had set aside as too poor for the purchase of Thrift Stamps, and sold eight thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds in the course of one week. The old woman who hunted her house for the groat seems to have a successor in the women sellers of government bonds.

Every task has its compensations. The work of the treasurership of a committee which has among other fiscal problems the job of inspecting and approving the expense vouchers of over three thousand county chairmen for every Liberty Loan would be nothing but wearisome detail were it not for the fact that it is, in reality, a little window through which the watcher may look out upon the operations of a great army of women who are serving their country in the way that has come to them as their duty. No one could read the statements without visualizing the conditions under which so many of them have been made; and when these accounts are read in the knowledge that they represent a sum of toil, and self-sacrifice, and dyed-in-the-wool, honest-to-God patriotism, these scraps of paper become state documents that set down the spirit of the women of America in this war for American ideals.

It is a rule of the Treasury of the United States that expenses are reimbursed and not advanced the agent. Time and again a State chairman has forwarded the voucher for one of her lieutenants with the plea, "Please hurry the repayment, as my chairman cannot afford to wait long," and yet the work of the women in that county has brought in millions for the government. "It is all right to talk of making duplicate copies," the Kentucky State chairman told a Treasury officer, "when you have office forces and Washington equipment. But how about my county chairmen in the mountains who have to ride horseback all day to canvass their territories, and who do all their own housework, and then, when the family are in bed, sit down in kitchens by lamplight to make out their reports?"

What, too, of the voucher of the Kansas women which reads: "Gasolene (3 gals.), 60 cents. It took more than usual because the roads were mud up to the hubs and it used up a lot getting started when we had to get out and push. The car belonged to a friend of mine, so there was no charge but for the gasolene.

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This was the only way that we could get to the county conference, which was held thirty miles from my town."

There is the document of the Massachusetts woman which set down an expense of eighty cents for telephoning. "I do not want money from the government for any expenses at this time," she wrote on it, "but, if it is an organization rule that the amounts should be paid, I shall put the money into Thrift Stamps." Verily the New England conscience stays awake nights over its expenditures for the government!

Probably because women have been more limited in spending than have men, particularly in organization work, the expenditures of women for the Liberty Loan work have been notably low; the record, however, seems to be held by Tennessee, where Mrs. Guilford Dudley, a member of the national committee, has acted as State chairman. Whereas the law permits the expenditure of one-fifth of one per cent as expenses of the loans, the cost to the Tennessee woman's organization of raising eight million dollars was one thousand dollars, or one-eightieth of one per cent. But there again the record fails to tell the story of the county chairman who went afoot through her territory because it was seeding-time and the horses all in use; and the stories of her fellow workers who made sacrifices not less than hers in divers ways.

Before the coming of the war there had arisen the idea that the American woman was becoming, as a type, a pampered, parasitic, impractical excrescence upon the body social of the world. Those of us who remembered our hard-working, pioneering grandmothers and our hard-thinking, clear-visioned mothers, those of us who knew not merely the surface of cities, but the hearts of cities and little towns and villages and crossroads communities of our country, could not regard the idea as anything but the trick of looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Knowing the old spirit of American womanhood, that spirit which had braved the frontiers and peopled the wildernesses and suffered privation and hardship ungrudgingly that her children might attain that which had been denied to her, we believed that the bugle-call would awaken that spirit from whatever sleep into which other times and other customs might have lulled it. The work of American women in this war has been the justification of that belief. That it has been most widely and ably expressed in the new field of war finance has been but another instance of the pioneering quality. What its ultimate result may be in the history of woman no one may say. All that we, who watch from conning-towers, know is that the women of America have proven themselves worthy of the best traditions of our country. It was not because the Liberty Loans were financial problems that they assumed duty in them, not because it was an opening in new work that women stepped out from their homes into the ranks of marching womanhood. It was because the loans pay for food and shelter and maintenance for the fighting men of the nation, because they care for the wounded, because they provide, as far as money and care can provide, for the safety of the boys of army and navy, because they are the sinews of success in this war, that the women of the United States have assumed the obligation of doing their part in promoting them.

The progress of women within them has been, it is true, the most revolutionary advance that the woman movement has seen. Women who would have lived and died in ignorance of their power have come into understanding of themselves and their possibilities; and, if the war continues long, this army of a half-million is but the beginning of that infinitely greater army of women who will plough and sow and reap in fields never before opened to them. But it is not merely as women that they are entering them. Never was it truer than now that only "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." It is because the women of America are working in war finance, as they are in all patriotic service, not as women merely, but as Americans, that they are lighting a torch that will beacon women through the years to come, whatever these may bring.

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COLLEGE AND BUSINESS EFFICIENCY

By Arthur Hobson Quinn
Dean of the College, University of Pennsylvania

IT is the time for the college to strike back. For the past few years the public has been regaled with well-meaning if inconclusive criticisms of the American college by those who have taken upon their shoulders the responsibility of improving the inefficient condition of the higher educational institutions in this country. These criticisms have been distinguished, of course, by the freshness of view and the lack of prejudice that arise from a general ignorance of the conditions of college administration and instruction. Unhampered by the experience which comes from a knowledge of the history of education, which sees in many of the panaceas the familiar faces of old and discarded friends—and enemies—of educational progress, these amiable souls have proposed a truly remarkable series of alterations in college organization. It is not the purpose of the present writer to discuss these projects. They would be serious matters if one had to pay any attention to them. Fortunately those having the responsibility of conducting colleges have more important work to do and boards of trustees are generally quite willing to let them do it. For whatever things trustees have been accused of doing, paying undue attention to printed criticism has not been one of them.

The American college is not perfect, for it is a living thing. It is facing now a series of problems that are taxing the brains and the hearts of those whose duty it is to see that our colleges meet their great opportunities and responsibilities with courage and wisdom. After the war is over there will be the problem of guiding the thought of the next generation rightly, especially in the fields of economics, politics, and social science. In order to meet this task the college must, above everything else, have public confidence.

Public confidence, like kissing, sometimes goes by favor, and again, like kissing, there may be more of it than is generally suspected. The public likes the college and is even parting, with some reluctance, from its traditional conception of a college professor as a being with long hair and shoe-string necktie, and of the college as a place to which a student retires from the world. This conception died finally, it is hoped, when at the same time a college teacher became the President of the United States and the President of the United States became a college teacher, and the vital and constant connection between the life of an American college and the life of the working world became apparent. The man in the street or the suburban train or the luncheon club or where else criticism is most rampant is now usually willing to acknowledge that the modern college may be as efficiently managed as the average business. What he has yet to see is that it is conducted with much greater efficiency, in both the popular and the true meanings of that word.

In securing efficiency in the commercial sense, the college labors under some disadvantages as compared with business. It is producing and selling something intangible, known as "education," which is hard to measure and whose effects are not at once apparent. Its contracts are for long terms, and if it makes mistakes in the selection of its teachers they are not quickly and easily remedied. It never has enough money to pay its Faculty and its administrative employees what they are worth. And, above all, it can never sacrifice to any temporary efficiency or sense of economy the principle of fair dealing with any one outside or inside of its walls.

One might take refuge, of course, behind the first of these difficulties and say that owing to the intangible quality of its product the college could not be expected to compare in efficiency with a business house. The object of the writer being,

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however, not to take refuge anywhere but to carry the war into Africa, he is willing to pursue the comparison between the methods of conducting affairs of the college and of business in terms of the latter, and to show that, even by that standard, the college is more efficient.

The writer is one of those unfortunate persons known as a "Dean." It has been his lot to purchase many things and to deal with many business houses and industrial corporations, and he is sure that if he ran *his* business in the way in which some of these are conducted he would be ashamed of himself.

In the first place, the average business house is not as well co-ordinated as the college. Recently it fell to my lot to purchase two rugs, for a college office, from a large department store. I selected the pattern and was assured that the house had plenty of the carpet and that the rugs would be delivered in two weeks. As other rearrangements were dependent upon the arrival of the rugs, I made my plans upon the basis of receiving them in *four* weeks. Inquiring at the end of three weeks, I was told calmly that the smaller rug was finished but that they did not know when they could deliver the larger one as they were out of the pattern. Further inquiry led me to believe that they never had had enough of the pattern to fill the order or that they had deliberately broken their contract with me and sold it to some one else. After the suggestion that I might take a mixture of rugs had been promptly declined and I had refused to assume the responsibility of deciding for them the destination of the one already made, I journeyed in town to select a new pattern. Arrived at the furniture department, I was waited upon courteously by six salesmen. They were well-dressed, mature men, and presumably were paid fair salaries, and they had at least to seem busy. On the way to this department I had rashly ventured to stop at the notions counter to make a purchase for my wife. There one distraught young woman was vainly endeavoring to wait upon seven customers. Three weeks later two able-bodied men delivered the smaller rug. Inquiry being made as to the larger, they replied that that was not their concern. Later in the day two more myrmidons came and laid the rug. The next morning two more delivered the larger one, and still later three more laid it on the floor. When I told a fellow sufferer about the matter he said, "Wait; I believe I can tell you which store that was"—and then he told me the name of its chief rival!

Now, the college does not have six men doing one man's work in mathematics and one man doing the work of six in English. The modern university may have English, mathematics, or languages taught in five different schools—let us say the college of liberal arts, the scientific school, the school of education, the school of commerce, and the graduate school—but each subject is in the hands of one department of English or one department of mathematics, and the co-ordination is carried out, not only for the sake of economy, but also for the sake of better teaching, to the last degree. And lest this integrity of departmental control work for decentralization, the departments are co-ordinated in their turn by the board of deans of the different schools or by some corresponding body.

In the second place, the average business is not as flexible, and its methods of organization do not develop initiative to the same degree as the college. We are all familiar with the recent collapse of the transportation systems. Much of the trouble could have been averted by quicker thinking and acting. On that never-to-be-forgotten day when the railroads passed into government control and zero weather at the same time, I tried to go from New Haven to Philadelphia. The New Haven station has long been justly famous among students of archæology, but I doubt if there were ever more people who wished to leave it than were there assembled when I entered it. We were assured that the trains had entirely lost their identity and that anything might happen. After some hours had elapsed, the bright idea occurred to some one that inasmuch as trains would not come from the east to New Haven, it might be possible to start one from New Haven that would run west, and this was done. I arrived in Philadelphia about seven o'clock that evening and waited two hours for a local train to Cynwyd, a

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station about six miles out. In the meantime a train went out on that branch, but it did not stop at Cynwyd. I asked the conductor why, in that emergency and since he was already running entirely outside of his schedule, his train did not make all stops, thus clearing up the business. He had "no orders" to that effect —of course. Two days later that same train was ordered to do the very thing that had been suggested. Why did it take two days? If a college teacher falls ill, or even if a building burns down, it does not take two days to rearrange the schedule of work. A few telephone calls, a meeting perhaps of two persons who are not appalled by sudden conditions, and the thing is done. If the head of the department or the dean is not available, some one, not waiting for "orders," takes charge of the situation. Of course, one does not expect the conductor of a railroad train to alter his station stops, but any one familiar with the organization of a railroad knows how many capable, honest, and hard-working men there are in positions of secondary responsibility who do not dare to act on their own initiative and who have to wait for "orders" from men who, by reason of the system, are remote from the immediate situation.

In the third place, it is unfortunately true that, in many cases, business is not conducted as honestly as the college. I presume that most readers have heard of the recent exposure of certain large coal-dealers who discharged their drivers and then allowed them to reappear in the form of independent carters who preyed upon the necessities of the poor and delivered their percentage of profit to their former employers. Not so easy to detect, however, or to prevent has been the frequent breaking of contracts on the flimsiest pretexts ever since the outbreak of the European war brought about the present disturbed conditions. It has not been long since I met an exhausted representative whose business it was to provide his corporation with coal. Harrowing tales he told me of the contracts he had made with apparently honest mining producers who, let us say, agreed to furnish him with three hundred tons a day at a certain price. The next day into the same corporation's office would walk the buyer for a larger business who would offer a dollar more a ton for their entire output and the contract made with my friend vanished into something—certainly not into smoke! What would have happened if we had not a government with the foresight to fix prices is among the many things we have to wonder about.

Sometimes the very frankness of the gentlemen who break their contracts is itself of interest. The selling agent of a firm which furnished lighting fixtures to one of our buildings calmly explained his failure to have the work done in time for our opening by his having sent his men to work on a contract on which he was making a greater profit. War conditions, he continued, made it difficult to obtain the right kind of help.

I took pleasure in informing him that it was hard, for the same reason, for a college to secure instructors in foreign languages, but that we did not meet our classes on the opening day with that lame excuse. We took trouble and secured them. This impressed him not a bit. The idea that his brand of illumination was on trial in one building and that his unfair methods would prevent him from securing contracts in perhaps twenty others seemed not to occur to him either.

What surprises me most is this lack of consideration of the human element. It might happen to any purveyor of cement flooring, I suppose, to have his men fill the waste-pipes in the cellar of our college hall with a mixture that effectually prevented anything flowing through them ever afterward. But it seems, even from the point of view of mere money, a foolish thing to refuse to make the damage good after his bill had been paid, when a small expenditure in the direction of honesty would have secured him other contracts and the recommendation of the university. Much of this stupidity, this consideration of only the job in hand, with no outlook for the future, comes from the hit-or-miss economics of our average business and has, of course, no relation to the personal honesty of its directors. As has been pointed out by Mr. Taft, in a recent editorial, only ten per cent of the business corporations in this country could tell the Federal Trade Commission the cost of their own product! I fancy there are

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few universities or colleges to-day that are not upon an accurate budget system by means of which every dollar of funds to be expended during the coming year is carefully laid out. Yet even here flexibility is secured by discretionary power being vested in the administrative officer within, of course, the limit of his budget.

I have tried to make a few comparisons between business and the college on the basis of the efficiency standard of the former. It is my belief that viewed even by this standard the college is more efficient. But viewed from the point of view of real efficiency there is no comparison. For, from its very nature, a business, which is organized for profit, cannot be conducted as efficiently as an institution in which all idea of profit has been discarded.

And, after all, what is true efficiency? Efficiency in its truest sense means the performing of one's task so as to produce the best of which one is capable and to leave the creating force, at the completion of its task, better able to produce than before.

The producing forces in the college are its Faculty, its administrative officers, and its trustees. The products are its alumni, its contribution to research, and its influence as an organized body upon the public. Those who have had opportunities to compare our student body and alumni with those of foreign universities and colleges under corresponding conditions know that while they may be surpassed in certain definite branches of knowledge by the foreigners, in a real knowledge of human nature and in an ability to conduct themselves like men and women in relation to others, the American college product need fear no comparison. We have heard much about the inability of the Rhodes scholars at Oxford to meet the peculiar academic standards for which they had not prepared. But when Mr. Hoover organized the relief commission in Belgium he built upon the Rhodes scholars the most efficient system of organization conceived in modern times and dedicated to the preservation of human life. The Belgians were amazed. "How does it happen," they asked in wonder, "that these boys have this tact, this instinct for organization, this knowledge of human nature? Our young men can die, but they could not have done this!"

The present national crisis is purging false efficiency out of our national life and bringing to the front the elements of our real greatness. In our laboratories the best minds in the colleges are deep in vital problems from the investigation of the basic sources of the food that will keep us alive to the last analysis of the poisons that our enemy hurls against us in the hope and expectation of our death. In the campaign that will keep our public opinion true on a steady keel, other minds in our colleges are working day and night. These two products of the college cannot even be touched upon here. Nor can the story of how our alumni and student body responded when our flag went up in April, 1917, even begin to be told as yet. The service flags on the fraternity houses, studded with stars, the empty offices of the Faculty, the steady tramp as the uniforms of the R. O. T. C. go by the window are more eloquent than figures.

In the supreme test the American college has proven for all time its efficiency as the producer of men. We who knew her were certain of her, for we knew that her creating forces lived in that spirit of service which kept her ever a living and a growing thing. Forever renewing herself through contact with youth, the American college takes the best of our life and in times of peace she gives that best back again with something in its character that is not measured by the shifting standards of mere utility but upon which this republic depends as the most solid fact in its existence. In time of war she has given her best without display, in the confident knowledge that those who have known the most of life can teach the rest to die.

Through the difficult days to come she will keep that living force alive; her depleted ranks will close in; the old man will take the young man's place; and when her sons come back they will find her as they left her, just as their fathers found her in 1783 or in 1865, the custodian of that practical idealism by the side of which our material progress is but an incident.

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FRANCE'S NAVAL AIR SERVICE IN THE WAR

BY ROBERT W. NEESER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF MARINE

IT is difficult to realize that only twelve years have elapsed since Santos Dumont attempted his first flight in France, and less than a decade since Henry Farman won the highly coveted Archdeacon-Deutsch prize for covering, without alighting, a triangular course of one thousand yards. At that time not even the most enthusiastic advocates of flying could have foreseen the enormous influence which the new sport was to exert on future warfare. It is only now, after more than four years of war on both land and sea, that we have been able to grasp the full significance of the early efforts of those daring inventors. Truly the present war has been one of discoveries.

It is always interesting to look backward—in this instance to consider the rôle which it was expected that aircraft would play in naval warfare. In August, 1914, the French naval authorities had only just completed the tests of their first experimental hydroplanes, small aeroplanes equipped with floats in the place of wheels, so that they could rise from and alight on the water. This was a natural development of the land type of flying-machine, but the trials were not entirely satisfactory, and the manufacturers soon discontinued their efforts in this direction in order to place their factories at the disposal of the army, whose needs in the critical days of Mons and Charleroi were far more pressing.

The history of the growth and development of the French naval air service during the first three years of the war was very much like that of the "naval wing" of the British Royal Flying Corps. No very great progress had been made in the development of seaplanes before the war. Such machines as were used were merely specimen models from the most successful French factories, and there had been no attempt at standardization, for flying was believed to be still in its infancy, with many years for experiment and improvement, before the new arm would be called upon to play its part under actual active service conditions.

In August, 1914, the French navy had only two aeronautic stations ready for service. Both of these were situated on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where, in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-French entente, the greater part of the French naval forces were concentrated. The official communiqués for a long time remained silent on the work done by the naval airmen operating in that region, but it is a matter of record that within forty-eight hours after Germany's declaration of war every machine attached to the aviation centres of Nice and Bonifacio took the air and made reconnaissance flights which proved of the greatest assistance to the naval forces covering the transportation of the Nineteenth Army Corps from Algeria to France. It is evident that the extensive use of aircraft for purposes of naval reconnaissance had not been seriously contemplated before the war. The very design of the machines owned by the navy rendered them unsuited for distant operations at sea. But the necessities of the situation, and the importance of obtaining reliable information regarding the movements of the German cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau*, compelled Admiral de Lapeyrère to call upon the naval airmen to co-operate with his sea-scouts in locating the elusive enemy.

It is no exaggeration to say that the

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results of these first performances under actual war conditions were far-reaching. Officers at the Ministry of Marine in Paris, who at first had been inclined to subordinate the navy's programme to the urgent needs of the army air service, now began to consider the advisability of resuming the development of the navy's new arm. In fact, many days were not allowed to elapse before orders were issued reconstituting the various administrative services charged with the duty of studying the naval requirements of the situation, of creating the material, and of training the personnel needed for the operations on the "naval front." And this was no easy task, for the development of a satisfactory type of seaplane had to be accomplished under the stress of war. The early land-going aeroplanes with which the Mediterranean escadrilles patrolled the seas in the first week of the war had to be replaced by seaplanes of various sizes and models, and many months necessarily elapsed before the few factories working for the navy were able to perfect a standardized type suited to all conditions of service.

While this was going on, the organization of the "A. M."—aviation maritime—as a real striking force was progressing methodically. Aviation centres, fully equipped with all the necessary accessories, were established at strategic points as fast as the machines and pilots could be obtained. In each zone the "A. M." had a different rôle to play. At Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Havre the naval airmen were occupied particularly with the task of raiding the German submarine bases on the Belgian coast; at Port Said they acted in *liaison* with the British land-forces charged with the defense of the Suez Canal, while in Montenegro they were called upon to maintain an active sea patrol in connection with the blockading operations of the French cruisers off the Strait of Otranto. In May, 1915, the possibilities of the air service had been so fully developed that additional centres were organized at Venice, Brindisi, Salonica, Bizerte, La Pallice, and Toulon, and since then every effort has been made to line the seacoast of France with as many other stations as the needs of the service demanded. No job was too important and none too insignificant the moment a sufficient number of seaplanes began to be produced.

The unexpected success of the heavier-than-air craft and the importance of supplementing the existing air patrols in view of the constantly increasing activities of the German submarines emboldened the Ministry of Marine to depart from its pre-war programme in other respects. Early in 1914 the French navy had obtained a credit of thirty million francs for the establishment of a number of dirigible centres, but on the outbreak of hostilities the project was suddenly abandoned and "the credit was returned to Parliament." It was not until April, 1915, after the British naval air service had decided to operate several of its own airships from the port of Dunkirk, that the value of these larger aircraft was fully realized by the French navy. Fortunately, at that moment, the Ministry of War was able to spare a few dirigibles, and these were immediately sent to Havre and Bizerte, where important centres were in process of development for the more efficient protection of the frequent merchant convoys that plied in those waters. Nor was this all. Experiments made in England with captive balloons during the summer of 1916 decided the French navy to adopt this type also for observation purposes, and not many months passed before a number of "sausages" were to be seen floating in the air at various points along the coast-line.

Incidentally, it should be mentioned that the work performed by the various branches of the naval air service could never have been attempted without the existing methods of communication. Wireless telegraphy rendered possible an efficient co-operation between the air patrols, sea patrols, and shore stations. But there have been moments when the wireless could not be used, and at those times the aerial observers have had to resort to the use of carrier-pigeons and despatch-buoys for the transmission of their messages.

This was the last resort left to Ensign Teste after he had been left for dead by both friend and foe amid the wreckage of his sinking seaplane. His machine belonged to an escadrille from Dunkirk

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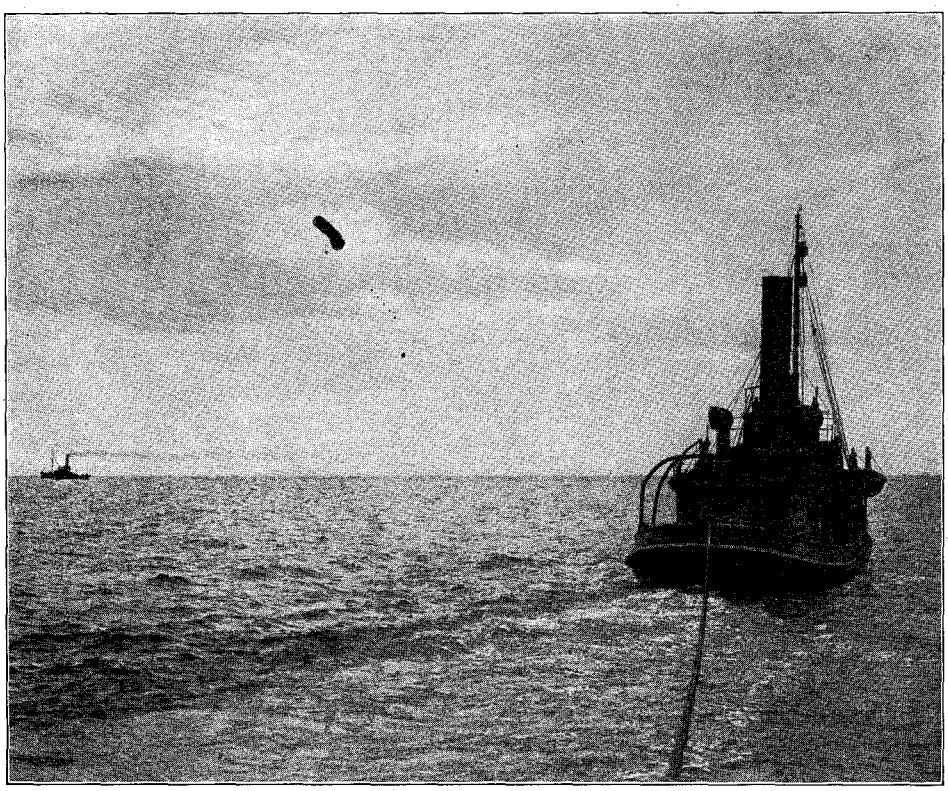
which, on the morning of May 26, 1917, ventured on an extensive reconnaissance flight over the English Channel. The French airmen had been in the air about an hour when they sighted the periscope of a submarine cruising not far from the Belgian shore. They lost no time in attacking it, and one of the seaplanes had already managed to drop its depth bombs over the spot where the U-boat was noticed, when three German scouting planes out of Belgium swooped down upon them. Ensign Teste and his pilot, Quartermaster Amiot, were soon so hard pressed that they decided to alight in order to "continue the action on the surface." But the enemy's fire had been accurate as well as rapid. The engine of the French seaplane was quickly riddled with bullets, the machine-gun mount disabled, and the pilot twice seriously wounded. Ensign Teste picked up the machine-gun and tried to fire it from his shoulder at one of the German monoplanes that was circling quite near, but before he could pull the trigger he was wounded. Still he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. There were still a few more rounds left in the cartridge-belt of the gun, and these, with a supreme effort, he managed to get off in the direction of the enemy before he dropped back into the seaplane, weak from the loss of blood.



Observation balloon and its tugboat about to make experiments at sea.

Certain that they had killed both of the occupants of the French machine, the German aviators flew away in chase of their remaining adversaries. What happened to Lieutenant Teste and his plucky pilot during the next few hours had better be told in the French officer's own words:

"The hull of the hydroplane was riddled with bullet-holes, the motor was entirely useless, and one of the gasoline-tanks was on fire. We struggled to plug the holes through which the sea water

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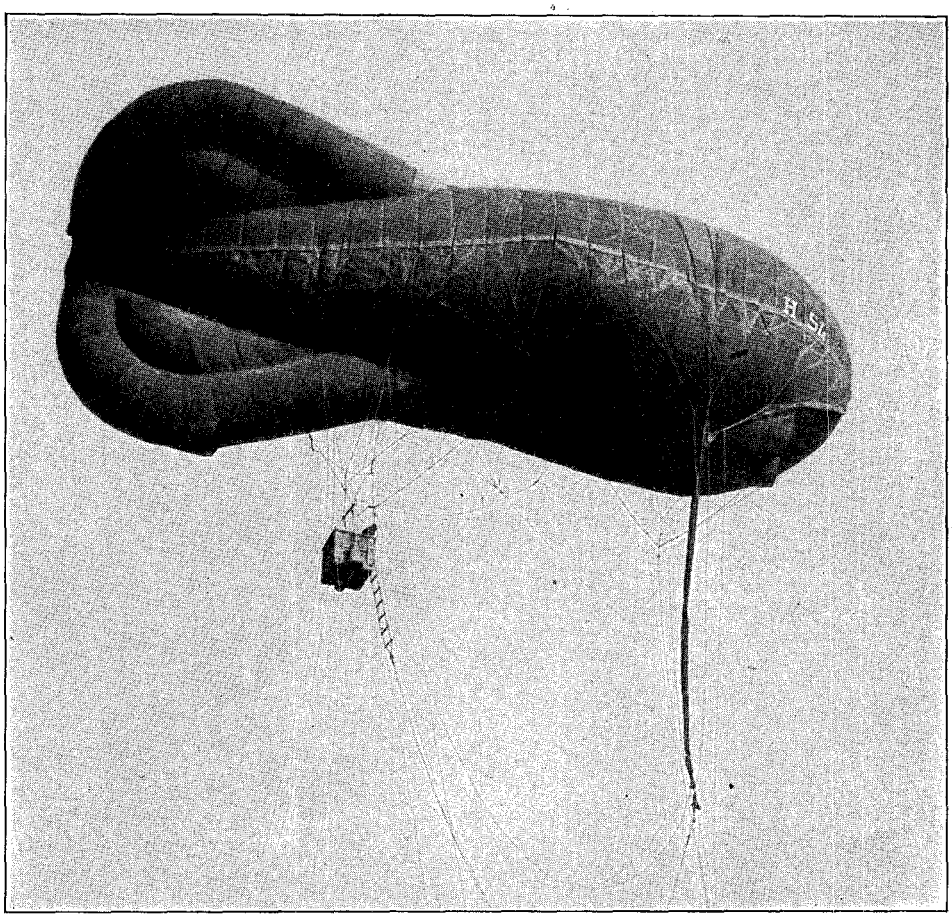

Captive balloon ("sausage") descending.

was pouring in, but the hydroplane suddenly started to heel dangerously and we had to resort to bailing with a small canvas bucket. For a while the machine floated on an even keel, but the next time it started to settle by the stern. At nine o'clock seven Boche aeroplanes were seen coming from the east. I at once crawled in between the gasoline-tanks and the bottom of the body of the seaplane, which was already half filled with water. In this manner I managed to escape discovery when one of the Boche machines alighted on the water alongside of our seaplane, but my quartermaster, who was lying wounded in the bottom of the boat, was made prisoner. Before leaving the enemy fired a number of shots at the seaplane in order to sink it, and one of the bullets pierced the reserve gasoline-tank, setting it on fire. Fortunately, the other tank had stopped burning some time before."

In this critical situation Ensign Teste's nerve never once failed him, although in the end it did not save him from capture. Waiting until the enemy's aeroplanes had flown away, he slowly dragged himself from his place of concealment. One hope of obtaining aid still remained. This one he now decided to employ. Tearing a leaf from his note-book he wrote out the following words: "Amiot and others picked up by Boches. Concealed myself under gasoline-tank. Wreckage of my seaplane still afloat, though leaking dangerously. Keeping up courage. Vive la France! (Signed) Teste."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he commended this message to the

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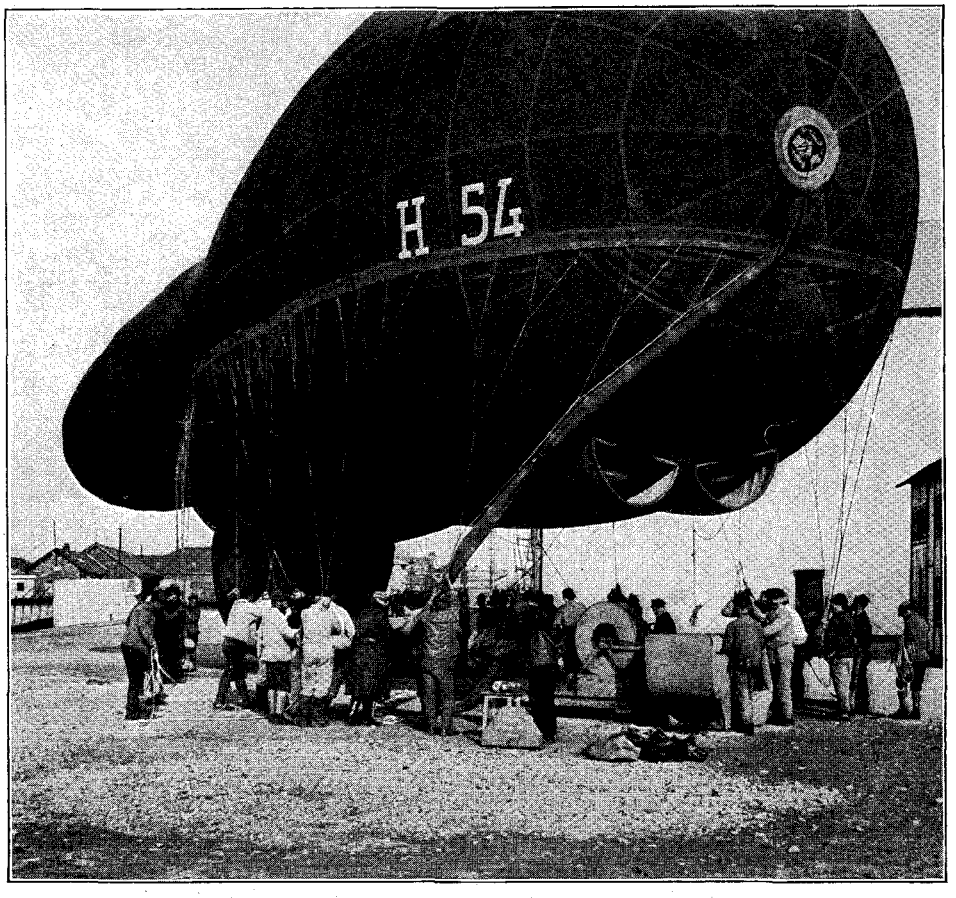
care of his last carrier-pigeon. Then he resigned himself to his fate. Slowly he watched the sun sink in the sky and disappear below the horizon. Slowly he felt the seaplane settle lower and lower in the water, until it was supported only by the spread of its wings. Hour after hour passed. Still no help came. Finally, a little before midnight, the sound of approaching vessels became audible. Nearer and nearer they came, until he could make out the dark outlines of low-lying torpedo craft. A cry of hope rose from the lips of the shipwrecked aviator. His faithful carrier-pigeon had delivered his message. But his joy was short-lived. Help had come, but his rescuers were Germans. He was a prisoner after all.

It will be apparent that the French naval air service mostly concerns itself with trying to discover the presence of enemy submarines off the Allied shores, where the trade routes converge, and then to attack them if possible, or at least compel them to submerge into the maze of currents, rocks, nets, and mine-fields among which they must grope blindly. The mere presence of an Allied seaplane is often sufficient to cause the U-boats to dive, and in this way the hostile raiders are kept continually on the move and often prevented from carrying out their own fell purposes.

The aerial patrols have also other duties. Their most monotonous service is perhaps that of accompanying and escorting the numerous merchant-ship convoys that almost daily ply in and out of the Allied bays and harbors. Then there are frequent bombing raids to be carried out over the enemy's submarine bases and aerodromes in Flanders. Sometimes,



Captive balloon held by its windlass.

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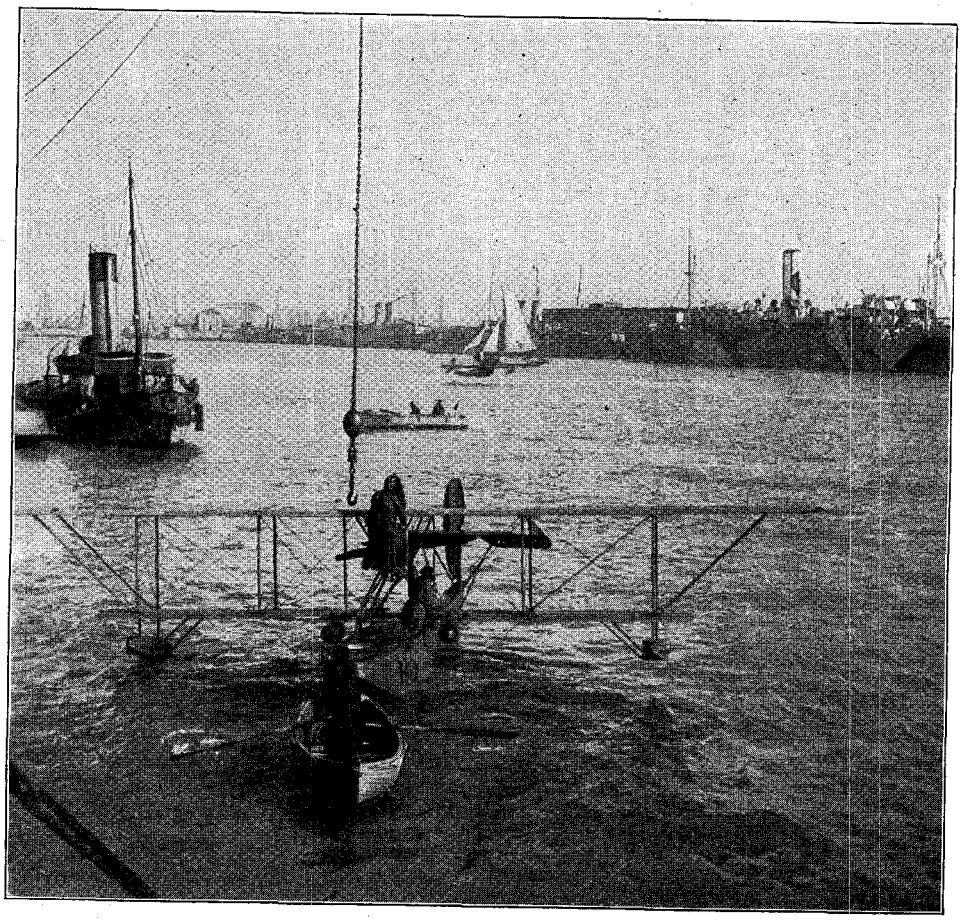
when the weather conditions are favorable, flights are made over the transparent waters of the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, to make sure that the enemy's mine-laying submarines have not been active.

It is only when the naval airman catches a glimpse of a submarine, or even only that of a periscope, that he experiences a thrill which dispels the monotonous drudgery of the daily routine. But the disappointments are apt to be frequent, for it is one thing to sight a submarine and quite another to reach a position directly overhead before her crew have noticed the warning hum of the seaplane's motor and have warily concealed their frail craft beneath the protecting ocean waves. A seaplane may make daily flights over the Mediterranean, in the Adriatic, across the Channel, or along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, for months and months at a time without ever sighting a single periscope. The naval aviators say that they always return home with the expectation of getting one the next time, especially after they hear how some other pilot has managed to account for a U-boat, but in comparison with the number of seaplanes and dirigibles operating on the "front de mer," as the French have familiarly termed it, the number of opportunities for attacking submarines are extremely few. In November, 1917, there were thirteen encounters between aircraft and undersea boats reported, but in the month following there were only seven, and in January, 1918, the total had dropped to five.

Much has been heard of the explosive depth bombs used by the Allied airmen



Seaplane ready for a flight.

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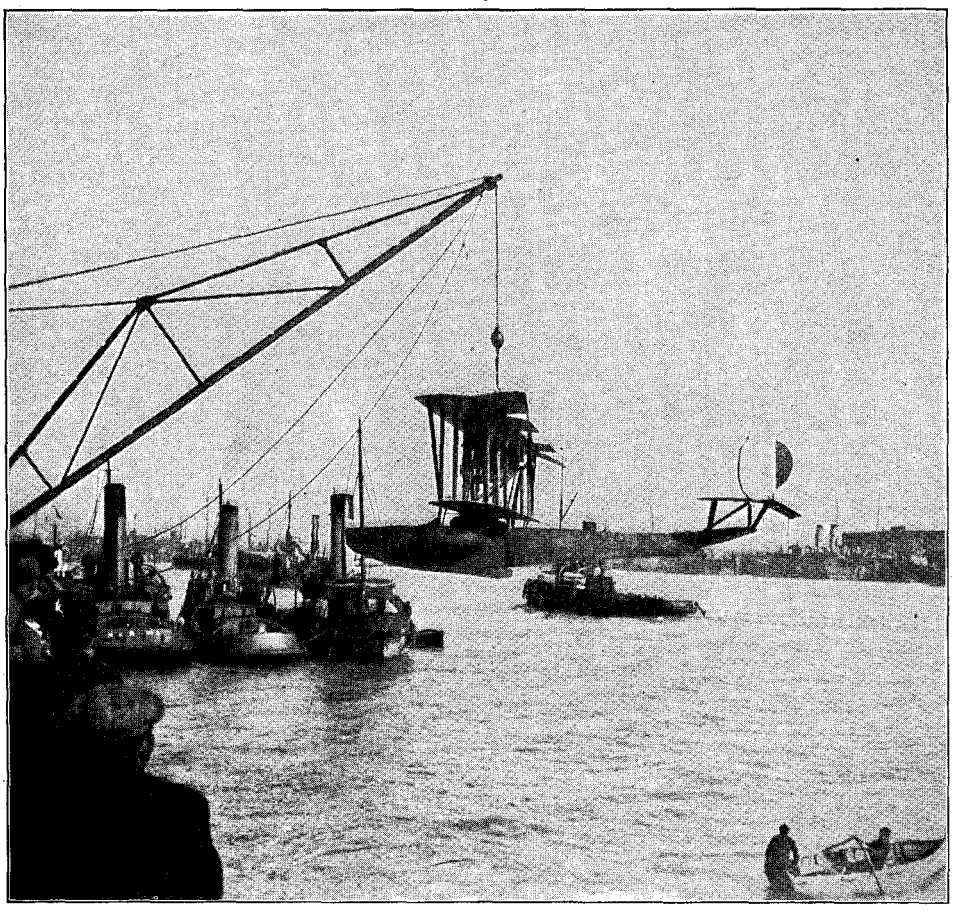

Seaplane being hoisted on board the "mother ship."

against the German submarines. This is practically the only weapon with which the seaplanes are supplied during their flights over the various "submarine zones." It is the most effective method of attack against the U-boats yet devised. Even the Germans have admitted this and have protested against the "pernicious methods employed against the U-boats by the Allies." But even when the depth bombs are dropped squarely on their targets, their explosion leaves no traces beyond a spreading smear of oil and a little wreckage on the surface of the waves, so that one seldom knows for certain just what actually did happen under the water when the crashing detonation took place. Some day the world may learn just how many submarines were lost by the enemy in his great undersea offensives, but the circumstances under which many of them met their fate and where will forever remain shrouded in mystery. "Le fond de la mer seul connaîtra leur sort tragique!"

Even the large, conspicuous dirigibles sometimes manage to drop their wicked bombs uncomfortably close to the enemy's raiders. One of them, the large air-cruiser *Lorraine*, belonging to the aviation centre at Bizerte, while returning from convoy duty, sighted a hostile submarine not far from the Tunisian coast. "It was then eight o'clock in the evening, and we were flying east, at a height of about four hundred yards. Between the *Lorraine* and the shore lay a large, whitish mist-cloud, which spread over the sea for a distance of about two miles. Just as the dirigible was about to enter the cloud one of the lookouts noticed a suspicious-

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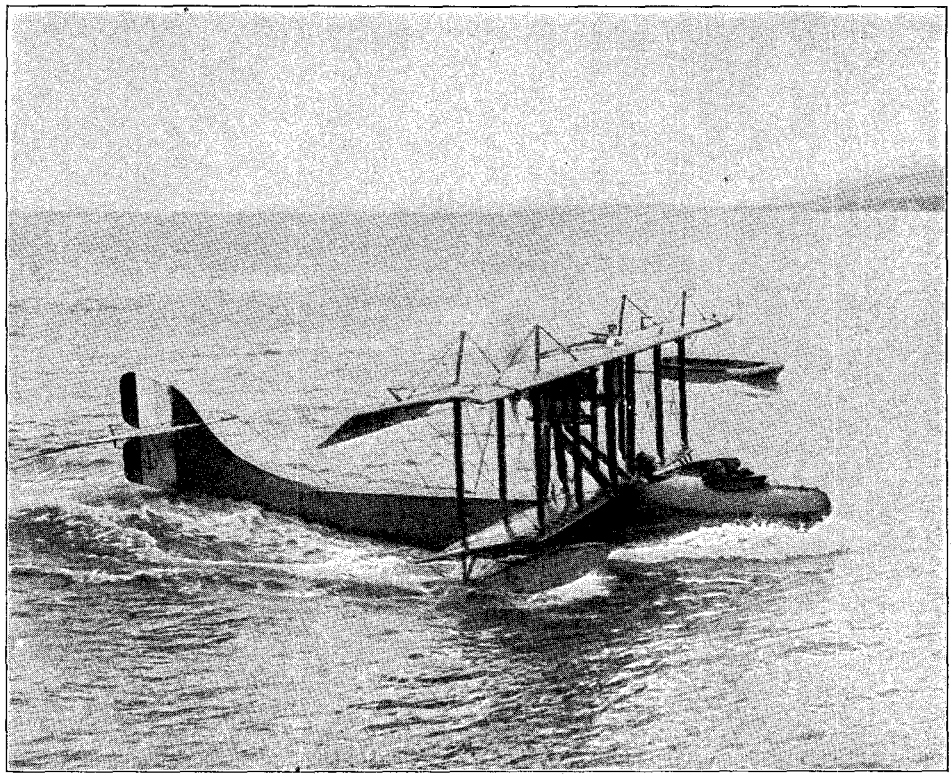
looking shadow in the water below. It seemed to be cigar-shaped and about a hundred yards long, while behind it trailed a curious whitish streak, which might very well be the commotion caused by the wake of a submarine under way. The dirigible at once turned toward the submarine, for there was no longer any doubt that it really was one, and prepared to engage it. But by this time the enemy had reached the covering protection of the fog, and we knew that if ever we sighted him again it would be only by the merest chance. As we reached the opposite end of the cloud we fortunately sighted him again about a mile to the northward. The submarine was partly submerged, but moving through the water fast. We altered our course toward our prey, but this time he again anticipated our manœuvre and changed his, with the obvious intention of once more gaining the shelter of the fog-bank. Before he could reach his objective we managed to reach a position almost directly over him, but we were still flying so high, in order to conceal ourselves as much as possible, that the submarine appeared no larger than a black speck on the surface of the sea. We dropped several of our bombs and observed their explosions. Then we sent out a radio call to inform the shore stations of the locality in which we had carried out our attack. Returning over the spot where the submarine was last seen to dive we released a few more depth charges, but saw nothing more of our enemy."



Seaplane running on water preparatory to rising in air

But of all the tales of duels between aircraft and undersea craft, the following deserves special mention as the only instance, perhaps, where the naval airman's feat was formally confirmed in the terse language of an official communiqué:

While on patrol in the English Channel

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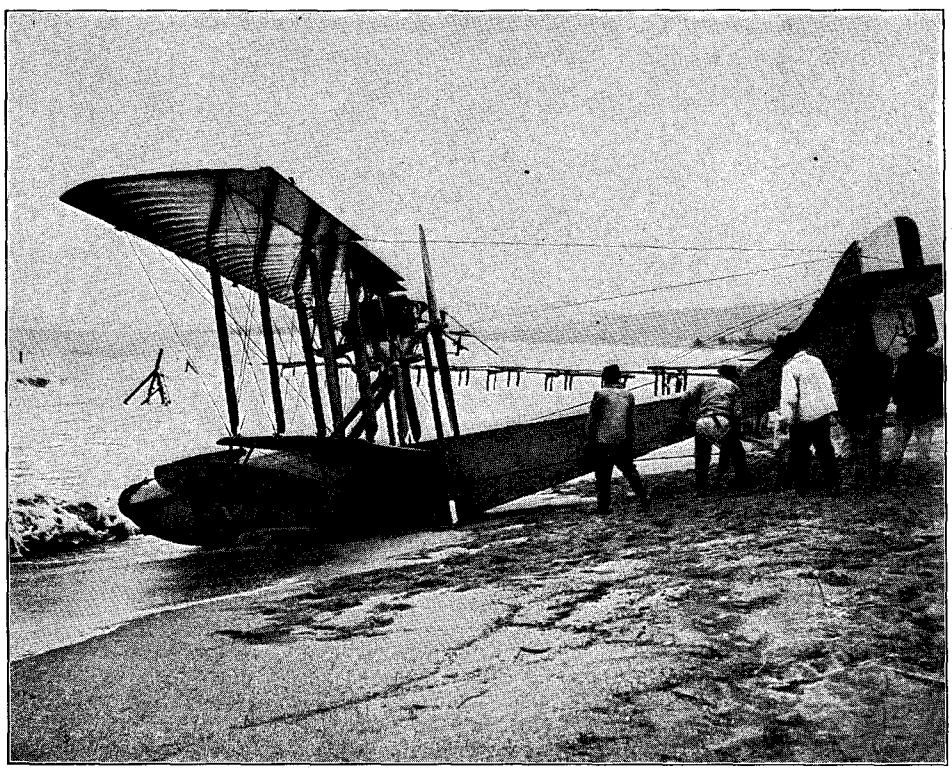
two French seaplanes in command of Ensign Merveilleux du Vignaux sighted a submarine cruising on the surface about eight miles away. Realizing that if he headed directly for the German vessel the latter would become aware of his approach long before he could reach a position favorable for attacking it, Ensign du Vignaux by a quick turn changed the direction of his flight in order to lull the crew of the submarine into a false sense of security. For almost ten minutes did he maintain this course, until, reaching a position directly in a line between the sun and the raider, he again headed straight for his enemy. With the rays of the sun shining directly behind his back, he felt that he ran little risk of being seen by the Germans, while he himself enjoyed a perfect view of the undersea boat's movements.



Launching a seaplane.

When the French machines were still some distance off the Germans, warned by the noise of the seaplanes' motors, began to make preparations for submerging, but judging from the deliberate manner in which the sailors went about their work it was evident that they had not yet been able to distinguish their approaching foes in the sun's rays. A few seconds more and the leading seaplane was directly overhead. The conning-tower was still awash when Ensign du Vignaux released his depth bombs. He was flying so low at the time that there was little chance of missing the target. The charges plainly straddled the fleeing U-boat.

"Then began the agony of the submarine," modestly reported the young aviator. "It was some time before any part of the hull reappeared above the surface, but when the forward end of the vessel finally did come into view I experienced a thrill of victory such as I had never anticipated even in my wildest dreams. Slowly the bow of the U-boat rose above

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the waves. Judging from the extreme angle of inclination of the hull, over forty-five degrees, the raider must have been seriously injured by the double bomb explosion. After a few seconds the submarine sank again, only to reappear a second time, a third time, a fourth time, and a fifth time. Each time the prow of the corsair dressed itself more and more perpendicularly in the air, until after the fifth and last time the red-painted underbody could be seen above the waves. This was the German craft's last and supreme effort. Not a man of her crew ever had a chance to escape as long as the top of the conning-tower remained submerged. The Boches were trapped like rats within the steel shell of their vessel, but the terror and despair of those human beings within was most dramatically pictured by the dying agonies of that fiendish monster."

WHAT SHALL I BRING YOU?

By Eliza Morgan Swift

"WHAT shall I bring you when I come again?"

. . . . . .

Bring me, dear love, those things you take away:
The peace of happy hours,
Light of a summer's day,
Sweetness of flowers,
For when you're gone the world is drear and gray.

Bring me that look which ever makes your eyes
A rare and wondrous part
Of heaven's mysteries,
And raises up my heart
To meet, once more, the challenge from the skies.

Bring me your thoughts, whose beauty heals my pain;
Your voice, whose every tone
Sings in my weary brain.
Ah, leave me not alone!
But bring yourself, unchanged, to me again.

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"I never talk to strange men."—Page 311.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PERFECTLY NICE GIRL

By Alice Mary Kimball

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

I SUPPOSE I feel toward adventure as Miss Calista Macomber feels about prayer-meeting. It's something which, for the good of my soul, I don't dare to miss. Every experience I ever had which smacked of the unusual has stirred up my brain cells, stimulated my spirits, and sent vivid trains of thought coursing through my mind. The price never has been too great to pay for the delights of scooping down into the kaleidoscopic stream of life and bringing up an adventure—a perfectly proper adventure—thrilling with smiles or tears or ideas.

I treasure my adventures as a miser his glittering hoard. I love them. They are romance—my own romance—the romance I have discovered and lived. No second-hand, book-garnered romance would serve as they. Through them I am part of the amazing, many-colored pantomime of life—a player in the game. Through them I live—I live!

If the Miss Macomber I know were the only woman of her kind, it wouldn't be necessary to hold her up as a horrible example. But there are thousands of her—perhaps millions. Count up the ones you know—the starved, repressed, incomplete women who stand on the edge of life, peeping in. Why, Miss Macomber lives in every country neighborhood, every small town, every big city. She is the woman who never had confidence in her own impulses or instincts or ideas.

Miss Calista Macomber never had a love-affair. I don't believe a man ever sent her a box of flowers, or wrote her a formal letter with a whiff of romance between the lines, or asked her to look at the reflection of the sunset in the lake.

That wouldn't be so bad, of course, if *anything* ever had happened to her—anything to set her eyes sparkling, her feet dancing, her pulses aflame, to make her plumb daffy with enthusiasm, to give her an insight into the delicious unexpectedness of things.

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No, Miss Macomber never had even one adventure. No splashes of color glow against the drab succession of her days—days which stretch away through humdrum, eventless months and years to a respectable family lot in the cemetery. To her associates she is a piece of office furniture. If she were what is conventionally known as a "bad woman" instead of the scrupulously good one she is, she could hardly be more isolated from real comradeship, from interesting happenings, from *life*.

And it isn't that she's old, or ugly, or dull. She's neither. She's full of bottled-up romance. I wish I might tell you of a secret cedar-box she opened for me one day in her prim little room—but perhaps you already know! For the Miss Macombers write letters—love-letters—to the imaginary lovers their dreams have given them in place of real ones. Then you would understand that a *woman*, with all a woman's capacity for gentleness and love, is being starved and stifled in Miss Macomber.

I wish you could see Miss Macomber's hat. It's the most *resigned* hat I ever saw—a resigned shade of gray, with a resigned gray plume which never will stand up as though it were glad to be there, but droops in a scared, spiritless fashion like the tail of a frightened puppy. Every time I see that hat it impresses me, not as a hat at all, but as a symbol of the thing which has cheated Miss Macomber, side-tracked her, left her wistful-eyed in her chilly corner while the warm, smiling, lovely things of life go dancing by.

No woman has any business with such a hat—or with the state of mind it indicates. She ought to dump it in the nearest refuse can and get another—a rakish, saucy, audacious hat with a fetching turn-up in front and a jaunty dent or two in the crown. Then—intellectually, spiritually, and otherwise—live up to the hat.

But that, I know, would be impossible. She has repressed and inhibited too long. She has promptly rooted out every impulse in her heart and brain which clashed with the dicta of Saint Paul or Mrs. Grundy. She has let trivial conventionalities stand like an impregnable wall before people she would like to meet, experiences she has needed to feed her mind and spirit. She has obeyed everything—family, custom, precedent, the neighbors—everything except the divine, imperative commandments of her own soul.

When I told her about my first adventure—but let me tell it to you, first. It was making my getaway from a little village in Vermont—a mean little town, which, I think, must have been the abode of reincarnated Tomlinsons who weren't good enough for heaven or bad enough for hell. It was fear of becoming a Miss Macomber which did it—literally catapulted me into a life which has been as bracing as a cold plunge in a foaming stream, as stimulating as champagne, and blessedly, joyously free! I want to tell it for the benefit of other girls who stand hesitant before the door of tradition, fearing to go adventuring with a singing heart over the hills so alluring in the blue distance.

I was eighteen, and I was teaching in the sixth grade of the village school. My father was a country lawyer, fairly well-to-do, and a little proud that his girls "didn't have to work." I might have been a "home girl" now, teaching for pin-money and leading the thin, circumscribed life of a New England schoolmistress, had I not gone to that State teachers' convention in Burlington.

The first day the teachers assembled I looked them over. And suddenly I was afraid.

There were three thousand of them, and about sixty per cent were Miss Macombers. Circumstances had tired them out, worked them over, run them in a mould. They had a defeated air. They wore prosaic hats, prosaic gowns. They had no zest, no sparkle, no playfulness, no spontaneity. They attended the sessions conscientiously and solemnly. Their minds were as rigid as their manners. I couldn't imagine one of them picking up life as something to be loved, laughed over, and rapturously caressed.

I didn't reason out my repulsion. I was only eighteen. But I felt a hot impulse to get away burning in me like a raging prairie fire. It filled me with nausea and terror—the fear of growing into one of those drab women. As I

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

A combination of Apollo Belvedere and one of the big blond Vikings.—Page 312.

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looked at them, sitting joylessly in severe rows, I choked, panic-stricken:

"I'm going to get married!"

Then I marshalled before my imagination all the men I knew—Alvin Rush, the cherubic principal of the high school; Reverend Perry Snyder, the new minister whom I had heard prattling harmlessly to his flock the Sunday before; and, perhaps, half a dozen others. Well-intentioned souls, every one. But unadventurous. As unadventurous as cauliflowers or gooseberry bushes.

No, not one of them would do. Not even if one wanted me, which was highly improbable. In our town—as in most Eastern country villages—the women outnumbered the men four to one. Ambitious young chaps went away to college, to the cities, "Out West," while the girls stayed at home out of duty to their families or fear of attempting the unknown, and took it out in romantic dreams.

The thought of marriage led me to the study of the married women I knew, and I began to find among them the Calista Macombers—bent-shouldered, starved, repressed, joyless, drudgery-crushed caricatures of human beings. I wondered fearfully if life, which had seemed so sparkling, so gamesome and beautiful, really was a trap in which I might awake some day bound hand and foot—a shrivelled-up, dull-eyed, ironed-out drab woman.

It should not be! I would not let it be! Beyond the Green Mountains which enclosed my little town things must be different. Why else did the young men go away? If they could seek wider opportunities, I could. If they could make their way alone, I could. And I would!

"It's turrible dangerous out West," counselled Clarence Collins, one of my admirers who used to trail his pale-blue personality through my Sunday afternoons.

"Where is your duty to your parents?" asked the pallid pastor who tried to preach away in maxims my flaming passion to escape.

How I resented their stupid cowardice! How I hated the unadventurous, forever-in-a-rut, cut-and-dried spirit with which the whole town was sicklied over.

It was when my mother cried and begged me to stay that I knew the impulse to go came from something stronger than my own will. It is dreadful to awaken in the night and hear your mother cry. . . . She made me feel that I ought to stay. She even made me want to make myself stay.

I loved my mother the best of any one on earth, and I do now. But it didn't seem a real expression of devotion—to stay at home and become a Calista Macomber.

So, one day, surrounded by a weeping family, I went to the station and took the train for the "West." The money for my ticket I had saved from my teacher's salary.

"It seems as though we are burying you," my mother sobbed as the train whistled in. "My dream last night—that you changed your mind just as they were putting your trunk on the train. Oh, can't you do it—for your mother?"

I thought of her life of bleak self-sacrifice from the time she had faced death that I might be born, through the hard, up-hill years of my upbringing and education. She had given me without stint of her youth. The picture of her sitting up all night sewing on a gauzy party dress for me to take away to school flashed through my brain. My eyes were streaming.

I suppose if this were a story in a moral magazine for young people I'd have remained at home ever after, practising that self-sacrifice which, says George Bernard Shaw, enables us to sacrifice others without blushing. It isn't. It's the truth. When I felt my mother's tears on my face I wished I could go back with her. But I couldn't. The conductor called "All aboard," and I climbed on the train.

I was a straw on the stream of a big racial instinct which is drawing women in millions from every nation of the earth away from the meek, anæmic, mirthless, smothered life of the Calista Macombers.

After I had finished telling Miss Macomber of my escape, she said, with a little shiver:

"Well, I know just how your people felt! You—an unprotected, inexperienced girl! It was dangerous."

I suppose so. Nothing is really safe—

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"You looked as though my act were really giving you pleasure. It was a great compliment."—Page 313.

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not even eating or walking down-town. But the most perilous thing a girl can do is to put a damper on her pioneering instincts. Cowardice never comes at bargain prices. I never dare to be afraid of anything except the traditions, precedents, and prohibitions which would keep me from loving life enough to learn it by the laboratory method. Dangerous? Perhaps. One of my employers, for instance. But I didn't find it necessary to call the police or say, "How dare you!" or even register outraged virtue.

And if sometimes an adventure turns out poorly, don't worry. Regrets are dead baggage. Adventures will be failures sometimes. Life is a hundred per cent successful only in spots. You may meet people who assume as a temporary hypothesis that you are a more or less improper adventuress. It's fun to make them change their minds.

When you meet—as you doubtless will—the genus masher, don't do the conventional thing.

Ask him, instead, in a cool, precise way, if he agrees with the fundamental idea of Bergson's "Creative Evolution." Inquire if he has firmly grounded himself in the principles underlying the materialistic conception of the evolution of society. Elevate your eyebrows in polite but chilly surprise if he has not, and in an apparent search for a congenial topic seize on Herbert Spencer. In this connection—be sure not to forget this—quote Spencer's definition of evolution. I don't remember it, but you easily can look it up. It's full of jaw-splitting words that march along like a suffragette procession.

Oh, there are few things, I assure you, so rapturously funny as a masher artistically treated.

No, the world is not dangerous for the girl who carries with her an innocent mind, a merry spirit, and a seasoning pinch of common sense. To Miss Macomber and all the Miss Macombers I give my testimony that life isn't so dangerous as it looks for the perfectly proper adventuress.

Miss Macomber shuddered when I told her of my adventure with a burglar—just as I shudder to think what I'd have missed if I'd run away from it.

The burglar escorted me home one night after everybody had gone to bed in the part of the city where I live, and he stood on the door-step until twelve explaining why he thought it more moral to be a burglar than a respectable business man. Wasn't that a delightful adventure for a perfectly proper girl?

I was working late in the office that night. There was a knock at the door. I opened it spitefully. And in came the burglar.

I didn't know he was a burglar. He had the face of a thinker—high forehead, good chin, and rimless eye-glasses which gave an intellectual cast to his countenance and dissembled any burglarious or felonious expression it might have had.

He strolled over to a telephone desk and very leisurely perched thereon. It seemed a little imprudent to work on, disregardful of such an interesting stranger. I might be missing something.

So I made a remark about the weather; he said something about books, and we were off. I was sure he was of the elect. For he told me I reminded him of Sappho and quoted a poem alleged to have been written by that distinguished lady. He talked intelligently of Rousseau's "Confessions," Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and London's "John Barleycorn." He discussed Buddhism, speculated on reincarnation, and said he thought Nirvana would be a beastly bore. Then he began reciting Omar, stanza after stanza, with a free, lilting, fascinating joyousness.

"You're the only person I've seen in a year," he said finally, "that I could talk frankly with about things that interest me. In my business I meet very few educated people."

"And what is your business?" I tried not to appear so interested as I was.

"Most everything," he said. "I just knock around. The last five years I've tried a lot of different things. I—I suppose I might as well tell you—I live mostly on what I can steal."

My heart flopped over. All my life I'd wanted to meet a philosophic criminal. Many, many times I'd trudged down to the jail to probe the soul of prisoners who had been accused of some unusual crime. And always, always I found them hopeless bromides; commonplaces. I had vis-

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ited prisons and inveigled the wardens into letting me meet their intellectual convicts. It was disappointing. And still I clung to the hope that some time I would meet him—the philosophic criminal.

Often I had rehearsed the conversation we should have when I'd offer to show him all my treasures if he would sit down and talk to me a few minutes as man to man. I had a conceited notion I could show him the futility of his way, and that the next morning he would go forth penitently distributing from house to house his ill-gotten plunder and vowing thereafter to be a writer or something else semirespectable.

It was good fun to try to reform that burglar. He was the kind you read about in books—the kind William J. Burns says doesn't exist.

He told me he was a superior person to the whole army of routineers who take orders from a boss, and he made me believe it. And he went on to prove that one burglar, no matter how successful, couldn't possibly be so great an enemy to society as one unscrupulous, antisocial financial magnate. He made me believe that, too. I still believe it, if you care to know.

I tried to change his philosophy, though. Given a decent philosophy he wouldn't have been a burglar. But he quoted Omar again, rolling on his tongue with great satisfaction: "We come like water and like wind we go." He had as much faith in Omar as the old New England deacons in my home town have in the colloquy between Eve and the serpent as reported in Genesis.

He was what William James would call "tough-minded." He was sceptical, materialistic, uncompromising, dogmatic. He was a bigot—like a bishop or two I have known. So I failed miserably. If he had known what it is to sit at the feet of the Great Perhaps, and to coquette lightly with all ideas ever hatched—if his mind had had any resiliency—it wouldn't have been wasted time to bother with him. For he really had more goodness in him than lots of respectable people.

I gathered that his income didn't average up very well. He talked a while like a member of the grievance committee of a labor-union; then hinted he would like to know some "good women," and spoke with regret of the dearth of cultured men in his profession.

"Why don't you try respectability—an adventure in respectability?" I asked suddenly. "You might take it C. O. D.—and then, of course, if it failed you could easily run amuck again. It *is* hard for you to meet nice girls now. People hesitate, you know, about introducing them to burglars—even to very delightful burglars like you."

He thought it over a minute—and turned it down *hard*. Would I please imagine him getting his bearings, floundering absurdly along, say, on twelve dollars a week? He left, expressing pleasure that we could chat agreeably though our points of view were so widely divergent.

The next day, fearing somebody had "faked" a burglar to have fun at my expense, I investigated, and I found that my tough-minded defier of the rules of civilization was a sure-enough criminal—at least from the point of view of the chief of police. He had come from one of the "best families" in the city, and he had an extraordinary ability to attract young men into his crook ways.

I still have a mind-picture of him as he stood on the porch that still, frost-sparkling night, preaching the gospel of ruthless force as a young Nietzsche might have done.

"Always use the stupidity of the world," he counselled as he left. "It's big and blind and easily handled. Use it. Make it serve you. It's a Juggernaut. Don't let it run over you."

When Miss Macomber had finished shuddering after I had told her about the burglar, she said:

"I never talk to strange men. I wouldn't meet a burglar—or—or anybody else—in a thousand years."

That's Miss Macomber for you. That's Miss Macomber for you the world over.

If Saint Peter thinks me worth bothering about on the judgment-day, he will find that, however else I may have sinned, I have never let anything keep me away from the people I want to know. Whether they are old or young, pugilists

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or poets, I go to them. I do not go halfway. I go all the way! And if I haven't in all these years succeeded in creating a personal atmosphere which will make me instantly understood, then it only means that my adventures haven't been complete enough, and that I need to know more kinds of people—to get on chummy terms with more phases of life.

There was the adventure of the Strong Man in the circus.

He was so beautiful—the Strong Man! A combination of Apollo Belvedere and one of the big blond Vikings who, ages ago, swooped down upon my ancestors on the British coast in their black pirate ships.

How he walked into the centre ring, his head held proudly high, his whole wonderful body radiating confidence and joy in the strength of his splendid muscles! He flashed a smile at the circus crowd, and raised above his head those wonderful bare arms, flexing the muscles of his shoulders.

The owner apparently had stepped out of a pirate tale.—Page 316.

From the tiers of people that packed the big tent a wild cheer went up. They were remembering—those motley degenerates of a braver time—remembering back through the centuries to an age of physical hardihood, when they wrested their food from the forest and the word of the strongest man was law. Not the two-stepping elephants, nor yet the cavortings through a hoop of the pink-tighted lady, nor the lure of the train of gorgeously caparisoned camels, had set the circus-goers crazy like this.

The Strong Man smiled—a proud, kingly smile, such as Eric the Red might have worn.

Upon a platform suspended by ropes from a framework a dozen men were standing. He walked under the platform, attendants above unloosed the ropes, and there he stood, like Atlas upholding the world.

Great surges of applause crashed through the tent. The Strong Man smiled again. Then he stretched his magnificent length on the ground and allowed an automobile load of men to be driven over him. The big crowd held its breath. In a moment he arose, covered with sawdust and glory.

Me? I didn't clap my hands. I jumped right out of my seat and waved my handkerchief!

Aunt Mary, sitting at my side, shook my arm and I came to my senses. Goodness! I was in Paragould, Arkansas, a little town as puritanical as the one I had left in New England two years before, boasting a goodly number of persons with pronounced ideas of what a proper girl should not do.

And circus people were bad, of course; like stage people and gypsies. Hadn't I been told long before that gypsies and circuses carried off girls? And wasn't it a matter of positive knowledge—what knowledge is so deadly positive as small-town knowledge?—that no girl could talk to a circus man five minutes and remain a perfectly nice girl?

But oh, the appeal of the circus—the giddy carnival of color, the gypsy, two-steppy music of the band, the gay wagons and their dark-skinned occupants hinting so compellingly of the fascinating secrets of foreign lands! Suppose—the idea had struck me that morning as I stood watching the gorgeous circus pageant pass—

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suppose these people, these strange, queer-looking snake-charmers, wild-west riders, jugglers, acrobats, clowns—suppose they weren't bad at all? Suppose they were "jes folks" like Aunt Mary and Uncle George and me? If they were, what fun to venture inside the dressing-tents and talk to them of their varied lives, their colorful experiences!

But most of all I wanted to eat with the circus gang—to sit at the long table in the mess-tent with the India Rubber Man on one side and the Arab Camel Man on the other, and perhaps the Fat Lady for my *vis à vis*, and down the sides long rows of people of every race on earth, every country in the world! What a thrilling emotion it would be—to get that sense of comradeship which comes from breaking bread with one's fellows; to get it eating in a circus mess-tent where they all were so queer, so different!

I would scrape up an acquaintance with the Strong Man! Very likely he would be an open door to the circus supper-table. If no oriental jinn would pop out of a bottle to bring me my heart's desire, maybe the Strong Man would. Yes, the Strong Man was opportunity incarnate.

How useless to explain to the Calista Macombers the technic of the exquisite art of adventure! They already have gone to seed—alas!—like gray old dandelions. But to you younger women who have broken with the ancient ways I might go into the mechanics of the thing. It won't help you much, for every adventure is a new problem to be treated differently according to the natural instincts of perfectly proper adventuring.

When the Strong Man smiled, I smiled back—every single time just as hard as I could—and once or twice I waved my handkerchief a bit low down where Aunt Mary couldn't see. By and by I caught his eye, and whenever he lifted a great weight above his head he smiled at me in the happiness of his achievement.

After his act he came into the grassy space outside the ring, driving a glittering automobile. Before my seat he slowed up, smiled, and passed on with a gallant flourish of his cap.

Aunt Mary didn't see. She was so interested in black spaniels jumping through hoops—the dear! I had no difficulty at all in convincing her I abominated performing dogs and that I preferred to go to the menagerie tent and watch the lions. I knew—every instinct I possessed told me—that somewhere outside the Strong Man was waiting for me.

And I was right! As I stood looking at the big African lions pacing scornfully to and fro, lashing their tails, a voice at my side said:

"Do you like to watch the lions?"

I turned quickly, my heart doing loop-the-loops in my throat.

"I was afraid you wouldn't know me in regular clothes," he said pleasantly.

"You never should wear them," I responded. "You should be clad only in leopard's skins and lion's pelts flung from your shoulders."

"It was good to see you smiling at me," he went on. "You looked as though my act were really giving you pleasure. You know a circus crowd is often a lonesome thing. It's so impersonal. And your smile was an innocent smile, an honest one. It was a great compliment."

His voice had a slight Scandinavian accent. There was no mistaking his sincerity. A fine soul! I knew that at the first glance. And what a glorious playmate for a midsummer afternoon in a stifling, sleepy little town in Arkansas.

"I like to look at lions, to feel their strength." Unconsciously he held up his big forearms and tensed his magnificent muscles. "I not only see lions. I *feel* them. This big old fellow here—I must tell you how they caught him. I had it right from the man who trapped him. He will always resent his lost freedom; he'll always be in a bad temper toward life which has cheated him of liberty! Yesterday a blow of his big paw broke the arm of the girl who performs with the beasts in the side-show. You can't blame the old monarch. Think of it—after reigning over a thousand miles of jungle—to obey the whim of a woman who wants him to jump through a hoop!"

Pop! A glistening red balloon, carried by a small boy, burst at our back. The boy lifted his voice in a mighty howl.

"Tragedy seems to be all about us this afternoon," philosophized the Strong Man. "It *is* a tragedy to be a little shaver and have your balloon burst.

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Suppose we find the balloon man and make him happy?"

Laughing as lightsomely as runaway children, we found the balloon man and left the myriad-colored, shouting, calliopean conglomeration and walked uptown to the cool shade of the court-house park. We sat down on the fragrant, sunshine-mottled grass under a big tree and talked of many, many things.

When the sun began to gild the windows of the court-house I insisted on taking him home for supper.

"I want you to know Mr. Travers Norgenfeldt," I said to Aunt Mary. "He's the strongest man in the world and he's hungry. He's been eating those dreadful things they serve in job lots at the circus table, and he hasn't had even a sniff of home cooking in years."

"My aunt is the best cook in the world," I hastened to explain to divert the attention of the Strong Man from Aunt Mary, who was recovering from the shock—and incidentally to jolly up Aunt Mary. "I'd rather eat her peach shortcake with whipped cream than sit in the moonlight and hear Paderewski play sonatas all night."

Still Aunt Mary stood hesitant, cowed by her panicky, what-will-the-neighbors-say instincts.

Travers Norgenfeldt bent over her hand and shot a clean, straight glance into her eyes.

"The strongest man in the world bows to the best cook in the world," he said grandly. "A meeting of the champions! Is there to be—may I ask—peach shortcake for supper?"

That got her. Or the simple humanity of the Strong Man got her. Or something. For her inherited suspicions of circus people fell away from her like a chrysalis. Her honest human instincts triumphed over her cowardly Calista Macomber ones. A guest was in her home, and it was near supper-time.

"I'll go right now and stir up one," she said, smiling. "And you young folks sit right in the swing among the vines and make yourselves to home." And to me: "Don't you reckon you'd better bring Mr. Norgenfeldt some cold buttermilk?"

I haven't time to tell you all that followed—how I visited the girls' dressing-tent just as soon as I could get away from the supper-table, and how I sat cross-legged on the grass while a Japanese acrobat let me play with her baby, and the dark lady who had looked so very wicked as Cleopatra sat in a chair and placidly darned her husband's socks. And how Aunt Mary, who had come with me, exchanged recipes for prune whip with a lady bareback rider who that afternoon had cavorted wildly from one snorting steed to another, clad in the pinkest of pink tights.

Of course, we stayed for the evening performance. You should have seen Aunt Mary! She looked ten years younger. She put real ginger into her applause when Travers Norgenfeldt walked into the ring, his satiny muscles glistening marvellously under the glare of the arcs.

We lost our Hercules after the show! He was to meet us to say good-by, but in the crush we missed him. I think Aunt Mary even was a little disappointed. And me! Well, the memory of that day, I knew, never would be quite complete. We both were feeling a little glum as we started home.

Perhaps, that was the reason we lost our way and found ourselves in a place where the sidewalk stopped on top of an embankment. Arkansas sidewalks do queer things sometimes. Below was a deep ditch.

"We'll have to go back and go 'round," said Aunt Mary.

Just then—oh, delicious surprise—a mysterious big thing came out of the darkness, picked me up, twirled me at arm's length in the air, and tossed me lightly to its shoulder. Then, without putting me down, it lifted Aunt Mary and put her on the other shoulder, and strode across the ditch like a Colossus! He had an eye for the dramatic—that Strong Man of mine! We were laughing, gasping with surprise, and not one bit afraid.

"I thought I had lost you," explained Norgenfeldt. "I just caught sight of you. We don't leave until one-thirty. I've arranged for a little dinner in the mess-tent. There will be the manager and the press agent, and enough clowns and freaks and acrobats to make it seem like the real thing."

And would you believe it? Aunt Mary

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was game! It was a great experience, never to be forgotten! On the way home we saw the animals walk the plank into the cars waiting at the siding, and stopped in a drug-store for an ice.

It was at this point, I think, that the outraged sense of propriety of Paragould, Arkansas, stood right up on its hind legs, started to roar, and found it couldn't. There was Aunt Mary, respected of the respected, president of the Ladies' Aid, moving spirit of the City Beautiful Society, member of the Methodist Church, organizer of the D. A. R., calmly eating lemon ice with a circus man, all unconscious that an amazed crowd of pop-eyed Paragouldians was straining its eyes at her through the window. Part of it was composed of youths and men whose attention was directed entirely to the Strong Man. They were curious to watch him eat, and seemed to be anticipating breathlessly the moment when he should bang his dish through the mirror and yell ferociously for a keg of nails.

"Is it possible our pleasant little meeting may embarrass you with the neighbors?" asked the Strong Man in real apprehension.

Aunt Mary drew herself up proudly.

"What is Paragould," she said finely, "to say what I shall do or with whom I shall talk?"

Dear Aunt Mary! If she had been born of this generation, how gayly she would have been dancing away, a leader in the army of new young women who are setting off on the broad highway which leads away from the Calista Macombers.

Again, I suppose if this were a romantic story with the usual ending I'd be at this time frying pancakes in prodigious quantities to appease the unappeasable appetite of the Strong Man. But again, it isn't. I never saw the Strong Man again, and I'm glad of it. Anyway, Len Saunders, the town's prize male gossip, told me in tones of horror slightly tinged with happiness that Norgenfeldt had been married long before the circus came to town.

"I feel it my duty to tell you," said Len in a stage whisper after beckoning me mystically from the post-office door, "because I got it straight from Lonnie Peavey, who delivered meat for the lions in the side-show. The Strong Man was married to that lion-tamer girl that had her arm broke."

When I told Miss Macomber about that she gave a little squeal and bounced up from her chair.

"I should think you'd be ashamed," she gasped, "carrying on that way with a *married man*, and bragging of it!"

It is useless to explain things to Miss Macomber. She never can understand that one of the glories of the New World which is in the making will be the shaking off of a sickly sex-consciousness which makes so dreadfully for unnaturalness and repression. She can't see that there is a point where sex doesn't count—where men and women meet simply as human beings. But then Miss Macomber—poor thing—hasn't ventured and dared enough to be a personality. She's just a sex.

The highest reward of the business of getting impressions of this funny, tragic, beautiful, ugly, but always interesting world is the rare adventure which is spiritual shrapnel—which bursts across one's inner life, tearing away cobwebs, knocking over its antiques and taken-for-granted stupidities, and forcing a new orientation toward everything.

Almost my first adventure was one such. When I left home I had a ticket for Pittsburgh tucked into my little bead wrist-bag. Because we had distant relatives there, mother insisted on Pittsburgh when she found I was determined to go away.

I'd never seen a real city. My memory pictures were mostly of a sleepy, elm-shaded village with a tiny railway-station, where two trains stopped every day; white farmhouses with lilac bushes by the picket fences of the front yards; Yankee farmers driving to town with their apples and potatoes; rolling red-clover meadows; twinkling brooks; stretches of fairy country aglitter with frost; wide, starlit nights in the pine woods—things like that.

Into this pastoral scenery crashed a maze of new impressions as the train flashed on. Great, glaring bill-boards, dreary men's country, smoke-blackened little towns, desolate mining-camps, sullen mean streets of higgledy-piggledy

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houses, sodden-faced people, and savage furnaces spitting smoke and flame from a thousand dragon-heads. It all flew by—a terrible, swiftly moving, fascinating, gigantic panorama of ugliness.

An eerie shanty perched half-way up a cindery embankment; a scrawny girl-child in the doorway; a few pitiful rags of washing flying against a bleak sky-line! Shall I forget the rebellion that blazed at the realization that *human beings lived there?* I'm used to things now. Nothing can hit me *hard* like that again.

I felt as though I were tumbling into a new star—a brutal, chaotic, bewildering planet, where Something was Wrong and Somebody was to Blame.

What puzzled me, after I had lived in Pittsburgh a while, was that nobody seemed to care. My employer, a lawyer, and the people at my boarding-house took everything as a matter of course. They ate and slept and worked and read the papers and went to the ball games as calmly as though all were well with the world.

It made me angry. I had never been so angry in my life.

I went to church, thinking, of course, the clergymen would care. The whole thing—all the misery and injustice of which I was learning more each day—must be, it seemed, a direct challenge to them. I was disappointed and mystified. *They didn't care.* At least they didn't appear to. They talked blandly of the Hittites and the Jebusites and Mount Ararat, and omitted mention of Braddock and Homestead, and poverty-crushed steel-mill workers. That silence hurt—as things can hurt just once in a lifetime.

Came the Fourth of July. Famous men were to speak at Convention Hall—the mayor and a judge of the supreme court. Here was hope. They would see—surely such distinguished, well-educated men *must* see—that there was Something Wrong. How could they make patriotic orations without speaking out against whatever or whoever was responsible for fetid tenements, and dying babies, and suffering and filth?

Well, the distinguished men didn't care. Not any more than the grocer, or the church people, or the dreary persons at the boarding-house.

Then, one day, I had an adventure. This one came at the age of nineteen, and every day of my life I'll be a bigger person for it.

I had planned to spend that day on a river excursion; it was a day unexplored, mysterious. I just caught the boat. The air was atingle with the stimulant of early autumn. I wore a smart new suit mother had sent, and a becoming hat with a gay red quill. There's nothing like having one's clothes on the firing-line of adventure! The sky was blue—blue, with dotty white clouds specking its surface. My spirit hippity-hopped. In the glamour of its newness my hard-won freedom shone resplendent like a star.

Our boat was swinging out from the pier when, with flags flying and band playing, a steamer packed with cheering people swept by us. It looked big and spandy new. I saw its name—*Queen Elizabeth.* Why—why—the *Queen Elizabeth* was my boat! The advertisement had said so. I caught my breath. Already it was racing past us down the river.

"Well," I scolded myself, "you have balled things up! This comes from running your hairpins out and never watching where you're going. *You're on the wrong boat.* And it isn't even a boat. It's a *tub.* It's little and old and messy, and it's filled with foreigners, and it smells, and—and——"

I dodged a gesticulating arm. The owner apparently had stepped out of a pirate tale. His face was coffee-brown and leathery, and his shaggy hair piled down over gaunt shoulders. Jet-black eyes rolled underneath ragged brows. His nose projected itself into a wild mass of corsair whiskers. Strange, foreign words slid off his tongue, spluttering and hissing, as though they were being fried in hot fat.

A broad-bosomed frau, convoying six happy-faced offspring to the upper deck, brushed past me. Each youngster was sucking a lollypop and smearing itself with an ice-cream cone. All this looked as *safe* as the Captain Kidd man looked dangerous. I felt calmer.

The band struck up. A wave of enthusiasm swept the crowd as a flame scoots over dry grass. Eyes sparkled.

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Feet tapped. At a signal from a leader the whole polyglot, nondescript company began to sing, each one waving a red flag with the music.

"You're an *outsider*," I resumed sternly. "And it serves you right! You haven't a flag, and you don't know their

the neck—Shelley behind a refreshment stand on a battered old river boat—Shelley dispensing soda pop, ginger ale, lemon-drops, colored candies, and chewing-gum—Shelley gesturing swiftly and fantastically with an ice-cream scoop to emphasize the outpourings of the spirit!

We were well toward the head of the procession—the Boy Revolutionist and I.—Page 318.

song, and you haven't the *least idea* what it's all about. Besides, look at your clothes! And every girl here in a middy and any old kind of a skirt. These folks aren't your *kind*. They're just working people. Yes, of course, you're a working person, but——"

Then I saw the Boy Revolutionist. He looked like the picture of Shelley. Imagine Shelley in a blue cotton shirt open at

I can't describe him more clearly than that. I've seen him twice since: Once in jail; again in a dimly lighted basement toiling over a broken-down printing-press from which was to issue a free-lance revolutionary sheet. And both times that same unquenchable *aliveness* was pouring from some inner reservoir upon his young rebel face.

I know of no food so insipid as vanilla

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ice-cream, yet I ate four dishes in succession because I had to stay near the refreshment stand and hear him talk. He made me see pictures, and think, and feel. He put into fiery words all my rebellion against the cruelty of the Black Country. After all my seeking, I'd stumbled at last upon some one who saw as I. He *cared*.

Hours later I was marching down the streets of the little city where our boat had landed. We were well toward the head of the procession—the Boy Revolutionist and I. The band was playing "The Marseillaise" and "We'll Keep the Red Flag Waving," and we were singing. Alarmed orthodox citizens viewed the motley pageant with its red flags and astonishing mottoes. Lugubrious policemen stood about in the interests of law and order. Working men looked at us in indifference and turned away for the holiday ball game. A few lingered curiously, reading the propaganda posters borne by a delegation of younger "comrades" who had undertaken to be sandwichmen of the New Era.

I had blundered into the annual picnic of the Socialist locals of Allegheny County.

The Boy Revolutionist explained the theory of Socialism, and compiled for me a list of books beginning with Marx and ending with Shaw and the moderns. He took me around among the comrades. I met the corsair-whiskered man, who turned out to be the docile proprietor of a shoe repair shop who lived on a few cents a day, contributing the rest of his slender earnings to "The Cause." Through girl cigar-makers, candy-makers, laundresses, I glimpsed the struggle of women with the industrial Juggernaut. I talked with Russian revolutionists and with strike organizers who had risked life and liberty for the great hope they held.

There was moonlight on the river when we returned. The comrades sat on the top deck. The Boy Revolutionist distributed books, and led in the singing of hymns—a different kind of hymns than I had ever heard. I looked at the faces of the singers, so eager, so spiritually alive; and I thought of the faces of the people at my boarding-house, and the self-satisfied preachers, and the distinguished citizens who didn't care.

I am not sure, even yet, to what extent the specific plans and theories of those new-found friends were workable and wise. I do know that contact with their spirit was to me a great epochal event, and that I opened a new page in the book of life from that day of real companionship, explosive ideas, big emotions, and winged visions.

This will sound too funny to be true; but after Miss Macomber had heard the story of my adventure with the comrades, she ignored the spiritual stimulus of it. Her mind went homing back to the impropriety of scraping an acquaintance with the Boy Revolutionist.

"I actually believe," she said spitefully, after we'd argued the matter at some length, "I actually believe you'd propose to a man!"

I suppose I would, if anything was to be gained thereby, secure in the belief that a lifetime of minor adventures would help me to come through the Great Adventure with flying colors.

But I hope it won't be necessary!

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SONGS IN FLANDERS

By Major Donald Guthrie

THAT small wedge of ground in Belgium, held by the Allies throughout the war, known as the Ypres Salient, is the bloodiest and dismalest spot on the earth's surface. In the early summer of 1917 this salient was done away with at the battle of Messines Ridge. Several weeks ago the Huns, in their massed drive in Flanders, seem to have created a similar salient for themselves, just south of Ypres. It is to be hoped their salient will prove as bloody for them as old "Wipers" proved to us. It is conservatively estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand British and Colonial troops lie under the sod in and about Ypres. It is a gruesome spot—not without its glorious heroisms. Troops hated that part of the British line. When there, they "got it" from three sides; and could give little in return. It was a matter of grim holding on; and the ambulances were always busy. The city itself was a veritable city of the dead. In other towns, a little farther back, children danced about the shell-holes in streets and pavements. There were no children left in Ypres in the spring and summer of 1916, when the Canadians held the salient. Nothing could live there except in dug-outs, and these had to be deep-dug. A weird, gloomy place was Ypres, even when the sun shined brightly. As was Ypres, so was the whole bloody salient—in spots more so. In June, 1916, we Canadians lost several lines of trenches. A few days later a couple of Highland battalions were sent up at night to retake them—which they did, promptly and cleanly. The thing was hardly mentioned in the newspapers, though our casualties must have run over ten thousand. I shall never forget seeing a battalion of the Canadian Black Watch swing past our clearing-station, on their way to the salient and to a deadly job of work. The moon was very bright. The pavé road flowed in front like quicksilver, until lost under the arching elms. A big, solemn, untethered goat led the battalion, and always took the right turn of the road. He strutted stiffly and was not without a certain dignity. The pipes and drums came next; but they were silent as they passed, for the men in column of fours, company after company, were singing. Most of them carried their steel helmets in their hands and marched bareheaded in the cool moonlight. They were heading for ghastly Ypres and a hot fight. Yet they sang, and the piece was "It's a Long, Long Trail A-winding." Somehow gloomy Ypres was forgotten, and the lads' inner eyes saw "the land of their dreams." "Whistling shot and sneering shells" were unthought of, and they heard "the nightingales in the pale moon-gleams." Yet ahead lay Ypres and rough, red-handed work. And they swung, singing, into the shadowy depths of the elms, and their song merged into the slight night noises of a summer evening, undertoned by the pulsing diapason from the eastern horizon—"the deep ground-tone of human agony." That damnable salient—where you got it from three sides; red-seeing, hard-straining, close-gripping fighting—there a mile or two up the moon-blanched pavé road. And going to the salient, was this winding column of kilted men, care-free, light-hearted, song-filled, while the patriarchal goat always took the right turn in the road—which meant a little nearer those trenches that must be retaken.

A marching battalion, songless, is a quite unusual thing. Bands, brass and pipe, play the regiments up very close to the line, where they stack their instruments and become stretcher-bearers. In the British army officers are specifically instructed to encourage their men to whistle and sing; and this is generally done. A songless battalion can't fight fiercely. Nor is the object of this military instruction entirely one of reaction. It is true that the reaction of singing upon the men is quite marked, and of real value

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from the fighting standpoint. "The Wee Penny Whustle o' Sandy McGraw" may, as in Service's poem, become a mighty engine of indirect warfare. It is told that in the retreat from Mons a certain major kept his men awake and marching by leading them down the road piping on a little tin whistle, bought in desperate wisdom at a French toy-shop, while one of his subalterns diligently tapped in time to the piping on a tiny toy-drum, purchased at the same shop and with the same object in view. Picture the thing for yourself: a wearied column of overtried, overtired men, fighting a savage rear-guard action, day and night, and day after day, pressed and pursued by Hunnish hordes, who came on in motor-trucks and other gas-driven vehicles; muscles aching, eyes drooping, feet burning, every step a miracle of effort, and the green banks of the roadside so soft, cool, and inviting; the major shrilling on his toy-whistle and his lieutenant pitter-pattering on his toy-drum. . . . A surly, unsinging battalion is half-licked before it gets into the fight. I don't think I have known such a battalion. There is an epidemic of melody at the front, and he is a gross, sour soul who escapes the infection. He may exist as an individual, he certainly does not exist as a regiment. A song has indeed a subtle strength for the keeping up of one's courage; and such are the stress and strain of conditions in France and Flanders that one need have no shame in owning to the use of all the big and little aids to the maintenance of courage.

In our mess we had a little old piano. It came from the ancient burg of Dunkirk, and had venerability in keeping with its place of origin. Gilbert, in a "Bab Ballad," writes of "the piano's martial blast." Our piano had no "martial blast." It was a pathetic, meek little affair. It had two tarnished brass candle-holders, rattly and insecure, one on either hand. I remember the evening it came, in one of our three-ton motor-trucks. It shared the interior of the truck with about two tons of laundry and a box of shrimps—which (both laundry and shrimps) our quartermaster never failed to bring from Dunkirk. He presumably went for the laundry, but we all knew it was for the shrimps. How gently and tenderly the little piano was carried over the two hundred yards from the clearing-station to the mess! Our R. C. chaplain, a monster of flesh and good-heartedness—he was called "Tweedledum," while I was "Tweedledee"—strained at the carrying until his face became perilously purple. I have never known a casualty on a stretcher more delicately handled than was that piano. It was only a gritty, hard-toned, jangling little thing; but I have seen our medical officers worn out with continuous operating—fifteen to twenty hours at a stretch when "things were doing" on the line—I have seen them gather after dinner about that creaky little piano, with a whole night of ghastly work fronting them, and have heard them sing new strength and courage into their souls to the strains of "O Canada," "Alouette," "Mother Machree," and other simple pieces. Often, when no officers were in and about our mess—say between ten and twelve of a morning—our good old cook W. would steal into the anteroom with three or four other orderlies, and the welkin would ring in short order. W. played the piano even better than he played football, and as a footballer he was a tough customer.

But our mess did not have all the music. Across the road from our casualty clearing-station was No. 6 London Field Ambulance, with headquarters at a Belgian farm. An ambulance has, roughly speaking, three hundred men attached to it; and this one had a fine brass band made up entirely of men in the unit. At this particular spot there were four clearing-stations grouped about the railroad-track; and to each of these, once a week, the band from the ambulance came to play for the battered boys on the beds. These bandsmen had been face to face with the horrors of war. They were not unfamiliar with blood and wounds. They had been many months in the game, and I suppose some stupid people would have called them hardened to the business and callous to suffering. Yet, week after week they used to visit each clearing-station, and their music was tender, sweet, and from their hearts. It was keyed down, yet searchingly strong. It carried a message from them, from the whole

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glorious body of battling troops, and from those across the Channel in "Blighty"—mothers, wives, and sweethearts. Its potency was one of strange, insertive sympathy. Morphine was not so much needed when this music beat softly through our hospital huts. . . . And how the wounded boys delight in gramophones! The particular brand of gramophone does not matter, nor its musical or unmusical qualities. There is the grating, scratching, metallic-toned machine, and here is a pile of warped, nicked records—and that's enough. Minus an eye or eyes; minus a leg or legs; minus almost everything—the lads bathe their souls in the "damnable iteration of noises" from that rattletrap machine. A demand for the gramophone is one of the first and surest symptoms that a lad has turned his back on death.

But this is by no means the whole story. There is a much deeper meaning to the thing. It is not all a matter of reaction, bracing up, and making of warm, cheery interiors. The singing and music are vehicles for the expression of something in our fighting men—perhaps the only adequate vehicles for the expressing of that something. I know it is very easy to overstate this side of the matter. I have read articles and poems, in which, with every good intention, this had evidently been done. And it is a temptation generously and charitably to read into men—especially fighting men—lofty, sublime thoughts and feelings, which often are conspicuous by their absence. Our troops are ordinary, every-day men like yourself and myself, and we surely know how infrequent are our poetic musings. But here is the point: these ordinary, average men find themselves plunged into a new and extraordinary experience. In France and Belgium average men are thinking and feeling as average men don't think and feel apart from the searching, pungent experience called war. Indeed, war *does* reach in a red hand and *does* clutch a man's vitals, and he *does* have thoughts and feelings other than those which he has in peace conditions. A Highland piper at a desperate moment climbed the parapet, and in full view of the Huns, with bullets zipping about him, marched up and down the parapet shrilling out "The Cock o' the North." It was a rash act, but he acted through a strange inner compulsion, and, doing as he did, he expressed something common to the manhood of a whole battalion. He piped to the enemy defiance, fearless courage, unconquerable determination, and not a little contemptuous hatred.

Nor is it only the lighter, more superficial thoughts and feelings our battling boys express in their singing. Few of the comic songs last any considerable length of time. These come and go like sunglints in a quick brook. To the deeper-keyed songs they are like swift inhalations from a "fag" to the solid, hour-long satisfaction from a well-filled pipe. The songs from London "Revues" are carried to France by the men returning from "leave." They are jiggy and catchy, and are soon whistled and sung by thousands of our men. But, I repeat, they do not live. "Tipperary" has gone for good; yet of all light songs it had a right to live. It is still sung in France, but not by our troops. French urchins, haunting troop-trains, sing it, and then call out for "a penny," which never fails to come. The "old army" poured into France to the well-marked tempo of "Tipperary," and, in those early days, when men

> "Fought their fight in time of bitter fear
> And died unknowing how the day had gone,"

the thunder of the guns will ever be associated with that retrospect so dear to the British Tommy—"Piccadilly" and "Leicester Square." Other songs, however, of about the same date as "Tipperary," still live, and are still loved and sung. They come from deeper in than "Tipperary." They melody forth nothing local, sporadic, or particular, but voice universals. "Mother Machree" is such a song. He is a lonely, pitiable man who is unable with profoundest feeling to sing: "I love the dear silver that shines in her hair."

Songs which, under ordinary conditions, would sneeringly be called sentimental, are sung "over there" by our millions of men without reservation, shame, or apology. Sentimentality is simply sentiment unsanctioned or uncontrolled by reason. But reason, to be reasonable, must take

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account of circumstance. At home "The Sunshine of Thy Smile" is in the nature of slushy sentimentality; but with both the girl and the smile three thousand miles across the seas; with her letters few and far between; with the glamour of glowing memories over one's soul; with the chance of never again enjoying the sunshine of her smile, and with the well-defined consciousness that one is over there with the definite object of preserving in life those very things that wreathe her face in sunny smiles—well, what was sentimentality at home now receives the approving sanction of one's reason, and is thus raised into the good region of sound sentiment. In other words, war not only reveals, but makes reasonable those deep, hidden things in one's blood—an ancestral deposit—which we slightingly call "elementals." They are really "rudimentals," of which, in peace-times, we are rather ashamed, since we seem unable to give them either value or meaning other than that which we irritably assign to encumbrances and impediments. Chamber-music is one thing, and fulfils one function; war-music is another thing, and for another purpose. One can hardly imagine a string quartet leading a battalion to the front-line trenches from a rest-camp, nor a pipe band screaming in a city drawing-room. In Flanders, the colonel of a well-known Kiltie battalion was killed and his body "brought in." The funeral was imposing. Troops were there in numbers, and following the body on the gun-carriage were majors, colonels, brigadiers, and major-generals. With full military honors he was laid at rest—

"In Flanders fields, where poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row."

When the simple, honest Church of England service had been read over the grave, two pipers from the pipe band came to sound their own peculiar "Last Post." With bugles the thing is solemn enough; but with the pipes it ransacks one's soul. One piper stood at the head and one at the foot of the grave, and both were hard-bitten veterans of the war game, with rows of ribbon across their left breasts. They were ceremonious and stern about their high task. The sunshine was amber; the elms were green, and wheat-fields were sprinkled with the blood-red of the poppies. A column of heavy transport halted on the near-by road to see and hear. "The Coronach"—the Highland lament—began on the pipes. Such music! It was the screaming of little, hurt children, the wailing of bereft, pained women, and the sobbing of strong men broken down. It was the protesting voice of healthy human nature against the mystery of death. It cut like a ragged, red-hot knife, and it made one want to cry out: "That is it! That is the voice of my real soul." When it was over the sun went on shining, the elms were just as green, the poppies in the wheat just as red; but the men in the heavy transport were strangely silent as it lumbered on toward the fire zone.

There is music in Flanders. But not the music one ordinarily associates with war. There are noises, man-made, which are not music; night is hideous with these.

"There's a rattling rush on the pavé road
Shells for the guns are motored north;
There's the honk of the speeding courier's horn;
And the throb of the ambulance venturing forth."

These noises have their meaning, and their meaning is by no means pleasant to dwell on. Shells are for the killing of men; couriers carry messages to direct attacks or repel assaults—both bloody affairs; and ambulances suggest stretchers with their battered burdens. Over against these fearsome noises are the cheery songs of the marching battalions.

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FIGHTING UNDER THE GROUND

WORK OF SAPPERS AND MINERS IN THE GREAT WAR

By Captain H. D. Trounce, E. R. C.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

DURING the progress of this war there has been a constant increase in the number of engineering troops and development in engineer equipment. While the organization of the German troops at the outset of the war included large numbers of engineer soldiers specially trained for military purposes, the number of engineer units in our forces as well as those of our allies was comparatively small.

The training of engineer troops among the Allies for use in trench warfare was extremely limited; their work was confined generally to the operations of open warfare.

Trench warfare has changed the whole course of events and has rendered necessary wide and sweeping changes in organization, training, and equipment. It has been often stated that this is a war of engineers, and it is certainly true. Engineers and engineering problems are found in every branch of the service.

Instead of being a small and comparatively unimportant corps in our great army machine they are now of the first importance, and no operations of any magnitude are undertaken without including the necessary engineer forces.

In almost every instance careful liaison or co-operation must be effected with the infantry or other arms concerned in the operations.

On account of a more or less general ignorance of their duties, the members of the Engineer Corps seldom receive the appreciation from the public which they so well earn. These same "sappers," as they are called in the British army, are the handy men of the army. In my experience at the front, if there was any job that no one else could handle, it was always the engineers who were called on to tackle it.

I can hardly begin to enumerate the different activities of engineers in trench and open warfare. Some of the most important work done by them in this trench warfare includes the construction, repair, and general maintenance of all trenches (assisted by the infantry); the building of all mined dugouts and shelters of all descriptions; the construction of all strong points and emplacements, machine-gun posts, trench-mortar posts, artillery gun-pits, snipers' posts, O. P.'s, or artillery observation-posts, and so on; all demolition work, such as the firing of large charges of high explosives in mines under the enemy's positions, the destruction of enemy strong points, etc.; the building and maintenance of all roads; the construction and destruction of all bridges; construction and operation of light and heavy railroads, and many other duties too numerous to mention.

It is a work of alternate construction and destruction. The sapper must be a real soldier as well as an engineer. With the possible exception of the troops on lines of communication, and some railway, harbor, and other special units, they are all combatant troops, and are so rated and recognized. Many thousands of them are on constant trench work and other thousands on work close up, where they are continually shelled and exposed to fire.

The training of the majority of engineers includes the same methods of offense and defense as the infantry, and well it is that it does so. Almost every day on the western front they are called on to accompany the infantry "over the top," or on a raid on enemy trenches; to destroy enemy defenses, or to consolidate captured trenches; or again to "man the parapet" in holding off enemy attacks until infantry reinforcements can come through the usual "barrage." These things happen every day in the trenches, and the engineer-soldier would be at a serious disadvantage if he had not been trained in the use of rifle, bomb, and

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bayonet, and taught how to defend himself. No one has a stronger admiration for the infantry than I have, and every one must take off his hat to these "pucca" (real) fighting men, but the fact remains that the sappers who have continual trench duty are subject to the same constant trench fire as the infantry are every day—the only real difference is that they seldom get a chance to "hit" back. They have their work to do, and seldom have a chance to return the compliment and "strafe the Hun," except in self-defense.

Strategists are pretty well agreed that the main successes of the war must be won by sheer hard trench fighting, and continued until the Germans will not be able to pay the cost in lives and munitions.

In this underground warfare the work of the engineers whose business it is to protect the infantry from enemy attacks below ground is both serious and interesting. At the headquarters of the mining regiment a note is opened from the brigade staff, "Enemy mining suspected at K24b18—request immediate investigation." An experienced mining officer is at once detailed to proceed to the area in question and report on the situation.

Often enough it is a question of nerves on the part of some lonely sentry, but quite as often it develops that the enemy are mining in the immediate vicinity. Measures to start countermining are at once begun.

Then the game of wits below ground begins. Mine-shafts are sunk and small, narrow galleries driven at a depth which the engineers hope will bring them underneath the German attack galleries. From day to day, and even from hour to hour when they are within striking distance, careful and constant listening below ground is undertaken, both friend and foe endeavoring to make progress as silently as possible.

In a regular mine system all manner of ruses are adopted to keep the enemy guessing as to the exact locality of each of their tunnels: false noises in distant or higher galleries; plain working of pick and shovel in others. Meanwhile they are silently and speedily making progress in the genuine tunnels toward the real objective.

Often we delay the laying of our charges of high explosive until we are within two or three feet of the enemy gallery and can even hear the enemy miners talking. On three occasions I have heard them talking very plainly, and listened for hours to them working on quite unconscious of their danger. It was always a source of annoyance to me that I could understand so little German. At other times, and this has happened several times in the clay soil of Flanders, we have broken into enemy galleries and fought them with automatic pistols, bombs, and portable charges of high explosives.

As a means of offensive warfare, mining has taken an important part, particularly in the launching of infantry attacks and night-raids.

The battle of Messines Ridge in July, 1916, was started by firing at the "zero" hour some nineteen mines, spread over a front of several kilometres. In these nineteen mines the aggregate of the total high explosive used and fired at the same instant was a few thousand pounds short of one million pounds. Some of the individual charges were nearly one hundred thousand pounds each, and had been laid ready for firing for over twelve months. Some idea of the frightful force and power of these charges may be obtained when it is remembered that each of the "Mills" bombs, or hand-grenades carried by British soldiers, contains one-quarter of one pound, or four ounces only, of this explosive. As a result of this terrific blow the Germans retreated for over a half mile on the entire front mined, and the initial objectives of the British were captured with astonishingly low casualties.

In countermining, when the enemy are met below ground, in crossing under "No Man's Land," it is the usual practice of the Allies to explode a charge or mine, which they call a "camouflet." The camouflet totally destroys the enemy's gallery but does not break the surface. The common and the overcharged mine always blow a deep and wide cone-shaped crater. Large charges of explosive blow craters several hundred feet in diameter and well over a hundred feet in depth.

In almost every sector of the western front in France where the trenches are close together (that is, from twenty or

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thirty up to two hundred yards apart), these mine craters are found in No Man's Land. In sectors where mining has been very active mine craters are so common that they intersect each other. The "blowing" of a crater in No Man's Land at night and the immediate occupation and consolidation of it by the infantry and engineers is a wonderfully stirring affair. The strain on the morale of the infantry occupying sectors which are known to be mined is a terrible one, especially if they have no engineers to combat the stealthy attack. For the hundreds who are killed, buried, or injured from enemy mines there are thousands who suffer a mental strain from the mere suspicion of their existence.

Trench mining now, I am glad to add, is not the menace that it was in 1915 and 1916, but when the good-weather offensives cease and the usual winter trench warfare is renewed, mining invariably makes its reappearance.

As it was a rare day for us in Flanders when the enemy or ourselves did not "blow" a mine, we were always on our toes. Except in cases of sudden emergency, we informed the infantry of our intention to fire a mine, and gave them the time necessary to withdraw their men to points of safety. Often we would blow a mine at night in co-operation with the infantry, so that they might at once rush out and "consolidate" the crater, or the nearest lip or rim of the crater. Certain positions in No Man's Land were particularly desirable on account of their strategic value; possibly for the purpose of enfilading the enemy's trenches by occupying one rim of the crater; or perhaps for the obtaining of better observation-points, or for any other reason. The consolidation of these craters is indeed a wonderfully stirring business. A little explanation of a crater might help.

The engineers will fire large charges of high explosives from underground galleries, at a depth of anything from twenty to two hundred feet, with the result that a huge hole is blown in the ground in the shape of an inverted cone, like the average shell-hole, but very much wider and deeper. No Man's Land in front of us, where the trenches are close, is pitted with great numbers of these craters, some blown by the Germans and some by us. The craters vary from the small ones, about seventy or eighty feet in diameter and twelve to fifteen feet deep, to larger ones, to such dimensions as three hundred feet in diameter and up to a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet deep. The size, of course, depends on the charge of high explosives used, the depth of the mine galleries, and the soil one springs the mine in.

The enemy is usually just as concerned with the consolidation of the rim or lip of the crater on their side as we are with ours, and a battle royal for their occupation results. Machine-guns on both sides concentrate fire on the crater almost before the débris from the explosion has had time to fall. It is a weird and wonderful sight. From a fairly calm night, usually with only desultory fire going on, the thunderclap comes. Before firing, which is usually done electrically, the engineers calculate the exact diameter of the crater to be formed, and the previous night the infantry or engineers will have completed a trench forward from the front line to an intersection with the rim of the proposed crater. Directly the charge has been fired, they rush out through this trench and hastily throw up breastworks on the lip of the crater formed. The machine-gunners take up proper offensive and defensive positions; the bombers, usually at the head and the flank of the "throw up" or lip, erect the wire screens necessary for their temporary protection; the wiremen place their barbed wire around the portion to be consolidated, and all ranks dig themselves in as fast as they can, later bringing up such timber or other material as they can to strengthen the positions. When it is planned to hold the whole of the crater, the "wire" men completely encircle it with entanglements, and the Lewis gunners and bombers make such changes in disposition as are necessary.

This represents the usual procedure when a crater is blown in No Man's Land. Thousands of these craters are so exploded.

On numerous other occasions when we have penetrated below the surface with our underground galleries under and across No Man's Land to below the Ger-

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mans' front-line trenches (and in many cases we go as far as their support lines without being discovered), our little affairs are accompanied by infantry raids. Pandemonium reigns supreme at these times, and nothing can be likened to the noise and apparent confusion in which these usually very successful raids are conducted. We fire our mines under their trenches and the infantry raiding parties immediately cross and clean up any Germans we might have missed with our attentions. As a result of our noiseless work below in the clay we would occasionally break through into each others' galleries.

Perhaps you would be interested in an underground fight which we had with the Boche in one of our galleries thirty feet below the surface under these trenches. Some two weeks before this we had successfully blown a mine, and a few days later had discovered and worked through the broken gallery we had destroyed. Passing through this gallery, we continued our silent work in the clay, and about fifty feet farther turned off to the left in order to strike what we thought would be the enemy's main defensive gallery. Our miners who were working at this face hurriedly sent up word one morning to our dugout on top just off the shaft-house that they had broken into the German gallery with a small hole in the clay. All men working underground had standing orders that if this occurred at any time they should at once put out their candles, observe strict silence, plug up the hole with clay, and report forthwith to the officer on duty. Warning all men to leave the workings below, the officer on duty hurried down to the spot, stopped long enough in our main gallery to make up a mobile, or portable, charge of thirty pounds of guncotton from our magazine, which we had established there for just such emergencies, then proceeded with the utmost care to the gallery mentioned. Lieutenant G. had connected up a dry guncotton primer to the charge, inserted a detonator attached to a short piece of safety fuse, which latter would burn for about two minutes before detonating the charge. The men had noticed and heard three certainly and probably more Germans at work in their gallery, which was lighted with electric light. Lieutenant G. very carefully withdrew the clay plug, enlarged the hole, slid the box containing the charge into the enemy gallery, lit the fuse, and swiftly and quickly withdrew from the scene. He reached safely the main gallery, quite a distance from the charge, in time to hear the explosion. He then climbed quickly to the top to escape the resulting fatal gases developed by the detonation of the high explosives.

I arrived on the scene a few minutes later and my section commander asked me if I was "game enough," as he described it, to go below with a sapper to investigate the damage done, and see how many Germans we had accounted for. I was very willing, so Doherty, the sapper mentioned, and myself equipped ourselves with the "Proto" oxygen-breathing apparatus necessary in going into "gassy" galleries, then descended, carrying also the usual canary in a cage to test the air. The canary soon toppled off his perch and fell dead to the floor of his cage. Both Doherty and I had previously been trained in the use of the oxygen apparatus, and were quite confident of its ability to take care of the carbon monoxide so that it would not affect our lungs. Before we reached the enemy gallery, I stopped long enough to pick up and carry with me the air-hose, and this I left later in the enemy's workings so that our men on top could pump good air in and allow others down in a short time to resume the offensive. We reached the gallery, found the remains of the three Boches that G. had "sent west" with his charge of guncotton, then proceeded to investigate the damage done. As the enemy gallery was very closely timbered, we had only broken down a portion of it with the charge employed. On entering their gallery, I had carefully searched for and cut all wires that I found there. This is a regular practice with us, the object being to sever all electric leads, wires, or fuses which the enemy may have left connected to a charge or mine already laid. On breaking into any of these galleries the officer in charge usually enlarges the holes in the clay until he can put his arm through, feels around until he finds any wires, and promptly cuts them with his pliers. Such operations of necessity must be done in

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darkness and without sound, and one's heart is working like a pump-handle. I was agreeably surprised to find that no Germans had summoned courage enough to investigate matters as we were doing; Doherty, however, did not share my sentiments, and gave me the impression as best he could, enveloped in the oxygen apparatus as he was, that he distinctly regretted their lack of sand. We were both armed with electric torches and revolvers, but we were not keen on using them oftener than necessary, and so advertising our presence. After leaving the air-hose and noting results, I picked up the cap of one of the defunct Germans, and we came out, or rather crawled out. Our progress was mostly in the form of a crawl, and the steel oxygen cylinders knocking against the timber sets in the narrow galleries as we proceeded did not improve our tempers. We arrived safely back at the surface and I made my report. After pumping air into the gallery for about an hour, we all went below again, and my section commander and Lieutenant G. crawled through to examine conditions in the enemy's gallery, while I was engaged in the magazine in opening boxes of guncotton, and getting all primers and detonators ready for more action. Captain B., the section commander, came back presently and informed me that he and G. had been slightly gassed during their investigation of the enemy tunnel, but had not met any Boche; he had decided on making up some raiding-parties, would arm them with mobile charges, attempt to explore the German gallery and mine system and, if possible, try and destroy their shaft. The difficulties of proceeding farther into the German galleries, now that the enemy was thoroughly aroused, were pretty large, but I agreed with him that it was up to us to get them somehow if we had a possible chance. We made up three of these parties at once, each composed of one officer, one non-commissioned officer, and two sappers, each party armed with revolvers and a mobile charge of thirty pounds of guncotton, the latter being carried in boxes. Each of the sappers provided themselves with a couple of Mills bombs, their confidence in these useful little articles on all occasions being quite touching.

It was arranged that Captain B. should station himself at the junction of our gallery with that of the Boches, and if our plans looked like coming "unstuck" he would blow his whistle hard. On this signal we would all hustle back to our own galleries and shaft-head as quickly as possible. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley" and our luck was not good on this stunt. The other two officers were senior to me and, as usual in such circumstances, resolutely insisted on their right to take their parties in first. It was quite an exceptional affair, our breaking into an enemy gallery, as in most cases either the enemy or ourselves would have fired their mines when within striking distance of each other, so all the men were very keen on it. In my own case, I was so keyed up with excitement that I entirely forgot a bad toothache that I had, resulting from an abscess under a large molar, and these things are usually pretty difficult to forget—even in the trenches. Well, the first two parties passed quietly into the enemy's gallery, and just as I was about to lead my own party in Captain B. blew his signal-whistle and, according to instructions, I took myself and party back to our own shaft-head, followed soon by the men of the other parties; last of all by the other two officers who had entered the enemy gallery first. Our plan had come "unstuck." It developed that the first two parties had managed to get in a short distance before meeting any opposition, but that the Boche had then opened fire on them, and they had stopped just long enough to return a few revolver-shots, set light to the fuses on their two mobile charges, and run for it. Altogether this last attempt had not been very successful, though we fortunately had no casualties.

I was again asked to go below with Doherty in breathing-apparatus and see what effect the firing of these two last charges had made on the gallery. We did so, but found no living Germans in the tunnel. We left the air-hose this time farther up their more or less destroyed workings, and reported that we could get down soon again to resume operations. For the time we posted six sappers and a non-commissioned officer near the enemy's entrance to cover any endeavor on the part of the latter to get through into

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our galleries. They did not attempt to do so; in fact, they didn't seem to care much about going near the place—which fact, perhaps, proved fortunate for D. and myself, though I knew that fine little Irishman was aching for a scrap with them.

In an hour or so when the poisonous gas had again been blown out and fresh air pumped in, Lieutenant G. and I, being rather concerned over the possibility of the enemy trying to pump in gas on our men below ground, decided to go in on our own initiative and see what we could do. We proceeded below, armed each with revolver and torch, and were followed by another officer carrying a mobile charge and a sapper with a second. We walked and crawled very quietly and cautiously until we reached a point about one hundred and fifty feet up the enemy gallery; here I suggested to G. that it would be decidedly unwise to try and get any farther; the electric lights still alight in the gallery were just a few feet ahead of us, and we could distinguish the sounds of whispering and stealthy walking very near. In crawling in we had, of course, used our torches as little as possible. If I had not persuaded G. as to the wisdom of my advice, I believe he would have attempted to go right up to the German shaft-head. I walked back a little way along the gallery, signalled B., another officer, and a sapper to hand me the guncotton charges; then instructed them to clear out.

We decided to fire the charges at this point, so after collecting, with great care to avoid noise, a number of sand-bags filled with clay which the Germans had left in this gallery, we used these for tamping the charge. G. lit the fuse while I covered the gallery with my revolver. G. said, "Hold on a minute while I get a souvenir," and promptly grabbed a five-foot length of three-inch air-pipe which the Germans used in their work, while I picked up a few empty multicolored sand-bags of the kind favored by the Boche miner. The shortness of our safety-fuse was a strong factor in preventing us from going farther. It was to burn about two minutes, and in these two minutes we had to crawl and squirm through some very awkward sections in the galleries. In two places there was only room enough for our bodies to scrape through. The timber and clay had been destroyed in several places, and it was difficult at these spots to get through without bringing in some more sets or inviting clay falls which would have imprisoned us with the charge. Death as the result of an overdose of carbon monoxide is not so bad, as one just drops into a gentle and insidious sleep from which one fails to wake; but the concussion resulting from the detonation of the charge is not such a pleasant affair. We fortunately reached a spot of comparative safety just in time to hear the detonation of the charges. Afterward we climbed to the surface.

I went below again after a half-hour had elapsed, this time without the oxygen apparatus, as I was physically too weak to carry its forty pounds again. Another sapper went down with me, wearing the "Proto" apparatus, and I leading with a rope around me in case I should be gassed and have to be pulled out. This time we played in great luck: no Germans were encountered by us. The lad who came with me was not of the same stuff as D.; once, while I was crawling ahead of him, I knelt on a piece of broken timber; it made a sharp noise much like the crack of a revolver, and this rather disconcerted him. He soon recovered, however.

This was a busy day for me. I must have had that "rabbit's foot" around my neck in going down first after the charges three times and coming out with a whole skin. We could not quite reach the advanced spot where we had fired the gallery, although near enough. I was gassed a little on this trip. Some two hours later, having prepared a large charge of guncotton, we went below and laid it. During the process the enemy, gathering their courage, had come back to their gallery, and having cleared some of the débris away, fired a number of shots at our fellows while they were loading. We fired the mine in the usual way by means of blasting machine from our dugout. This dugout was built with an entrance leading off to the mine shaft. We thought our troubles were over for a while anyhow, and four of our men carelessly remained in the dugout, talking and smoking for some ten minutes or so after firing. One of them happened to look up around

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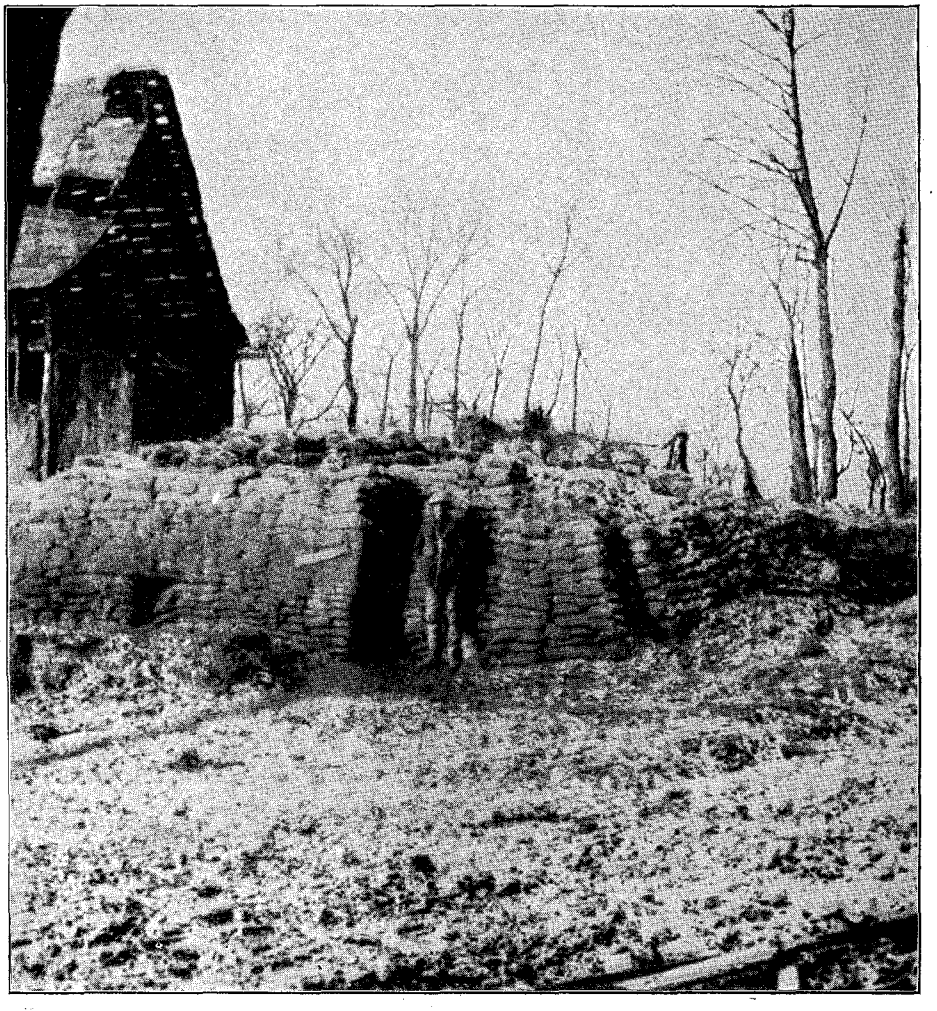

A cellar, protected by sand-bags, used as a shelter by engineer officers.

Situated in the village of Hebuterne, about a quarter of a mile behind the British lines in Artois, which was the scene of intensive bombardment from the Germans.

the dugout, and noticed that all the canaries which we kept there at night in some four cages had toppled from their perches, and were lying with their feet sticking in the air. With one bound they reached the dugout entrance and fresh air, realizing that the poisonous gas must have come up the shaft before penetrating to the dugout. Poor Captain B. was rather badly gassed and was carried away on a stretcher. He recovered, however, after a few days at the nearest C. C. S. I am glad to record that Lieutenant G. received the Military Cross for his share in these operations.

On many occasions the British tunnelling companies have outwitted the cunning Hun. Here is one instance. The British broke into an enemy's gallery in clay and struck the tamping of a charge they had laid and were holding ready to fire. This tamping consisted of clay bags built up in galleries back of the charge in order to confine and intensify the explosion. Working through the tamping, the sappers reached a mine charge of about four thousand pounds of westphalite, one of the various German high explosives. Carefully extracting this, they connected up the enemy's leads to one of their blast-

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Sector near Neuville-St.-Vaast, Vimy Ridge trenches, April 3, 1916.
View taken from an airplane, showing the British and German front-line trenches and mine craters.

ing caps to insure non-detection for electric continuity, and then withdrew. What the Hun mining officer said and felt, when he attempted to fire his mine, may be left to the imagination.

The charges we used in our deep mines in the chalk were tremendous, mine-chambers being loaded with anything from one up to fifty tons of a high explosive twice as strong as dynamite. Last year in the battle of Messines the British launched their first big attack by firing a large number of mines below the enemy trenches, using charges of from fifteen to fifty tons in each mine, and exploding them all at the same moment, the "zero" minute, or exact time at which the infantry go over the top. Very close to a mil-

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The same sector, Vimy Ridge trenches, May 16, 1916.
The same points can be easily identified on both pictures. The new mine craters show up plainly.

lion pounds of a remarkably high explosive was fired at the same instant by the engineers on this front. In starting an infantry attack the mining officers, in common with all the officers of the units engaged in the attack, synchronize their watches, and at the second planned, push home hard the handles of their blasting machines. Earth-racking mines are detonated with terrific force. The craters formed from these explosions are often over three hundred feet in diameter and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet deep. Whole companies of men are engulfed, all trenches within a large radius totally destroyed, and many additional men buried in their fall.

So intense was the fighting below

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ground in our operations on the Vimy Ridge that we would explode sometimes as many as four separate mines a night on our own small company front, only five hundred yards in length of sector. In one of our clay galleries we reached the enemy trenches and, passing under them, ran into the timber of one of their mine shafts. Carefully cutting a small hole through one of their timbers, we listened there, relieving each other from time to time, for nearly twenty-four hours. We would carefully crawl up to our listening hole and sit tight in the dark, hardly daring to breathe. We had struck the bottom of the Boche shaft and could hear them talking and even see occasionally the enemy miners as they passed up to their own trenches. Our knowledge of German was unfortunately extremely limited, but no interpreters could be obtained or persuaded to join us at this spot. I can't blame them. We finally fired this mine and three others, also, under their front line at the same time, blowing their trenches and many Huns sky-high. A small party from the "Black Watch" followed over on a fast raid and reported on their return that no traces of enemy trenches could be found for two or three hundred yards, everything having been totally destroyed by our mines.

Another time we were tunnelling through with a four-foot-six-inch by two-foot-six-inch gallery in the clay, but right on top of the chalk formation. The floor of the gallery was only an inch or two above the chalk. The enemy workings must have been about ten feet below our gallery and in the chalk. We could hear them very plainly at work, so continued progress on our tunnel without a sound, and presently, as they came closer, could hear them talking. We then loaded a small charge, about a thousand pounds of high explosive, at the end of our gallery. Sitting tight and listening carefully, we waited until they had passed under and just beyond us. A few hours later the listeners reporting that they were at work again on the face of their gallery, we fired our camouflet with the blasting machine from the trench above.

A camouflet is a small mine explosion which does not form a crater, and is calculated to destroy underground workings. One does not always have pleasant reflections after some of these operations, but we all stand the same chance. If the enemy fires first we go up, and vice versa. So the game of wits below ground goes on. Sometimes we score, and sometimes Fritz outplays us.

One night a runner brought down the news to us at our dugout at Aux Reitz that the Boche had fired a camouflet in our "H" mine on the extreme right of our sector. Everybody below had been killed from the resulting concussion, and poisonous gases developed. Fortunately there were only seven sappers in the mine at the time. The officer on duty and three other men had gallantly attempted to rescue some of the poor fellows by going below in oxygen-breathing apparatus, but had themselves been gassed and were only rescued with difficulty. After the gas below had dissipated sufficiently we were able to recover three of the bodies, but those of the other four men were never found. A Church of England chaplain came up a day or two later and read the usual short Army Burial Service at the top of the mine shaft, surrounded by a few of the comrades of the dead soldiers, the latter reverently attentive and much impressed with this unusual burial.

The enemy trench-mortar fire on the surface was particularly bad. We reached a stage where we thought nothing of shelling as long as they did not throw in a number of T. M.'s, as they are called. These trench mortars vary in weight from five to two hundred and fifty pounds, from aerial darts to heavy minenwerfers. Their trajectory being steep and their velocity not very high, we could see them in the air, look out for them, and in many cases reach cover before they dropped. However, this was not always easy. One could always see the trench mortar which was going to land in a trench about a hundred or more yards distant, but those that were apparently coming straight for where one himself was, left one always in doubt as to whether they would land in one's own traverse or in the next. And one's guess in the matter was nearly always wrong.

Our casualties from these trench mortars were heavy. Ten of my men were coming in to report for duty one afternoon. They were working at mine "F," and the trenches by which we approached

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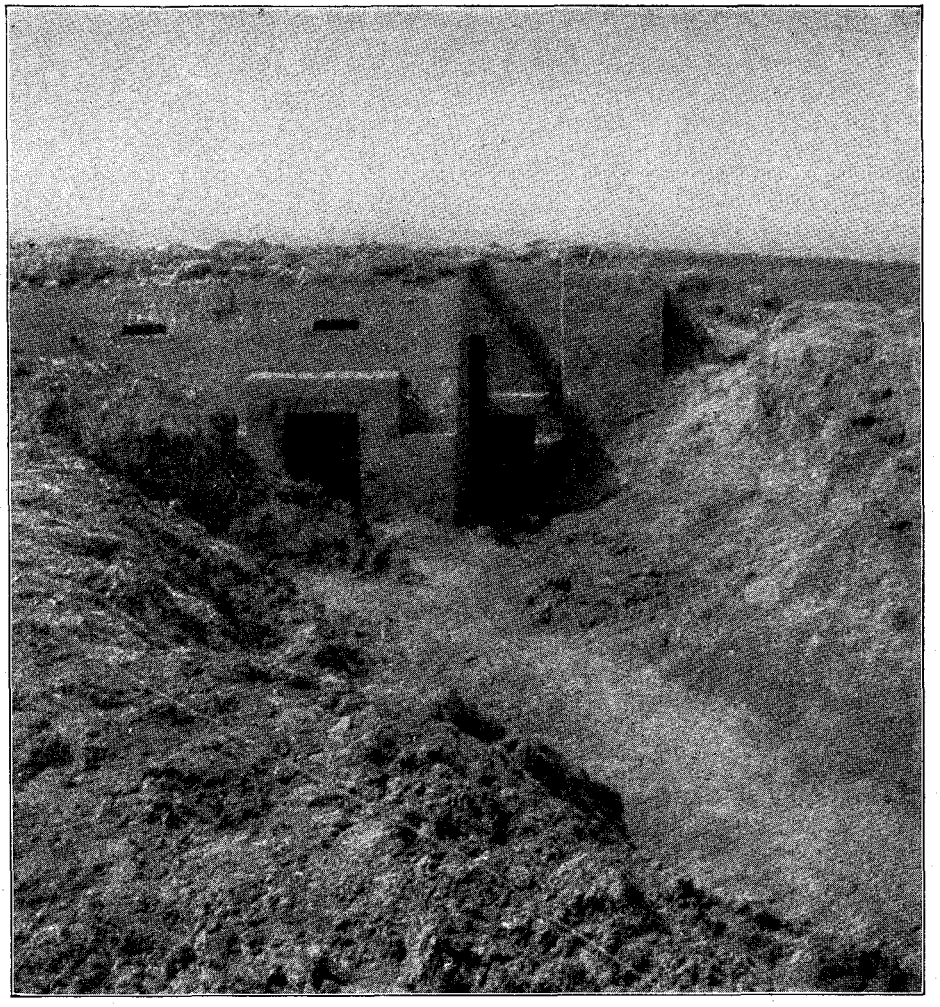

View from rear of a typical German reinforced concrete machine-gun emplacement. Taken on the Hindenburg line south of Arras.

Although the trench itself was blown to pieces by British artillery fire and the machine-gun crew either killed or captured, no harm was done to the concrete emplacement.

this shaft were always subjected to intense bombardment with T. M.'s, and at many places almost completely levelled by this fire at regular intervals. When this happened the wise man would bend almost double in passing along or crawl over the obstruction on his hands and stomach, so as to avoid observation. On this afternoon we concluded that some of our lads had exposed themselves in going up, or that the Boche had located the entrance to our shaft. Directly they reached the entrance a heavy trench mortar burst among them, killing six and wounding another. Four of the bodies were hurled down the shaft.

These T. M.'s are bad things—the burst results in inflicting multiple wounds. I have seen a number of poor fellows hit in over twenty places from one T. M. The Royal Army Medical Corps people have a busy time fixing them up; many, however, recover.

Another time in coming up a communication-trench we found the body of one of our boys lying in the bottom of the trench, evidently hit only a few minutes before. The poor chap was dead; but, curiously enough, we could only find one wound, that in his shoulder. He must have been killed by the shock of the explosion. The T. M. had burst about five

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feet from him. In my experience this has seldom happened, but I understand there are many authenticated cases.

As in the infantry, the majority of our casualties occurred from day to day, from one or two to three and more almost daily. At any rate, it does not take long in every-day trench warfare to lose half of any company.

At other times, when, for instance, troops are relieving other units in the trenches, or perhaps in large parties at crossroads coming up, the casualties from shelling are very large. One night in Flanders a party of our men were going up the communication-trench when a Boche five point nine burst on the parapet near them. Of this small party of thirty only fifteen went on to the front line, seven being killed and eight wounded. At the crossroads entering Hebuterne from Sailly, a particularly hot place, and one that I know very well, having been billeted in a cellar within a hundred yards from it during two months of last winter, I have known as many as seventy casualties from one shell bursting. Every day one either sees or hears of large or small parties being blotted out by enemy shelling.

The division we were with provided us with working parties day and night to assist us. Usually the parties came from the infantry, though the cavalry were also used a good deal. Here we received parties from the cavalry, infantry, and cyclists. As I understand it, the cyclists are intended to support and relieve the cavalry at night on the few occasions when they can be used in open warfare. I don't think they had the chance very often. So far the cavalry have been out of luck in this war. Both the cavalry and cyclists have been doing trench duty now for a long time.

On the Vimy Ridge a number of East Indian cavalry units were given us for working parties. These were mostly regiments of Lancers, and were composed of Sikhs, Rajputs, Pathans, and many other tribes or sects of British Eastern India. The Sikhs were particularly fine men, tall, well built, quiet, and exceedingly dignified. They always wore their big white turbans. It is a mark of caste with them, and nothing will induce them to part with these or wear anything else. They even scorned the use of the steel helmets which had just been issued to us. We did not. Many of us, myself included, owe our lives to the use of these steel helmets. The other Indian troops always wore the steel helmet.

These native troops had what was to us a very unpleasant habit of carrying everything on their heads. We did not object to this procedure back of the line, but when they carried all the mine timbers and other supplies right to the fire-trenches in this manner we thought it wise to stop the practice before the Huns blotted us all out. Fritz would observe these little parties very easily by reason of the fact that the timber would invariably show above the top of the trench as they came up and would make us the target for a little more T. M. practice. I used to cut ahead across the top and jump down into a trench they would have to pass, and there make every man take his piece of timber from the top of his head and tuck it under his arm. These fellows did not like the T. M.'s any more than our boys did, but after a time treated them in the same casual, cheerful way as the others. I heard an infantryman once refer to these native troops, in the hearing of one of their British officers, in rather a disrespectful way. The way that officer lectured the offender was good evidence of the friendly relations existing between the British officers and their native troops. The latter, in turn, think a great deal of their British officers, and look after them with an almost fatherly solicitude. They had their own native officers also, many of them being sons of Rajahs, educated for the most part in the big English public schools and colleges. The cavalry "brass-hats" (as the British call all senior officers) of these units visited them often in the trenches. They were all in the trenches for the first time, and much interested in everything. So many of them called at our dugouts and in company with us inspected our work and the trenches generally that we felt like regular Cooks Tourist guides. They were all mighty fine fellows and without exception aching to get a chance at the Hun, and chafing a great deal at their forced inactivity. They had hopes then of getting in a real charge in the possible open fighting of the coming Somme offensive.

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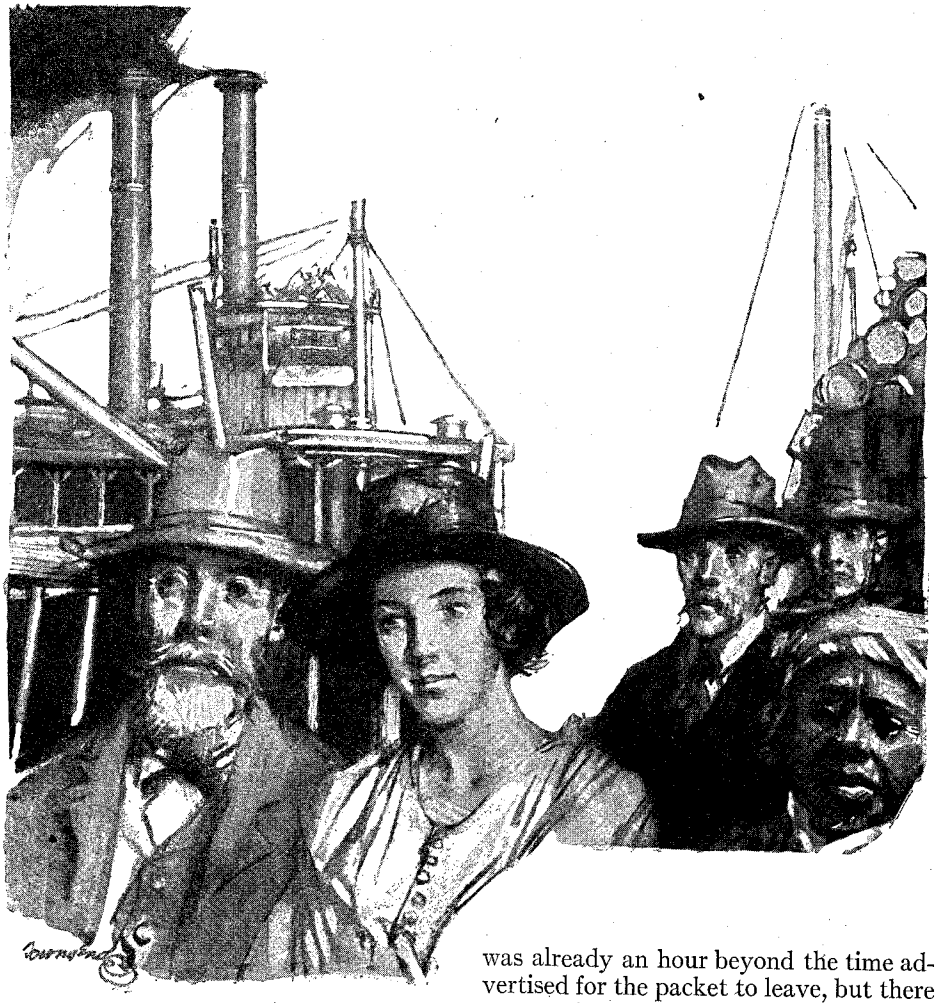
ON BOARD THE "CITY OF ARVERNE"

By Perley Poore Sheehan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND



OUT from the slim twin funnels of the old *City of Arverne* there uncoiled two heavy tresses of lazy smoke, thick and black. There was a slight acceleration of movement among the roustabouts, white and colored, who were getting the jumbled-up cargo on board. It was already an hour beyond the time advertised for the packet to leave, but there was no sign of nervousness anywhere, no suggestion of excitement.

Right then a noisy dray loaded with twisted steel rods came jangling out onto the rickety wharf-boat behind a pair of nimble mules, and the last of the passengers appeared.

Mr. Latouche, clerk of the *City of Arverne*, young, slender, with a pair of dark-brown eyes which even men found engaging and which women were apt to

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remember in their dreams, instinctively gave his attention first to the dray. Those rods were intended for the new government lock at Goose Island. In their behalf a devoted congressman had told how—"upon these waters, amid majestic hills and fertile fields oft celebrated in song and story, we see transported the commerce of an empire."

Latouche had cut out that speech, had pasted it up in his scrap-book. He believed in it, dwelt on it when his faith got slack.

Now he signalled with his freight-book for the driver of the mules to haul up at the second gang-plank, spoke a soft word that sent the nearest of the roustabouts to shuffling around toward the rear of the dray, then turned to survey the approaching passengers.

At this point he gave a distinct start, drew back slightly behind a pile of merchandise. Pretty soon he would have to meet these passengers on the upper deck, take down their names and assign them their staterooms, but his impulse was to look his fill now while he could do so unobserved.

There were five persons in the group, but only two of them absorbed the clerk's attention at first; and of these two one infinitely more than the other.

This was a girl, eighteen or nineteen, of a dark and delicate beauty, with an odd mingling of timidity and high pride about her. Moreover, she was dressed in new city clothes and yet, none the less, suggested the country—in the timid way she glanced about her, in her obvious dependence on the man who shared with her a portion of the clerk's absorbed attention.

The man was grizzled and stout, tall and broad, not very neatly dressed yet marked by a certain air of wealth and authority. A close observer might have noticed some uneasiness about him, as well; but this uneasiness, for the most part, was concealed both by a gallant attentiveness for the girl, on the one hand, and a sort of grim alertness for every one and everything else on the other.

The three remaining members of the group, when young Latouche could bring himself to consider them, appeared to be of the same party with these first two and yet detached from them.

The first of the three was an old black mammy, huddled and small, who walked alone. She wore a brown straw bonnet and, under this, a clean new red bandanna. She was otherwise garnished and all dressed up. But on her black face there was a look of the profoundest misery; she walked as if she were squatted down by a burden of care.

Just back of her came the two men who completed the party. They were both white, tall, able-bodied; one of them lean and one of them heavy. Mr. Latouche could see that neither of them was city-bred. He himself came from the mountains back yonder, and he judged that that was where they came from too.

He was still looking at these two men, was wondering about them, when one of them reached into his hip-pocket for a plug of tobacco. As he did so he brushed back his coat a little way and thus revealed to Latouche's startled gaze the holster of a big revolver. Then the other gentleman slightly displaced his own coat, while bringing out his knife, and the clerk saw that he was similarly equipped.

"Marshals!" he breathed.

The smoke curled thicker yet from the old packet's puny funnels. From the saloon-deck, above the rattle of the steel rods and the shuffle and shouts of the roustabouts, there came a faint toot and tinkle of discordant music as the *City of Arverne's* orchestra started up—violin, cornet, and rusty piano.

II

It was to this music, which an expert with an imagination might have recognized as the air of "America, I Love You," that the belated passengers made their way up the worn steps to the saloon-deck of the *City of Arverne*.

The orchestra comprised the former owner of a show-boat and his two young daughters. The man had the profile of an Abraham Lincoln gone wrong. He played the violin. One of the little girls hammered the rusty piano with perfect abandon. The other tooted inadequately into a brass cornet. At sight of the new arrivals the violinist nodded at the little girls and threw on more power. They

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The orchestra comprised the former owner of a show-boat and his two young daughters.—Page 336.

quickened the tempo and increased the noise a lot.

Latouche had already slipped up to his small office ahead of the passengers. He was looking out through the wire mesh which guarded the front of it—as a place where important funds were kept—when the head of the little procession drew near. And Latouche was holding his breath somewhat, as one will when in doubt whether to act as a stranger or to show signs of old acquaintance. His doubts were quickly removed, however, by the attitude of the man who accompanied the girl.

"I should like two of your best state-rooms, suh," he said coldly.

"Yes, suh," replied Mr. Latouche, with a mild and perfect urbanity. "Be good enough to sign right here, suh."

Neither of them spoke with any exaggeration of an accent such as might be indicated by the use of "suh" instead of "sir." It was hardly an accent at all—just a slight softening of the "r," the pleasant suggestion of a drawl.

The clerk shoved the register forward under the wire mesh. The older gentleman signed:

Capt. Lash Brainard, Clay County, and daughter.

"The rules require, suh," said Latouche softly, "that you write out the name of the lady."

"Very well, suh," Captain Brainard responded briefly, as he added a line to the one he had previously written:

Miss Elsie Brainard, Clay County.

The clerk of the *City of Arverne* imperceptibly caught his breath. For the first time since leaving the wharf-boat he permitted himself a fleeting glance at the

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young lady. Her eyes met his—startled, yet undoubtedly joyful and reassuring. He was about to put down the numbers of the staterooms opposite these two names when the other two men lounged forward to the desk. Then it was just as if Captain Brainard were eager to divert his daughter's attention. He thrust a hand under her arm, gave a sweeping gesture to indicate the flaked white woodwork of the old boat, the decayed and shrivelled finery of another age.

"What a magnificent packet!" he breathed.

Latouche caught the words and the gesture even while he took note of those other names which had now been added to the register:

Tom Lowther, sheriff of Clay County.

Jesse Klegg, deputy sheriff of Clay County.

"Son," said Mr. Lowther, "I reckon as how Mr. Klegg and me will have rooms on either side of Captain Brainard's."

"I can manage that, suh," the clerk assured him. There remained a last gleam of hope. Perhaps this preference of theirs with regard to the location of their staterooms was a mere whim. Perhaps it was the old negress they were taking back to Clay County. She had remained apart, meek, ready to obey. "Is aunty, over there, going with you-all?" he asked with his eyes on the register.

"I'm paying for her," Mr. Lowther answered indulgently. "Juny," he called, as he turned to the black woman, "you go on back there where the colored folks are. And, Juny, you see that you don't leave this here boat until we call for you. Do you understand?"

The old woman said nothing articulate, but she evidently did understand. She sagged aft, with that look of grim misery stamped deep in her black and wrinkled face.

The look was reflected somewhat on the face of the young clerk, although he was careful not to show it. He also had understood. Not like that would the sheriff of Clay County and his deputy have let her go if it were she who was the prisoner. But the clerk said nothing as he assigned to Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg the staterooms they had demanded. Occasions were perpetually turning up, even here on the old *City of Arverne*, where it was just as well for one not to ask too many questions.

Still, Latouche was the prey to a growing anxiety. As he made up his preliminary reports, there in the little meshed office, he could think only of the girl and her father. He barely heard the noisy and discordant three-piece orchestra right there in front of him.

He looked up only when the orchestra stopped, when the rhythmic splurge and pound of the stern wheel told him that the old packet was under way.

III

NIGHT found the old *City of Arverne* chugging through a scene of almost tropic loveliness. The moon was veiled. The river was dead-calm. It stretched away in hazy distance except when, every now and then, some cowled hill loomed up so close that those on the packet could smell the damp and mysterious woods. Then, as if by magic, the *City of Arverne* would again be treading water out into some shoreless lake with nothing but the dim moon to guide her.

Captain Brainard and those who accompanied him were booked through for the full distance. There was a measure of satisfaction in that. This meant three days and three nights—such endless days and illimitable nights as only those who follow the river know. Much might be learned—and many things might happen—before the end of the trip.

Latouche, seated in a wooden armchair along the port rail, well forward, apparently had the saloon-deck to himself. Most of the other passengers, chiefly farmers and traders from the river towns and the womenfolk and children of these, were long since in their bunks, the air of the river at night being considered unhealthy. But the clerk had been sitting there for more than an hour.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. From one of the doors there had appeared a wraithlike figure which hesitated, then started forward. He had recognized the figure instantly as that of Captain Brainard's daughter.

They met where the shadow of the deck-house was heaviest, lingered there

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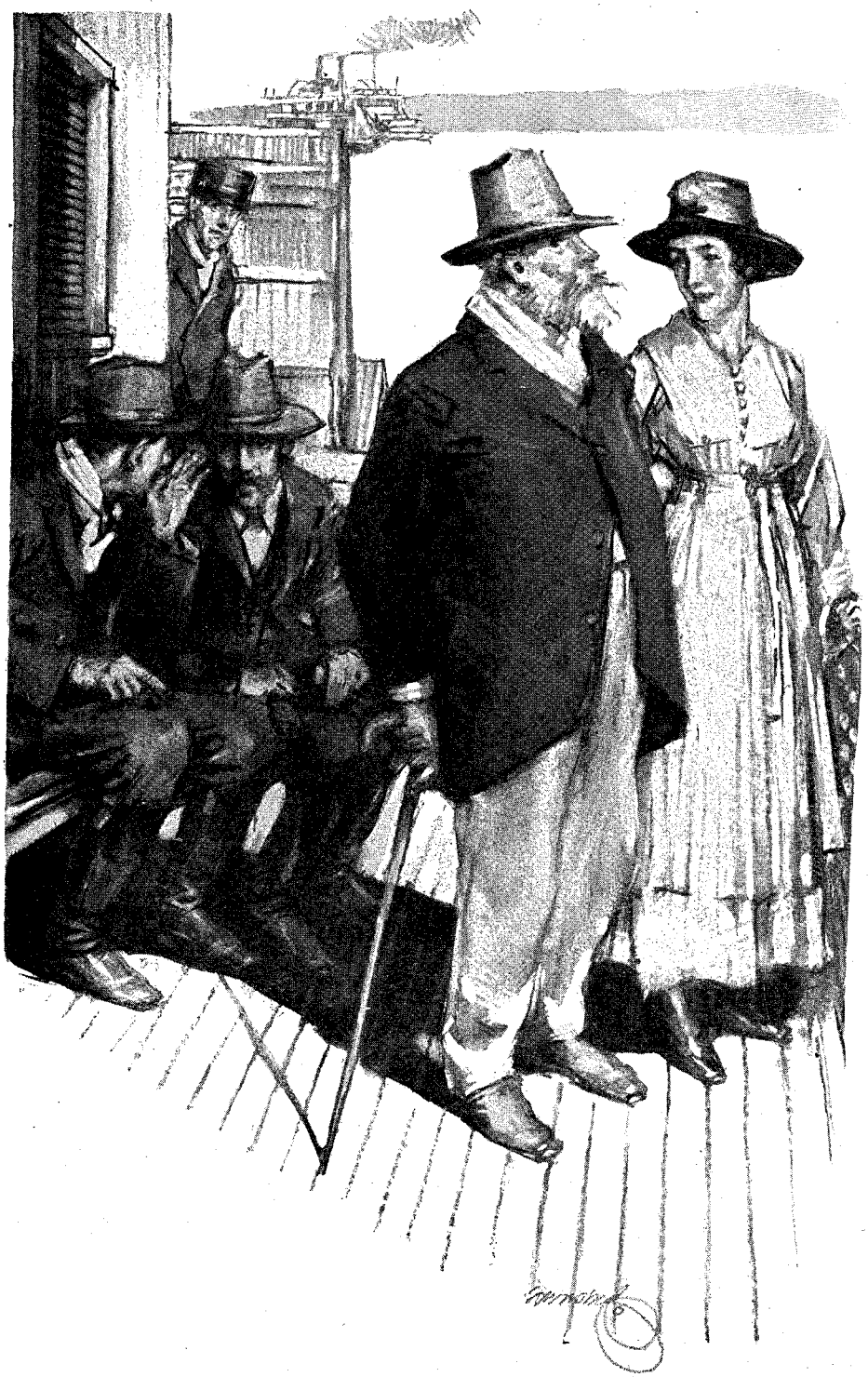

Drawn by Harry Townsend.

The captain and his daughter strolled up and down the deck . . . and always, not very far away . . . were Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg.—Page 343.

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a while. Then Mr. Latouche led the young lady to another place of shadows near the forward rail. There were two chairs there. It had the advantage that, in case Captain Brainard should start out on a tour of inspection, it would be easy for them to make their escape unobserved.

"I'm going to ask him again to let me marry you," said the clerk.

"Oh, Gene, honey," she pleaded, "don't you do it. You won't, will you, honey?"

"I most surely will," said Latouche, "unless I can get you to elope with me."

"I'd love to do that," she answered. "You just know I would. But pop would kill you, and that would break my heart."

"Who were those men who came on board along with you-all?" asked Latouche cautiously.

"Pop's friends, I guess," Miss Brainard answered, caressing his hand. "They came all the way from Clay County to see him, and he up and decided to go back with them. We weren't expecting to go back, either. Pop wanted me to go to the seminary, and he was going to stay in town until I could get settled down. He wanted me to stay there now, but I just naturally couldn't."

Latouche laughed softly, as men sometimes will when seeking to cover up a serious train of thought.

"I made your pop sign out your name in full," he said lightly. "There for a while I was beginning to think that you might be Mrs. Lowther—or Mrs. Klegg."

"Gene, honey," said Miss Brainard, "you know that you and pop are the only persons in the world I love, or will ever love. I don't know how it will all turn out. I'm the only one he's got. He clings to me so. And yet, just because you follow the river, he won't even let me mention your name. I tried it, Geney. You know how he is. He's just about the finest old pop in the world. But he sure is violent. He sure is quick with his gun."

"Has he been having any trouble lately?" Latouche inquired, with cautious detachment.

"None," the girl answered; "and he's been, oh, so kind! That was how I was coming to hope that maybe, somehow—you know what the preacher says—things might turn out all right, after all—for you—and me——"

There was no period at the end of Miss Brainard's sentence. It was just a gradual tapering off, a shading down of her voice into a silence which the other found moving.

"Ain't been no trouble at all down your way lately?" he persisted gently, as if reflecting aloud.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed with a touch of growing warmth, "except that old Jake Harris was killed." Her excitement made her forget the more careful forms of speech. "Some one done cut down on him over on Silambus Crick—left him out there in the woods. Oh, Gene, I know that it's wicked of me and that I oughtn't to be glad; but he was about the only enemy now pop had, and I was always so afraid that they'd get to shootin' at each other again. You know how things are now, with the new governor tryin' to clean things up!"

For some time the *City of Arverne* had been prodding the darkness off to her left with a primitive search-light. Then it was as if this yellow beam struck fire. Over there in the gloom a dozen torches flared. There came a soft tumble of bells from the *City of Arverne's* engine-room, a lull in the cadence of the machinery and the thrashing stern wheel.

"Cale's Landing," whispered Latouche. "We're putting off six reels of wire. Good night!"

He kissed her. She fled through the blue darkness.

IV

Using as a foundation what Elsie Brainard had told him, both consciously and unconsciously, the clerk wasn't very long in building up a perfect comprehension of what had happened already, of what was likely to happen further before any great lapse of time—unless something intervened.

There was what he learned from Aunt June, for example.

He found the old negress down on the after part of the main deck, where the colored passengers were quartered. There the great wheel of the *City of Arverne* flailed round and round. It filled

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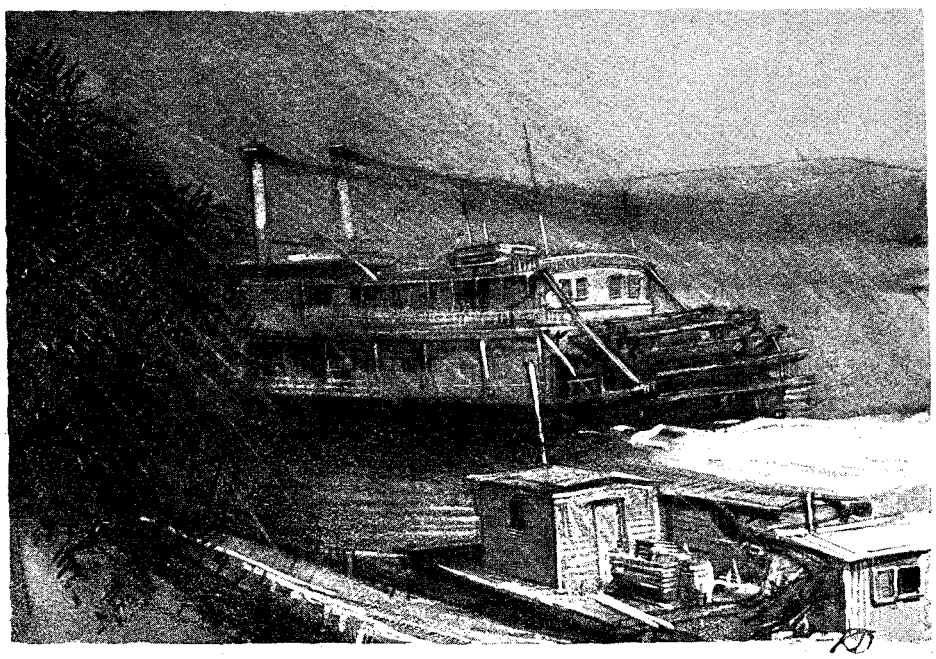

It was turning night when the packet again got under way.—Page 344.

the air with cool moisture and a throbbing racket which excited most of the passengers there like music. But, in the midst of all this exhilaration, Juny sat morose and alone. She dipped her snuff. Hour after hour her black and yellow eyes never left the beaten waters.

"Whuffo' dey gwine make disyer ole nigger testify 'ginst Cap'n Lash?" she demanded hopelessly, when Latouche had spoken a kindly word to her. "Dey pester me, when I 'fuse to pronounce his name, en dey carry me whar Cap'n Lash is, en dey make me p'int him out ez de gem'an ez done shooted Marse Jake. O Lam' o' Mussey! I sho' is willin' to die."

Indirectly, in response to a murmured word now and then, the story of Aunt June's rôle in the tragedy came out.

She was out in the woods digging brier-root and other simples. She saw Mr. Jake Harris shoot a hog. At the very moment Jake fired there came an angry shout. Jake looked around swiftly, throwing up his gun for another shot. At this instant there was a second report, not more than half a dozen rods from where Aunt June crouched unseen, and Jake fell dead. She turned. She saw Captain Lash Brainard with a smoking shotgun in his hands. She watched the captain as he walked over to examine Jake, then go off slowly, shaking his head and talking to himself.

There was what Mr. Latouche learned, less directly still, from Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg.

The sheriff and his deputy were likewise much alone. They prowled and lounged about the old *City of Arverne* like a pair of panthers—clawed, lazy to the point of somnolence, yet ever watchful, fit for quick and deadly action. So they seemed to Latouche. Once or twice, by virtue of his office, he sought pleasantly to engage them in some conversation, but they rebuffed him. Mr. Lowther was insolently superior to talking to the clerk of an ancient packet, Mr. Klegg crudely suspicious.

Yet the days were long, however industriously the *City of Arverne* might chug through the great river's deserted world, and even officers must talk among themselves.

"We'll hang him," said Sheriff Lowther as he cut off a piece of his plug and stowed it away.

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"The nigger woman—her testimony will turn the trick," said Mr. Klegg, as he stretched and yawned.

"He done for himself when he run away," said the sheriff.

"The governor'll sho' be tickled," averred Mr. Klegg.

There were just stray hints, like that, dropped through long intervals of the interminable days. And all the time the *City of Arverne*, like an argosy of the gods, bound on some voyage of superhuman import, was breasting her way nearer and nearer to the place of judgment—through dim, blue grottos of space fringed by primeval woods and unmeasured marsh, with a melodramatic chaos of cloud—black, yellow, and blue—just overhead, and the same reflected in the breathless water underneath.

In one of the drawers of his small meshed office Mr. Latouche himself had a revolver which was quite as formidable as either of those carried by Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg. He looked at this weapon of his many times, secretly and with thoughts wholly private to himself. It was long and blue and in perfect condition; and to use it perfectly was as much a matter of course with Latouche as it is for most men to sign their names. He felt that, somehow, this weapon might arbitrate the situation which had unfolded itself to his mind; might do this in any one of a variety of ways.

He looked at it again and again longingly.

It struck him more than once how different the old *City of Arverne* might be without those two prowling men-panthers on board—a little quick, unerring violence, some noise, then peace.

And once, late at night, he sat up in the bunk of his little stateroom while the cool sweat came out on his forehead and shoulders. The sheriff himself had said that it was the testimony of the negress which would seal Captain Brainard's fate. Aunt June was old. She still drowsed and mumbled alone on the unlit after deck when there was no one there to see, while the paddle-wheel thundered and the deep water ran quickly astern. It was the return of a thought, magnified, which had already glinted in his brain while he talked to her.

Suppose Aunt June should disappear!

Most of the passengers had left the packet here and there at lonely landings, or at the little less lonely river towns, before the voyage was two-thirds gone. No more passengers came aboard, albeit the leader of the orchestra and his two small daughters still did their best to render the glamour of river travel into noisy music whenever the old boat nosed up to the bank—to put off a can of oil or a new wagon-wheel or a stack of empty egg-crates.

"The commerce of an empire!" Mr. Latouche reflected.

Only, there were those twisted steel rods for Goose Island to show that Uncle Sam believed in this river as surely as Latouche did himself. Some day, when all the locks and dams were completed, there would be water enough for navigation all summer—just when navigation needed it; and then, maybe, he would be running a packet of his own.

Such thoughts as these came to steady him whenever the temptation of that revolver of his threatened to overwhelm him. He loved the river. He loved the government that believed in the river. He loved both almost as passionately as he loved the girl who was now coming nearer and nearer—all unconscious of it—to the shadow of sorrow and disgrace.

Late that night—the next to the last before the end of the run—the clerk was in his office, when he saw Captain Brainard leave his stateroom by the inside door and approach the water-cooler. The light in the cabin was dim. Only one small lamp was burning in a bracket against the wall. And yet, even by this inadequate light, Latouche could see things in the captain's face he had never seen there before.

That slumbering temper he recognized; but not the bitterness of sorrow and guilt.

Without premeditation the clerk slipped from his office and confronted the prisoner with a salute. They were unobserved. There was time for at least a few words with no one else to hear. Latouche's breath came short.

"Captain Brainard," he said, "I can order the old boat put into Riverdale, if I want to, suh. That's half an hour from now. It's in another State. They

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couldn't take you, there. And I tell you, suh, if any one should try to interfere——"

The captain stalked on past him without a word.

V

THE *City of Arverne* was scheduled to arrive at Goose Island at about seven o'clock that evening. Dawn of the following morning should find her waddling into the home port at the end of her run. This was the county-seat. The court-house was there—a big, bald brick building painted drab, and very imposing with its lattice-work cupola. Back of the court-house was another brick building painted drab. This might have passed for an office annex, if it hadn't been for the fact that its windows were heavily barred with iron.

Generally this part of the trip thrilled Mr. Latouche with a deepening delight. First, there was the joy of seeing how much the work at Goose Island had progressed while the *City of Arverne* was up the river, the sense of aiding in this work as he put off the supplies, his friendly interchange with the foreman of the job and some of the workmen; after that the stimulation of the county-seat, where his mother lived, where friends were many.

But now all this was changed. Goose Island meant only that Captain Brainard was almost arrived at the judgment-place. The county-seat became that building with the iron-barred windows. There was going to be a cruel scene when they led the captain away and Elsie finally discovered the reason for his return.

The fact that she had been kept in ignorance of the truth thus far didn't help matters at all. It appeared that Captain Brainard had had some idea of appealing to the governor to have the indictment quashed before he should be lodged in jail. But that this hope was vain Latouche was aware, however the captain might still be clinging to it.

The captain and his daughter strolled up and down the deck, or sat long hours side by side. It almost broke the clerk's heart when the girl smiled at him, furtively, and he had to smile back.

And always, not very far away—no longer quite so somnolent, a trifle more watchful—there were Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg, ready to spring, ready to shoot or shackle. The clerk knew the breed. Before this the packet had carried such passengers, sometimes alone, sometimes with prisoners bound for the county-seat and sometimes to the State penitentiary.

Then, as if to express better the impending tragedy than it had already done—with its air of breathlessness and oppressive clouds—the weather itself turned to violence.

A storm came on toward noon. There was a failure of light, then a yellow glow which lasted for a dozen seconds. This turned into blue blackness, and this, in turn, was almost instantly shattered by a blast of lightning and a shock of thunder. It made the old packet shiver like any other feminine thing. Then, consoled and steadied by the experienced hand on her wheel, the boat was headed for the steeply sloping shore at the foot of a hill. She nestled there, with the lithe willows whipping about her, while the storm ripped up the river and then pelted it down again with tons of water from above.

It was almost three before the *City of Arverne* started down-stream again. She went forth like a water-nymph, thoroughly drenched, garlanded with wet foliage, the unconfined tresses of her smoke whipping this way and that. There was even a brief spell of sunshine. But this misled no one, brought no cheer to those remaining passengers huddled in the main cabin.

Elsie Brainard sat close to her father with one of her hands in his. Her eyes were on the meshed cabin where the clerk of the packet pretended to go over his accounts. Captain Brainard stared into vacancy. Ten feet away Mr. Lowther and Mr. Klegg lounged at the side of a table and watched the leader of the orchestra play seven-up with his little girls. Down-stairs, in that other cabin, an old colored woman sat alone and prayed to her Lord.

It was a storm out of an entirely different quarter that struck the *City of Arverne* the next time. This one leaped upon her from behind and sent her scurrying

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for cover faster than ever, down around the next bend more than a mile away. But she made this berth of safety, as she had made the former one, like something aware that she was still far from the ultimate berth the gods had picked out for her.

Here was a high barricade of all but naked cypress-trees—those antique symbols of mourning. The trees stood rigid to the driving wind, as the passengers on the *City of Arverne* could see by looking up through the cascading windows; but from the thick and twisted branches there came a howling dirge. They could hear it above all the other noises—as the planks crept and the water drummed, and even while it thundered—now high, now low, always in a minor key.

It was turning night when the packet again got under way.

The passengers, and an officer or two, seated themselves about the red tablecloth while a brace of negro boys in soiled white coats served a supper of pone, sow-belly, and molasses, all to the music made by the man with a profile like Abraham Lincoln's and those two little daughters of his. The yellow oil-lamps flickered against the great darkness outside. The whine, the pound, and the toot of the orchestra were more of a discord than ever, but weak measured against the organ-tones of the river. Such conversation as there was at the supper-table was as if blanketed by an overwhelming gloom.

"When do you-all calculate to fetch up at Goose Island?" asked the sheriff. Mr. Lowther was at ease and a hearty eater.

"'Bout 'leven, suh," answered the officer addressed.

But the officer knew, and the others may have guessed, that this was just mere speculation. The river was filled with dangerous drift. There was nothing but darkness where a familiar light should have been. The old steamboat was feeling her way.

She was still feeling her way along some time past midnight—groping out into the black damp with her aged search-light.

Goose Island should be there somewhere. She knew it. She had stopped there too often to be mistaken. And yet the yellow beam she sent out this time struck no answering fire from lanterns and torches. The red light the island generally showed was nowhere visible. Something must have happened.

She wavered there, shaking down reflections through the rushing waters. Then, up from these waters, something plunged and struck her from below. There was a squeal of iron and steam. This was followed by a comparative silence.

In the midst of the silence, none too hasty, not very loud, came the voice of Mr. Latouche.

"We've hit the new lock," he said, "and it's ripped us open."

VI

THERE was twelve feet of water just off the place where the *City of Arverne* was struck.

"And if she'd only go down here," said Latouche, "we'd be all right."

But already the old packet was fleeing the place, like some gentle old horse suddenly crazed by an unexpected blow. As she slid away she began to turn. Before she had completed the turn she was staggering slightly, blinded, all her lights out, further and further over to one side. From the lower deck there came a chorus of howls, and this was merely part of a general din made up of noises equally strange.

"In case of accident," said the regulations, "first, keep cool; then, see that the passengers do likewise."

Latouche, with this part of the regulations in his mind, made his way down the sloping deck to the port side, where the white passengers were. He was sliding as he passed the head of the orchestra. The man who looked like Abraham Lincoln gone wrong had his two little daughters by the hand. They were all decked out in life-preservers.

"I'll be back," the musician yelled.

The clerk of the *City of Arverne* crushed his way through the door of a stateroom. The door was unlocked, but it was as if held back by a ton of lead. In the stateroom, Latouche saw Elsie Brainard—a dim, white figure—struggling to open the opposite door, the one leading into the main cabin. He sprang to her side.

"Let me do it," he said politely.

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The regulations were strong on keeping cool. He knew that it was already dangerous to try to go back the way he came. He took the knob of the door in both hands, thrust his foot against the jamb, jerked the door open. Then, without perceptible lapse of time, he and Miss Brainard were out in the dark main cabin.

"Papa!" Miss Brainard called.

From Captain Brainard's stateroom there issued a sound of voices in altercation, the noises of a struggle. Then Captain Brainard's voice rang out, clear and strong:

"Go on, Elsie; I'll join you later!"

The deck was sloping more and more. By moral suasion, backed up by physical strength, Latouche swept the girl with him to the open deck outside the cabin. He was for taking her up the companion-ladder leading to the hurricane-deck, but the ladder was tottering, oddly askew.

"She's getting ready to roll," Latouche remarked.

There was a brief, blind period when he climbed, dragging the girl with him, over unfamiliar surfaces wet and slimy, treacherous, quick to give way or to strike a cruel blow. There was an explosion which didn't appear to be very loud or very violent—just huge and soft. Then he was drawing Miss Brainard up onto what seemed to be a place of great strength and solidity.

He was almost tempted to believe for a moment that it was the muddy bank of the river itself and that all this teetering and whirling was but a movement in his brain. It was several seconds before he became certain that it was as he had foreseen. This was the bottom of the *City of Arverne* to which they had climbed.

The old packet had turned turtle.

He threw up his manacled hands. He disappeared.—Page 346.

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At the top of the whirling slope they came upon the musician and his frightened little girls.

At sight of them Miss Brainard's strength came back to her. She crawled up to the children, both of whom were crying, gathered them to her. Latouche helping him, the musician took off his own life-preserver, fastened it on the young woman.

"You-all stay here," he said, speaking as much to her as he did to his children; "we got work to do."

Latouche and the musician shook hands hastily. There was shouting everywhere. Also there was a good deal of thunder and lightning, and it had begun to rain again—a sheeted deluge.

"You go this way," said the musician, "and I'll go that. I reckon we'll be needed."

Latouche had a last good look at the musician's face during a lightning-flash. He was never to see the musician again; but forever afterward, as long as Latouche lived, he was to have a queer, haunting dream in his brain that it wasn't the ex-proprietor of a show-boat at all with whom he shook hands that night—that it was with Father Abraham himself.

Latouche found himself crawling aft along the crazily dancing hull, close to the edge of it. At one point he gave a hand to a scrawny, paper-white mountaineer who had been among the roustabouts, dragged him up to precarious safety. Then, still farther aft, he came to a churning rift of destruction—a fracture in the hull—where wooden timbers and twisted iron chewed and spat like the mouth of a whale.

The lightning flared.

On the edge of this abyss Latouche saw two sprawling figures—recognized them in spite of the disguise thrown about them by death and destruction.

One of them was the sheriff, Mr. Lowther. He lay on his back, face upward to the pelting rain. The big body moved now and then, but the movement was not its own. The sheriff of Clay County was undoubtedly dead—killed by the explosion, so the clerk afterward learned. The other figure was that of Mr. Klegg, the deputy. Klegg was spraddled forward, absorbed by something that he watched in the gnashing water and wreckage right there in front of him. Latouche crawled near.

"Captain Lash 's out there," the deputy howled.

Latouche also looked.

"He's trying to save that nigger woman," he roared into the deputy's ear.

He and the deputy were comrades now.

"I want to save him—*him!*" the deputy complained. "But he don't appear to want me to!"

Up and down and around in the mouth of the whale two heads appeared and disappeared. One of these belonged to the old black mammy, Aunt June. The other was that of Captain Lash Brainard. It was as the deputy said. The captain, as intently alive and wordless as a bulldog with an up-hill fight to make, was struggling to get the old woman to safety.

"We was bringing him and her—" Klegg began.

But the man in the water interrupted him.

"Grab her!" he shouted.

He had succeeded in thrusting Aunt June up and forward.

As he did so Latouche's whole perception, of body and soul, was concentrated on a single detail. The captain's wrists were fastened together in a pair of handcuffs.

"She was the only witness against him," howled Latouche as they dragged her in. "You got to turn him loose for this. Do you hear?"

Captain Brainard was clinging to the edge of the maw.

"Where's Elsie?" he bellowed at Latouche.

"Safe!"

They could have drawn him up to them too.

But, whether his strength had failed, or, in this crisis, he took counsel of some higher wisdom and chose the only course open to him to conserve his honor beyond the risks of human judgment, Captain Lash suddenly abandoned his efforts.

They saw his face gleam in front of them for a moment, transfigured. He threw up his manacled hands.

He disappeared.

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VII

THE old *City of Arverne* drifted, hull upward, all that night and on into the dawn, with its little group of survivors huddled together on its muddy flank—the white roustabout and some others, Klegg and Latouche, Elsie Brainard and the two little girls of the show-boat man, one of whom Miss Brainard mothered, while the other slept with her flaxen head in the arms of old Aunt June.

"How about that indictment?" Latouche whispered to Mr. Klegg. "His daughter don't know anything about it."

"It was made out against John Doe," Mr. Klegg replied, "and as God is my witness I don't know who John Doe was. But we all know, Mr. Latouche, that it wasn't Captain Lash. We all know that it wasn't Captain Lash."

Latouche reflected, while he and the deputy sheriff looked at each other, eye to eye.

"Who else knew about Captain Lash being suspected?" Latouche whispered.

"No one but Aunt June."

"I reckon," said Mr. Latouche, with his eyes still holding those of the deputy, "you'll never ask her now to repeat that story of what happened out there in the woods. Miss Brainard thinks her pop was innocent. It was to keep her from seeing him with those handcuffs on that he let himself go."

Mr. Klegg understood.

"No one will ever know," he replied; "no one but us—and God Almighty."

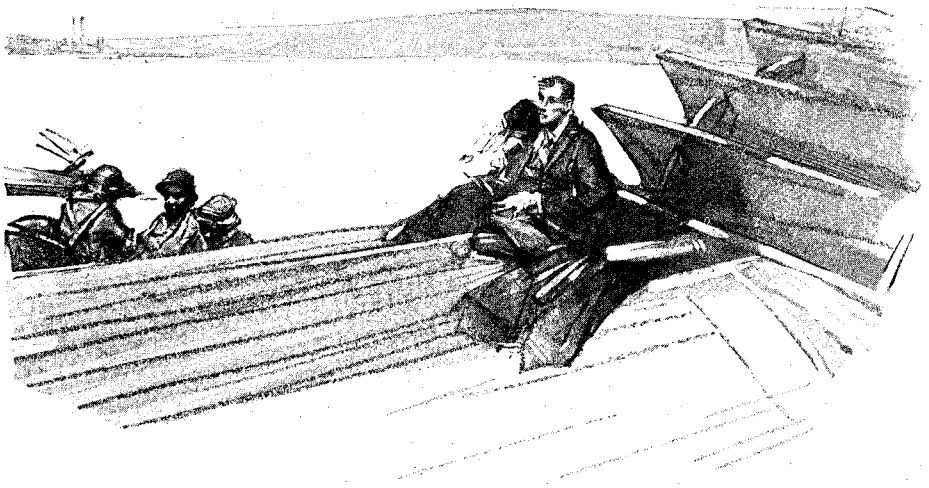
The two shook hands.

There was a break in the clouds. The sun slanted down on the turbulent waters and began the old process of taming them back again into submission and peace. A friendly current caught the derelict a little later on and started her toward the shore where Altamount lay.

Latouche crept over to where Miss Brainard sat. Regardless of the others there he put his arm about her shoulders.

"The old packet's carrying us home," he murmured.

She rested her head on his shoulder and wept.



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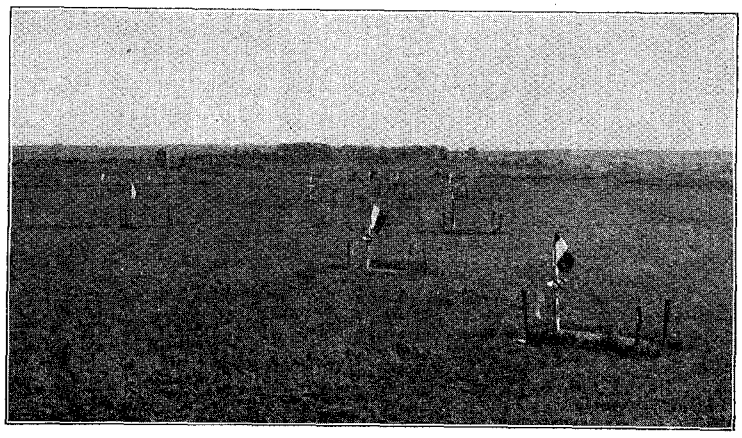
A GROUP OF WAR POEMS



A FIELD CEMETERY IN FRANCE

By Grace Ellery Channing

"Thousands of crosses mark the graves of France's nameless dead."—*Newspaper extract.*

SEE in what sweet majestic state
Serenely these have rest,
Who were her hand, her sword, her lightning's glance;
Lives whom their deaths so greatly decorate
No lesser decoration shall enhance
Nor a less lofty fate
Better this best:
Medal and marble would be derogate
For those who pinned with bayonet and lance
The Tri-color securely on *her* breast
And are named—France!

CANDLES

By Allen Tucker

TALL they stand, the candles,
Tall and thin and very white,
Each one with its quiet flame,
Small, bright, and very sharp,
In the enormous gloom,
The enclosed infinity of Notre Dame.

The candles burn,
Burn to God, for the repose of the souls
Of the splendid dead.

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About the altar,
The altar where rests the spirit of God,
Are the flags;

The battle flags,
Red, white, and blue,
Orange, green, or deepest black,
Crosses, stripes, or shining stars,
Flags and symbols of us all.

There are the flags,
The terrible flags,
Hanging so still, so very still,
In the enveloped space
Of the high, uplifted nave.

Steadily burn the candles,
Slowly, calmly, brightly burn,
Flaming upward toward God,
Asking for peace for the souls
Of the warrior dead,
Who gave their lives that love might always live.

FOR THE YOUTHFUL DEAD

By Edward Shillito

REMEMBER that these dead were only boys;
One master-word, and they laid down their toys,
Their half-discovered pains, half-hidden joys,
In manus tuas, Domine!

Virgil and Milton were but lessons dull;
They knew not Shakespeare's smile most pitiful,
They were but boys still in Thy lower school,
In manus tuas, Domine!

So many noble books they had not read!
But now they dwell with the immortal dead
And hear their later words, on earth unsaid,
In manus tuas, Domine!

They sang in Chapel of Jerusalem;
But they had won from life no diadem
To carry through the streets that welcome them;
In manus tuas, Domine!

For they were only boys; but, Son of Man,
Take up with them the story they began;
Remember the last fierce lap for Thee they ran.
In manus tuas, Domine!

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TO ENGLAND

By William Bakewell Wharton

MOTHER, we come from beyond the sea,
Whom you bore in the distant past,
Unloving children of thine were we,
But flesh of thy flesh at the last.

We came not for thy deep bruised breast,
For the pain in thy valiant cry,
But we come at last for our own soul's rest
Lest the soul of England die.

Now from camp and from keen gray fleet
Our war flags also fly,
You hear the throb of our marching feet—
Mother! Thy sons are nigh.

Now in the watch for morning dim,
Through the beats of the shrapnel's drum,
You hear the surge of our battle hymn—
Mother! We come! We come!

THE RETURNING

By Louis Dodge

THEY passed: the crowds dissolved, the music died;
But one old man with hair like wind-swept foam
Gazed into space with sombre eyes and cried,
"God bring the dear lads, when their work is over, home!"

God bring them home, those boys?—ah, they who bear
The dreadful shock, they shall return some day
With new-born souls, and they shall ever wear
A loftier mien than when they went away.

But they who fall, knights of the living God,
Who meet the dawn upon a foreign shore,
They shall come back from France's poppied sod
To be our boys, unchanged, forevermore.

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ROUGE BOUQUET

By Joyce Kilmer

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

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THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER

MODERN war has become an all-absorbing science which demands for its successful prosecution the highest order of direction. The present world war is a contest among the nations, wholly different from the old methods of war in which field armies were organized and marched forth to seek battle with corresponding forces of the enemy. The preparation of armies for the old method of campaigning and fighting was not a simple matter, and failure to achieve results was often attributable to lack of attention to some detail.

To plan for the organization and mobilization of military resources in such manner that nations may pass automatically to a war establishment requires detailed study of an infinite variety of problems by men trained for the purpose. The problems involved in the organization and transportation of armies to a distant theatre of operations are complicated in themselves, yet they constitute only the initial moves, for, without proper provision for sustaining those at the front with a constant flow of supplies and with trained men to fill the gaps which occur in the ranks before hostile armies come in contact, the organizations would fade away as did the little army of General Scott in Mexico at the very moment when men were most needed to assure the success of the final assault on the capital of that country.

A vast accumulation of evidence as to our neglect of the commonest military principles in past wars led to a general demand for reform at the close of the war with Spain. It had become evident that there was grave need in our military system of a co-ordinating and supervisory body to direct the activities of numerous independent bureaus engaged in creating and supplying the army, but often working at cross-purposes. Such co-ordinating duties are performed in nearly all the armies of the world by bodies of selected officers, known as the General Staff, and that title was adopted for the new corps introduced in the American military system in 1903. The people generally have become familiar with the title of the new corps, but little is known of its work or of the long contest against inertia and self-interest incident to the creation of this controlling body of military experts.

During the period of fourteen years intervening between its creation and the declaration of war with Germany, the upbuilding of the General Staff had not progressed in accord with our needs. In the face of modern war and its attending consequences, all the narrow limitations within which it had been attempted to confine the employment of the General Staff have been swept away and the entire control of the nation's military establishment is now unreservedly committed to the Chief of Staff and his assistants, acting directly under the Secretary of War.

The duties of the General Staff involve consideration of every detail which concerns the fitting of the people to win the war. From its previous studies the General Staff deduced and has unhesitatingly and insistently supported the view that if the nation was to play its full part as one of the allies in arms against the Central Powers of Europe it would be necessary to abandon the volunteer system and to proceed on the basis of universal obligation to render service under a selective-draft system. The correctness and fairness of this method of raising armies, especially in a republic, are now accepted by practically all the people. If the Gen-

*** Elihu Root, when Secretary of War, said: "Special credit is due to General William H. Carter for the exceptional ability and untiring industry which he has contributed to the work of devising, bringing about, and putting into operation the general staff law."

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eral Staff shall accomplish nothing more in the war, the acceptance of this vital principle should justify its existence.

The General Staff naturally divides itself into those who study and plan at the War Department, and those who assist the generals commanding in the field to execute the instructions based on the plans and policies of the government. To accomplish the stupendous tasks now confronting it, the War Department General Staff has been recently reorganized and many new powers conferred upon it, to make reasonably certain that the war policies of the nation shall be speedily and harmoniously executed by the several corps, bureaus, and other agencies of the military establishment. The planning of the general war programme and its development in its larger aspects have been definitely assigned as the functions of the Chief of Staff and the War Council.

The governmental system, commonly called red tape, has been modified or ruthlessly eliminated wherever its intricacies seemed to interfere with achievement of the great purpose of fitting the army to play its high part in winning the war. The most important and far-reaching of the recent changes is that which confers authority upon the assistants to the Chief of Staff, who are generals in charge of important divisions, to issue instructions in the name of the Secretary of War as to matters within their control which involve the carrying out of approved policies. In consequence, chief of bureaus are required to co-operate to the fullest extent in the execution of such orders, and to communicate directly with the chiefs of the several divisions of the General Staff upon all matters as to which the latter now have control. This would be regarded as a matter of course in any great corporation, yet from the creation of the General Staff Corps in 1903, until the reorganization of the War Department incident to America's entrance into the great war, bureau chiefs have declined to accept orders of the Secretary of War communicated by an assistant to the Chief of Staff.

The General Staff is now engaged in the creation of a great army and its transfer to France under all the disadvantages arising from long neglect of the rudimentary principles of preparedness. To visualize properly the problems confronting the General Staff at this time, one needs to know in detail the failure of Congress to heed the repeated warnings as to our military needs, conveyed at nearly every session during a long period of years. A forward-looking people regard that as water now gone over the wheel, and in any event no one ever believed that this generation would witness a procession of transports conveying American troops to fight upon the soil of Europe.

For nearly three years the nation had held to its course of neutrality, sustained by a general public opinion against participation in the war if it could be honorably avoided. The General Staff, however, pursued their investigations and studies with tireless vigor, in full recognition of the fact that the sinister effects of war could not be long avoided under the conditions. When the existence of war with Germany had been finally declared and the result of the studies of the General Staff made known, the nation was astonished at being informed that it would require at least a year to prepare a sufficient force to take its place in the lines of battle with the Allies, and that a much longer period would be necessary to provide guns for the artillery, an arm grown to supreme importance upon the modern battle-field.

It was a matter of public knowledge that American inventors had kept pace with every application of modern science to military purposes, and that when the war in Europe commenced there had been immediate enlargement and multiplication of American industrial plants to meet the demands of the nations at war. This was welcome knowledge to the General Staff, but they fully appreciated that dependence upon American production to support the Allies had grown to a point where it would be dangerous to the common cause to interrupt the supply in order to provide for the new and large army destined to be raised in America.

Those responsible for the conduct of American participation having accepted the views of the General Staff, their further plans for the establishment of large camps and cantonments for the mobiliza-

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tion and training of the new army met with approval. It then became apparent that the inimical and restrictive legislation of the preceding year, which had cut down the General Staff instead of enlarging it, had been most unwise. In order that there should be uniformity of organization and instruction it became necessary to assign nearly all the available general staff officers to the large cantonments, where they contributed their expert knowledge to the training of the new army. This unduly weakened the General Staff at the War Department, and before action could be taken to strengthen it, some of the most important bureaus began to break down under the extraordinary strain. It was then decided to reinforce the General Staff at the War Department without delay, and to expand its supervision to a point of absolute control of many war activities not contemplated in the original scheme of organization of the General Staff Corps.

In the reorganization which has taken place bureaucratic pride and precedent have had to give way to efficiency. To comprehend clearly the administration of the American army it should be remembered that coincident with the inauguration of the General Staff Corps the old office of Commanding General of the Army disappeared. The Chief of Staff is the legal adviser of the Secretary of War and the President, and it is his duty to prepare the detailed plans for the execution of the military policy laid down for his guidance. In this the Chief of Staff has the assistance of the numerous groups of talented officers assigned to the several divisions of his office. Each of these divisions is presided over by a general officer whose duties are fixed, as definitely as may be practicable, in orders. The War Plans Division, for instance, not only prepares plans for the organization of all branches of the army, together with consideration of the tactics and methods of warfare to be employed, but also reports upon all projects for national defense. It is to this division that all military matters requiring careful study are committed.

The Army Operations Division controls the operation of all branches of the army, including their recruitment and mobilization as well as their movement and distribution.

The recently added duties of the General Staff are embraced in two divisions, that of Purchase and Supply, and the Storage and Traffic Division. Practically all the duties of these two divisions were formerly embraced in those of the Quartermaster General. The duties are quite foreign to the original conception of those pertaining to a general staff, but war is no respecter of privilege or person. The general officer in charge is one of the assistants to the Chief of Staff and is a member of the War Council. He has supervision and direction of all the procurement and production activities of the bureaus and other agencies of the War Department engaged in supplying the army. He has the further very important duties of co-ordinating army purchases with those of other agencies of the government and of our allies, and, when necessary, determines which shall have precedence in the matter of supplies. It is only through such co-ordination that the industrial resources of the country may be advantageously utilized and the forward movement of all the Allies be assured.

One of the ancient controversies in the army has been due to the fact that purchase of supplies and their transportation were not always under the same bureau chief. To eliminate this the Assistant Chief of Staff who controls the Division of Purchase and Supply also presides over the Storage and Traffic Division, which enables him to control the transportation of all branches of the army, both by land and sea, including all army transports engaged in the transatlantic service, and commercial shipping employed to supplement that service. All arrangements with the navy for convoy service are made by this division. The normal conduct of the transport service utilized for maintaining and supplying the garrisons in the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands and Guam has not been disturbed.

The importance of all these changes, arising from a centralization of power as well as responsibility, cannot be overestimated. It is no longer possible for one bureau to shift responsibility for mishaps or shortages of supplies to another branch of the service.

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To further enable the Chief of Staff to devote his attention to the larger problems an Executive Division has been created, under a general officer who automatically acts for the Chief of Staff during his temporary absence, without regard to the relative rank of the general officers of other divisions. It is the primary duty of the Executive Assistant to the Chief of Staff to supervise the business methods of all divisions of the General Staff, as well as those of the War Department bureaus, and to eliminate unnecessary machinery and duplication of work. The Executive Assistant compiles all information relative to the progress of the war programme for the use of the War Council.

Only a part of the manifold duties of the General Staff have been touched upon, but enough has been presented to indicate the magnitude of the task of organizing, equipping, and transporting armies. War has resolved itself into an intense and murderous business between whole nations. There is no place in modern war for the old-style general with political aspirations and an eye on the fall elections. The General Staff is a perpetual body with constantly changing personnel. Its greatest plans are accomplished in the quietude of the study, where no place exists for the proverbial man on horseback. Had the accumulated studies of this carefully selected body of talented men received the attention which was their due, in years gone by, the nation might have possessed a system under which its military resources could have been mobilized at a minimum of cost and disturbance to the ordinary currents of life.

Those familiar with American military history have not failed to note the never-ending bickering concerning the lack of co-ordination in the matter of supplies and transportation of our armies. During the Civil War so much evidence accumulated on the subject that, at the close of that struggle, a committee of Congress was appointed to make an investigation. The opinion of a very considerable part of the army was expressed by General Schofield when he informed the committee: "That the greatest evil of our present military system, or lack of system, is that the staff departments are practically independent corps. . . ."

This same conclusion had been reached ten years before by the Secretary of War, who expressed the opinion that our military system was defective, and that: "One of the greatest errors of detail is the separate, independent character of our staff corps. This removes them from their proper positions as aids or assistants to the commander and constitutes them his equals."

It was not to be expected that the all-powerful chiefs of bureaus would voluntarily relinquish their independence, for under the system of War Department administration at that time they were all equal, acknowledging only the superior authority of the Secretary of War and denying to the Commanding General of the Army any right to subject them to his orders. It was this condition that made the office of Commanding General of the Army an empty title, and sent the great war generals, Sherman, Sheridan, and others to sulk in their tents.

In the presence of the great struggle now going on for untrammelled existence on the part of many of the most highly civilized nations of the modern world, and with knowledge of the worthy achievements of our General Staff, without which this nation would have still been floundering in its efforts to raise an army, the stumbling-blocks placed in the path of the legislation to create the new corps seem now unbelievable. Nor did inimical action cease with the enactment of legislation for the creation of the American General Staff, for from the date of its organization until America entered the present war, personal and bureau interests have exercised much influence in retarding and preventing the full development of this highly essential instrumentality of modern war.

It should not be forgotten that within less than a year before America entered the war, and two years after our allies had lined up in Belgium and France to stay the onrush of the highly trained German masses, Congress enacted the National Defense Act, containing provisions inimical to the General Staff in many ways. It is useless at this time to discuss the motives of those responsible for the injection of restrictive legislation in the act. Had it not been for the liberal-minded and pa-

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triotic interpretation placed upon the new statute by the Secretary of War, the interests of the nation would have been sacrificed without any compensating advantages. It is impossible for members of Congress to familiarize themselves with the details of all legislation in process of making, and a practice has arisen of leaving to committees the preparation of all details. In wars of magnitude, such as now occur between nations in arms, it is a safe conclusion that the unselfish recommendations of the General Staff, when approved by the War Council and Secretary of War, are entitled to outweigh all pleadings of special interests.

The lessons of the world's greatest war, as they affect our future life, should be studied by every American citizen with a view to retaining that which is good and eliminating that which may not seem adapted to our particular needs, and, in any event, to save posterity from repeating the extravagant mistakes of this generation.

In its comparatively brief existence the American General Staff has justly earned the confidence of the nation for its talented and businesslike plans for overcoming the results of long-continued neglect of preparedness. The interests of the nation will always be best conserved when those high in authority dictate the general policy and leave to the military experts the formulation of detailed plans. There is no such thing as military policy separate and distinct from the civil policy, so there can be no working at cross-purposes. The organic act creating the General Staff wisely provides certain limitations upon the term of office of the Chief of Staff, and it is prescribed very definitely, by regulations of the President, that should the Chief of Staff, at any time, find himself not in accord with the policy fixed for his guidance, he must step aside in order that the Secretary of War may always count upon the active and loyal support of his principal military adviser.

In all our national life we have had almost continuous minor warfare. There is no better field of endeavor for the development of military character in young officers. It was in that school of warfare that the present Chief of Staff, and the generals commanding the American forces in France, received their training and at every step won the highest approval of their superiors in authority. Their development with increasing responsibilities has been rapid and of sound foundation. The nation may rest content with the knowledge that those now in control of our military problems are fully equal to the great responsibility, and if loyally supported will render full account of their stewardship.

The cause for which the nation fights is everything. The interests of individuals count for nothing except as they merge in the common purpose to win victory. The cabinets of our allies have been changed with a frequency to which we are unaccustomed, but ministers and generals, too, are human after all, and when they have spent their strength in high endeavor, they must needs step aside for a time, while those fresh for the fray take up the work and press forward to the only end we may accept with honor—overmastering victory.

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AUGUST MOONRISE

By Sara Teasdale

THE sun was gone, and the moon was coming
Over the blue Connecticut hills;
The west was rosy, the east was flushed
And over my head the swallows rushed
This way and that, with changeful wills.
I heard them twitter and watched them dart
Now together and now apart
Like dark petals blown from a tree.
The maples stamped against the west
Were black and stately and full of rest,
And the hazy orange moon grew up
And slowly changed to melting gold,
While the hills were darkened, fold on fold,
To a deeper blue than a flower could hold.
Down the hill I went, and then
I forgot the ways of men,
For night-scents, heady and keen and cool
Wakened ecstasy in me
On the brink of a shining pool.

Oh, Beauty, out of many a cup
You have made me drunk and wild
Ever since I was a child,
But when have I been sure as now
That no bitterness can bend
And no sorrow wholly bow
One who loves you to the end?

And though I must give my breath
And my laughter all to death,
And my eyes through which joy came,
And my heart that was a flame;
If all must leave me and go back
Along a dim and fearful track
So that you can make anew,
Fusing in more splendid fire,
Something nearer your desire;
If my soul must go alone
Through a cold infinity,
Or even if it vanish, too,
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

Let this single hour atone
For the theft of all of me.

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THE STORY VINTON HEARD AT MALLORIE

By Katharine Prescott Moseley

"THERE is only one letter for you," said Ware's sister, and she turned the handle of the coffee-urn as she watched him slit the envelope, for Ware had exclaimed: "By Jove! It's from Vinton." And then, after a moment: "That's a nice thing. Roberts posted this last night instead of telephoning it up directly it came. He's on the ———*nia*, due in New York—let me see—you have the *Herald* there—look in the shipping, will you? Are they sighted?"

Abigail took up the paper. "Docked last night at nine," she said.

"Then he'll have caught the midnight from New York. If he's not stopping in Boston he'll be on the eight fifty-eight."

"Is he coming here?"

"Yes, he says so. He'll have quite a bit to tell if I know him." And an hour or so later Abigail Ware saw Vinton lift his eyes to the columns of the white porch glistening in the morning sun behind her, and as he sprang out of the motor and took her hand: "My foot is on my native heath and my name is MacGregor!" he cried.

Abigail led the way into the dining-room. "Come in by the fire; I've kept some coffee hot," she said.

Vinton approached the warmth of the pine logs that were sending out sparks against the screen of the Franklin stove. "There's something fearfully penetrating about the air over here at this time of year," he began. "Open fires are its saving complement."

Abigail held out his cup.

"Warm as toast in England; perfect English spring this year."

"Oh, no doubt of it; spring's the time for England," Ware asserted.

"Fall for New England," said Ware's sister. "But tell me," she went on, "you were talking of saving complements. What are the saving complements over there just now?"

"There aren't any." Vinton's voice was suddenly sombre.

"I should think not!" It came from brother and sister at once.

A moment passed before Vinton turned from the fire and let his eyes wander from the pale yellow heads of the daffodils nodding in the easterly May air outside to the cool tints of the Lowestoft bowl on which some Chinese artisan a century before had picked out the initials of a merchant-sailor grandfather in pale tints of blue and gold and which now stood in the centre of the table filled with sprays of the rhodora. "Yes," he said slowly, "I suppose there are saving complements of a sort if one is heroic enough to find them, but—well, one can hardly —What shall I say? Everything over there—I mean all sorts of what you'd call merely material objects—is being charged, I believe, with some sort of spiritual essence that is going to be indefinitely active to future contact."

He looked across the table to where Ware sat with his chair a little pushed back, and laughed. "The intolerant old Puritan thinks I'm off again, doesn't he?" he said almost archly. Then he glanced about the room once more. "I think," he continued, "that there is an extraordinary beauty of a kind about our old houses over here—a charm, too, although I've never been able to analyze it, for, after all, you know, there's nothing in them!"

"The Puritan," he began to explain, "belonged peculiarly to the race that in England had always opposed all of what one may call the sensory elements that were of such immense appeal to the race of the Cavaliers, for I believe that the two did spring from essentially different roots.

> "'A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'"

"What more does it need to be?" Ware protested, and "Ah! there you are,"

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Vinton responded. "But don't you see, after all, such negation never created"—he laughed a little again. "Never created an—an——"

"An eschatology?" supplemented Ware.

"A what? What on earth's an eschatology?" gasped Ware's sister.

"Say, for brevity, the material manifestation of spiritual things; not quite theological, but 'twill serve," Vinton returned, and was silent; and after a time Abigail asked him what he thought of the legend of the Angel of Mons. Then it was that Vinton began to be truly cryptic. "What's the use," he said genially, "of talking about these things to two people who are made of stuff as splendidly solid and insensitive to the vibrations of what they'd call fantasy as their colonial pieces themselves."

Abigail sighed. "I'm sorry that I'm too insensitive to hear of these saving complements of horror," she said. "As for Billy, I suppose he wants the facts."

"The horror," returned Vinton, "for the facts are all horror. If it hadn't been for the story that the Marquis of Mallorie's daughter told me I should bring home nothing else."

"Is this one of those manifestations you refuse to reveal to us?"

"It is the only one. It's no use before Ware; perhaps some time—if you will listen."

"Go on," said Ware; "'*si non e vero, e ben trovato.*'"

"Oh, I'm not making it up."

"Well, what do they say about the Russian advance, over there? Did you see any of the big German guns in action?"

For days after this the conversation turned on the technical questions of war, with which Vinton's opportunities as a war correspondent had made him familiar.

Then one night Vinton had come down from Boston on a late afternoon train. He had been lunching at one of the clubs with friends who had listed him to speak at two or three houses in aid of emergency funds. It was tea-time and suddenly he rose, with his cup and saucer in hand, and went over to one of the dining-room windows. "Hello," he said. "We're going to get a northeaster, I'll be bound."

"The sheep-shearer's due," said Ware from his desk.

And it was that very night, when the great easterly gale was enveloping the whole New England coast and was sending showers of sparks down the big fireplace before which they sat, in a low-ceiled room which had been the kitchen in colonial days, that Vinton told the story as he had heard it from the Marquis of Mallorie's daughter.

"It seems," he began, "that the Mallories are of an immensely ancient family in the southwest of England; the title is one of the oldest in the realm, and one of the poorest. Away back in the time of the Tudor they became Protestant under protest, and have remained so under protest; only their chapel, like the worshipping places of the early Christians, was taken down into the bosom of the earth and there it rested, exhaling strange virtues over all the land above, and, as many thought, harboring much of good that the newer order of things had cast out. And so the Mallories are High-Church and when the Puseyites began their revolt they were only approaching what the Mallories had been for centuries. And about these delightful people there is none of the fanaticism of the convert.

When war broke out there were two beautiful daughters living, most of their time, down there at Mallorie Abbey, and a son who went over with the expeditionary force as soon as war was declared. This young man was killed in action, under the most heroic circumstances. He was, apparently, the type of young soldier who might have been one of Arthur's men, and I believe the clerical incumbent there used to quote the lines of the Puritan Milton: 'Arthur stirring wars under the earth that hides him,' or 'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen,' as having a kind of ironic application to the whole Mallorie domain. When I came back from France I was pretty well used up, and Carteret Lyon asked me down to his place, which stands within four or five miles of Mallorie, in the south. They are, of course, in mourning

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and fearfully sad, but I met the eldest daughter at tea one afternoon, and, being the most natural people on earth, and as I could tell her some things she wished to hear about France, we became almost friends at once. After that they made me welcome at Mallorie whenever I dropped in at tea-time, and one day Lady Maurya took me over the abbey, telling me as we went through the dim old place with its stained and mullioned windows, a lot of its curious, almost supernatural, history. Suddenly she broke off from the narrative, on which it had seemed to me that her mind had been only lightly fixed, and, sinking down on a window-seat in the low, long hall we had been passing through, she looked up at me and said: 'Ah, this is nothing to something that has really happened here within the year.'

"I asked her if she could tell me, and she answered that she wished to, but that it was all so very extraordinary that she feared I would be unable to believe it, and she felt that she could not hear it doubted.

"I said to her that I was the most believing man since the Dark Ages, and so she told me.

"It was the anniversary of her brother's death, and a quarter to three in the morning had just struck from the clock on a kind of tower that rises over the chapel and which has a circular stairway running down into the middle of a small lady-chapel where her brother's body (which had finally been found after the engagement in which he had been killed) had been buried. She and the other members of her family were keeping vigil beside the tomb by turns while masses were being said, during the twelve hours that were passing, and she was just mounting the stairs to go to her room for a little rest, being nearly exhausted with fatigué and emotion, when suddenly the tower and stairway, which had been in inky darkness before, became as light as day. She knew in an instant what it was, and, looking up, straight over her head she saw a Zeppelin hovering exactly above where she stood and so low that it seemed to her that she could see the crew and their preparations for the hideous work afoot. Then she looked down and a single shaft of the search-light fell directly on the heads of those who were gathered on their knees about the tomb. They were praying, with their heads bent and their eyes closed, for not one of them seemed to be aware of it, and the priests, whose chanting came up to her fearfully from the altar, were protected from it by the high reredos. There was something so dreadful and so uncanny about it all that she was petrified, for she knew that annihilation was hanging over her and all her family, without the shadow of a doubt, for the aim was at the tower—which was a landmark for miles around—and that it would fall before she could warn one of her people to safety, when, as in a flash from nowhere, flying at a most terrific rate of speed yet without a sound and straight at the Zeppelin, there appeared an aeroplane. It approached almost within hailing distance of the great thing without firing, and then, as the Zeppelin started a little, the aeroplane began swirling about it. She could not tell how long a battle went on between them without a single shot from either. It seemed as if the aeroplane was winding the monster in some intangible net, in which it turned and twisted and writhed, trying to get away into the free air; and then, again without a single shot, it fell to earth.

"Every one of the crew had been killed when the men went out to it, and while she and her sister watched from the top of the tower they saw the aeroplane skim down and land just below them. Hastening below she threw back a little door that opened to the ground, and there she came face to face with the aeronaut. He wore no helmet, and, in this very early light, for it was in the first days of the year, he looked as if he stood in a shining black armor. His hair was golden, and the rising sun touched it, and he was the most beautiful creature that she had ever seen—so beautiful that she fell back against the wall behind her.

"Then the others came and showered him with thanks and insisted that he should be their guest at Mallorie, and, to every one's astonishment, Lady Maurya's mother called the man who had served her son for many years and directed him to take the stranger to her son's rooms, that had not been open since the day he fell in battle, and also she said that as they were of about the same height his

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wardrobe should be at the stranger's disposal. He accepted their invitation and stayed at Mallorie Abbey for nearly a week, saying that there were a few things he must do about his machine. And yet, during his whole stay, no one ever saw him at work on it. In fact, although the Mallories never mentioned it to him, they knew that there was much excitement, not only among their own people but in the countryside, because since the moment he had come to earth no one had been able to find the aeroplane. He would sometimes play tennis with Lady Maurya and her sister the whole morning or afternoon, and at sight of him in their brother's flannels and with his gayest kummerbunds and ties they felt no pangs, only a great comfort in his presence, not exactly as if their brother was really back with them, but as if he had power to fill them with the same sort of happiness they had always felt when the young soldier was at home with them on leave.

"One night during that week a general officer back from France on an important mission dined at the abbey. After dinner, something calling the marquis out, the officer and the aeronaut, Lieutenant Templar, as he called himself, were left alone. As the officer was bidding Lady Maurya good-by, two hours later, he said: 'This evening has been worth twenty trips from France. I have learned that which may be of such value to us that it will turn the tide of war. This young savior of Mallorie Abbey may be the savior of Europe. But how does he *know?*'

"Then it was that Lady Maurya took Lieutenant Templar by himself, and she brought him into the very hall where she told me the story, and she said to him (and how could any creature of earth or heaven have resisted her, for she has all the beauty and all the allurements of both?): 'Why were your wings all purple and gold when you came flying to save us that morning?'

"And he answered her: 'The shadow of the earth upon the skies, and a touch of dawn.'

"'But there was no dawn,' she said. 'And when you came to the great monster why did your wings change to flaming scarlet, so bright that no eyes could rest upon them?'

"'The rising sun,' he said.

"And she answered: 'But there was no rising sun.'

"And then he looked at her for a long time while neither spoke, and at last: 'How could you send the thing to earth without a single shot?' she asked.

"And he answered, after a moment: 'Because in me is all the strength of that bright ardor which has led young warriors to die in battle for the right since earth began. And now my strength is most mightily renewed with the strength of all the lads who were the first to die for England. Was not your brother one of these? Such souls are the stuff of which are made the angels and archangels and all the heavenly host.'

"And as she looked at him, standing before her, it seemed to her, in the dim light, that instead of the evening clothes he had been wearing she saw again a glint of black armor as on the morning when he had first come to them, and then, like Elsa, she asked him who he was, and he, like Lohengrin, was gone.

"But from that day to this there has been no more sorrowing at Mallorie Abbey."

The great northeaster had stopped its wild howling at the very moment that Vinton was adding: "They have never known which of them it was—whether it was Michael—or Gabriel—or Raphael!"

Ware poked the fire and said nothing.

"Do you believe it?" asked Ware's sister.

"What an impossible word that word 'believe' is! What does it mean?"

"And do you like the idea—the idea of losing one's identity in one great superlative being like that?"

Vinton thought a moment, and then he said: "When I remember that all the trouble on this earth comes in the train of that infernal thing we call the ego it seems to me that the heavenly things must indeed arise from its complete surrender. Yes," he continued more slowly, "yes, I think I like it very much."

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

XXVII

THE THIEF GOES FREE

WHEN Susan was sure that the plank was in its proper position she slipped to the back door and looked out. Less than a hundred yards away the figure of a man was approaching slowly, cautiously.

It was with swift relief that she recognized, presently, the familiar outlines of Mann. She felt that it was good to have him near her. He was almost the only known quantity that had a place in her life for the moment. Other foundations seemed to be slipping, but Mann was becoming an influence of a definite kind—a dependable kind.

And then a new fear assailed her. Herkimer, lying beneath the floor, would be able to hear every word that was spoken in the silence of the empty room, and the very familiarity of Mann's speech would have the effect of an indictment against her, in the mind of the man who lay concealed. Herkimer would realize quickly that there was some special relationship between her, Susan, and the man who entered unbidden and talked to her in a manner which would imply common predicaments and understandings.

She had assured Herkimer that she had remained faithful to him, she had urged him to begin a new life; and he had expressed his satisfaction in her good conduct. What conclusions would he draw from what must almost inevitably occur as soon as Mann entered the cabin? It seemed to her possible that he would throw away caution and appear before them, demanding an explanation. She realized, in short, that an intimacy had been established between herself and Mann—an intimacy which she could scarcely explain to herself, and which she certainly could not have defined to Herkimer.

The thought occurred to her that she might warn Mann, when he came nearer, that he must not speak—that he must not remain in the cabin. But what would he think if she should do anything so extraordinary? She might make a frank explanation to him later; but discretion seemed to demand that she keep her secret, even from one whom she had no reason to distrust.

For a moment she suffered actual fear and was swayed to and fro by indecision; and then a perfectly simple way out of her dilemma occurred to her. Mann's feet were at the very portal when the solution of her difficulty was found. With a swift, cautious movement she threw herself on the bench on which she had slept fitfully earlier in the night. In an instant her body seemed wholly in repose. Her eyes were closed; she was breathing deeply; an arm hung limply by her side, the fingers touching the floor.

It was so that she appeared when Mann paused at the door and looked in.

He did not speak. He was gladdened by the thought that she was resting—that she was forgetting. He crept into the room so cautiously that not even a timber creaked. For a moment he stood regarding her through the shadows. Then he shook his head and smiled. She seemed more child than woman just now—yet what a child she was! If she had advanced but a little distance into the world of catalogued intelligence, how surely she had held to the innate purity which is the birthright of every normal human being! If she turned an almost blank and unseeing eye to some of the aspects of life which seemed to him the simplest aspects of all, how unerringly she held to certain rare and lofty qualities: courage, and judiciousness, and a quiet faith in the ultimate value of honesty!

He resumed his place on the floor, against the wall, and because of the

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pleasant character of his musings his body relaxed little by little; he became drowsy, and finally he slept.

Susan ventured to lift her arm and to move into a more comfortable position. She listened intently for any sound indicating that Herkimer still remained in his hiding-place, but she heard nothing.

Minutes passed and grew into hours. She could not sleep; and finally she sat up and leaned on the window-sill and looked out into the night, which seemed almost bursting from invisible life and mystic forces. Practically alone, she felt that she had never been so oppressed by myriad presences as now. All that life had ever meant or been to her seemed arrayed out there in the darkness, waiting to see what she would undertake to do next.

The moon was gone; but under the less assertive light of the stars objects which were really a great way off stood forth with a kind of sombre clarity. And then in the midst of a sea of indefinite things Susan suddenly perceived a moving object, upon which all her emotions were strongly focussed. A man on horseback moved out from the obscure mass where the woods and undergrowth stood, and in a moment she could discern the clear outlines of the horse's head and the man's, rising against the horizon. It seemed that the rider reached a highway, and then the horse moved more rapidly. In another moment the moving figures had disappeared.

Herkimer was gone!

"Thank God!" cried Susan. Her hands were clasped in an ecstasy of triumph.

Mann stirred. "Did you speak?" he asked.

"Did I?" she responded quietly.

"Perhaps I only imagined it. What a long night it is! Doesn't it seem to you that we've been here an eternity?"

"It seems a long time," agreed Susan. She was thinking: "He's going free this time—he's going to have another chance!"

With the breaking of day minor difficulties had to be confronted. For one thing, Susan no longer had money with which to buy a railroad ticket. Moreover, there was no way in which she could explain to Mann her lack of funds.

What had seemed to her, while in Herkimer's presence, a slight sacrifice, began now to assume its actual proportions. Her final experience in Horseshoe had opened her eyes to the fact that her great quest of freedom had been quite impracticable. Whatever it was that she had longed for, it was not a thing that could be gained by roaming among strangers. Nor did it seem possible now to bring her quest to an end by the simple process of returning to the city afoot. Difficulties had multiplied, and she was now regarded as a suspicious character throughout the entire region into which she had come.

She thought of Mann as a temporary source of aid; but even Mann, she realized, would be able to do but little for her or for himself until they had put a considerable distance between themselves and Horseshoe. Moreover, she was more strongly disinclined than ever before to depend upon him for aid. New chasms had appeared between them. She felt herself an impostor now in her acceptance of honest companionship. She felt anew the impossibility of ever recompensing him for the aid and encouragement he had extended to her.

When the first rays of the sun filtered into the hut through a score of crevices in the eastern wall, Mann got up and yawned and greeted Susan with a cheerful "Good morning!" Then, regarding her more closely, he added, "I'm afraid you haven't succeeded in putting dull care behind you, after all. You look troubled."

"I find that I haven't money to buy a ticket," she replied, without offering any explanation of her predicament.

He assumed a vastly cheerful air. "That doesn't matter," he assured her. "You forget our good friend Cleopatra. I must simply get out and sell Cleopatra with as much celerity as the people of Horseshoe may consider consistent with such a transaction. As a matter of fact, we and Cleopatra have come to a parting of the ways in any case. Despite her great usefulness to us and the highly logical manner in which we assumed responsibility for her, we must give her up. We haven't a little red barn wherein to

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shelter her, and even if we could provide a red barn there would be no oats. She needs her breakfast this present instant, and I'll be dinged if I know where it's coming from. There is also the casual fact that we ought to have a bite ourselves. I am sure I have made it plain to you that we must sacrifice Cleopatra."

"Yes, . . . of course," agreed Susan. She hung her head. She was not being frank with this cheerful friend of hers. It seemed quite impossible for her to be frank with him; yet surely he had merited honest treatment at her hands.

"Don't you worry," he added pleasantly. "You've had an ugly night; but the world will look different to you when you've had a good night's sleep and something to eat, and after you've turned your face toward home again." He took her hand and patted it lightly. His deep blue eyes were smiling serenely into hers.

When he left the hut and turned almost jauntily toward the woods-patch, Susan charged herself with all unfaithfulness toward him. In a sense she had betrayed him; and he, in their moment of greatest adversity, was proving himself a loyal friend.

She resolved no longer to repay generosity with deceit. She would no longer permit him to assume the weight of her burdens. The open road and a life of freedom lay before him. Travelling alone, he need have no thought of hardship. Well, she would bid him go, when he returned. She would run the risk of finding her way back to the city unaided and alone.

When he did not reappear promptly she knew just what had detained him. He was searching for that which he would never find again. And even in that moment she recalled with joy the picture of a horse and rider speeding away to meet the dawn.

Restlessly she walked the floor, to and fro, trying to shape those words with which she would bid Mann go his way and leave her alone, when he came back. She looked out toward the town that had rejected her; and suddenly she stood quite still and rubbed her eyes as if to remove a fantastic dream.

Coming across the common, quite close to the hut now, was the figure of a decrepit old woman, who carried a staff and took swift, short steps.

"It's the same," mused Susan wonderingly. Her mind reverted to the old woman she and Mann had encountered upon entering Horseshoe.

As if nature had not put a sufficiently large number of burdens upon her, she carried a basket; and her progress was like that of one who is about to pitch forward in a physical collapse—though Susan was sure she was not mistaken in believing that the poor old creature was nodding to her reassuringly, and that her eyes were bright with the consciousness of a good intention.

"But how could she have known that I was here?" pondered Susan; and, though she did not find a clear answer to that question, she was conscious of a vague uneasiness.

In the meantime, the ancient creature had stopped before the door and was bending, with difficulty, that she might deposit on the sill the basket she carried.

"Let me help," said Susan. She took the basket into her own firm hands and stood looking down upon the forlorn figure of her visitor.

"I brought it for you," were the words she heard in a quavering voice.

"For me?" echoed Susan. She looked at the basket almost incredulously, and then slowly she uncovered it. It was packed carefully with various kinds of food. Her eyes seemed to darken. "For me?" she repeated. And then—"But why should you have been so generous?" Then she observed that the old woman's hands, grasping her staff, were trembling. "Do excuse me," she added impulsively, "I didn't realize that you must be tired after the walk you've had. Won't you come in? It's cool inside, and there's a place where you can sit." She led the way into the cabin. She would have helped her visitor, but she surmised that help might be unwelcome. When the old woman had eased herself slowly to the bench and had pushed her sunbonnet back from her eyes, she added gently: "I wonder how you knew I was here?"

An expression which was not lacking in malice came into the woman's eyes. "You had visitors here last night, didn't you?" she asked.

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"Yes, some one came in," Susan admitted.

"And yet you don't understand that all Horseshoe knows by this time that you're here?"

"I hadn't thought . . . it wouldn't have seemed to me a very important matter . . ."

"Horseshoe hasn't any important matters. It talks about little things—most gladly of all about the misfortunes of others. It's a hellhole!" The voice rose shrilly on the last word. The eyes became malevolent.

"Yes, I see," agreed Susan soothingly. She was somewhat alarmed by the unsuspected violence of the ancient creature.

"They've given you a bad name. You'll find the doors of the town closed to you. And so I brought food for you. You'll do well to go on as soon as you can. You see, I'm not asking you any questions, but if you've any kindness in your heart—even though you're a great sinner—you'd not be able to bear the knowledge of the meanness of this town's hypocrites."

"Yes," assented Susan slowly, "I am going on. And perhaps I am a 'great sinner,' though I'm really not a bad woman, you know. I think I've been trying to—to make a dream come true. Of course, I've been very foolish. Yes, I'm going on, after a little. You see, I've been used to city ways all my life. I'll be all right when I get back to the city." She tried to speak quite simply. She had an idea it must be a childish intelligence she had to deal with. Bitterness seemed to her the sign of a fundamental weakness.

And yet she had cause to reconsider that point a moment later. Her visitor arose with difficulty and prepared to go. But at the door she paused and turned. "I think you're in danger here," she said. Something of sad reasonableness had come into her tone. "I don't know what kind of woman you are, really. I don't know anything about you. But I'm told you worked well for Mrs. Royal. And my eyes couldn't have been given to me for nothing. You don't look like a bad woman of any kind. And at least it's plain that you're in trouble. I hope you won't stay here. Try to get away as soon as you can."

Then, glancing at Susan for the last time, she perceived that she was trying bravely to conceal the fears that had been planted in her mind. "Have you got money enough to go away on?" she asked, as if by an afterthought.

"Why . . . I'll manage somehow," replied Susan. She could not confess to her utter helplessnes to one who seemed in no position to aid her, yet who had already been so very kind.

"You haven't," was the prompt response. "Then I'll bring it to you. I shan't be able to bring it to-day. But to-morrow—" She paused and considered. "Yes, to-morrow I'll have it. I'll bring it. And I hope you'll believe me when I say you ought to buy a ticket to anywhere, and go away."

Then she was gone, and as Susan watched her go she mused: "A poor soul, with bitterness in her heart." And then she wondered if bitterness might not sometimes be a logical development.

She recalled Mann's words, relative to the poor creature who had come and gone: "She hitched her wagon to a star—and she has come to this!"

Then she looked long at the gift which had been brought to her. And at length her face brightened, as if the problem had been entirely simplified. She was thinking that her visitor had not yet lost the will to serve, to do the thing which she considered right.

"She's got her wagon hitched to a star yet!" was Susan's decision.

XXVIII

A PRIMITIVE RITE

MANN did not return to the cottage until nearly noon. When he appeared, finally, Susan was amazed by his appearance and bearing. He seemed beaten, ashamed. There was humiliation and apology in his eyes. And yet, at sight of something hopeful and eager in Susan's reception of him, he tried to put his depression aside.

"I've lost—Cleopatra!" he confessed. He tried to smile, but the effort was not quite successful.

"Well, let her go," responded Susan

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decisively. Then, in response to Mann's surprised glance, she added: "I'm not sure she was really ours, anyway." She appeared to think that the loss Mann had reported amounted to simply nothing.

Mann sighed with relief. "Still, that isn't all," he continued. "I have been pottering about Horseshoe, trying to see if some generous soul would give a poor man a chance. I believe that's the usual phraseology. But narry chance could I get! I never saw such a suspicious crowd in my life. It seems to have gotten abroad that you are taking refuge out here and everybody takes it for granted that I am sharing your quarters with you. They wouldn't give me work—but that wasn't the worst of it. They wanted to abuse me. You never saw so many peevish people in your born days. The alligator man might have helped me, but it seems that he's got a juggler now. I wouldn't give a tinker's dam——"

He broke off abruptly and put aside his pose of cheerfulness and humor. "Look here," he resumed, "I've got you into this scrape, and I've got to get you out. If it hadn't been for me you'd have been all right. And——"

"I won't listen to that," interrupted Susan. "It was your being with me when I came to Horseshoe that helped me."

"Well, at any rate, we've run up against a wall, and it's up to me to find a way over or around. You've had no breakfast this morning, and I don't see any dinner in sight. That means that we've got to get away from here. I'm not going to talk sentiment to you; but I want you to go away with me until I can get you into civilized territory somewhere. Then I'll go about my business, and you can do as you like. But for the moment the only thing for you to do is to accept my company until I can make up for some part of the injury I've done you."

"You've done me no injury," Susan repeated. "You've done me nothing but good." The veiled expression of confidence had never left her eyes. "Come, sit down here by me. I've some good news for you." She observed, then, that he had been concealing a small paper bag which did not seem to be quite empty. "What's that?" she inquired.

Mann flushed darkly. He held the paper bag before him and regarded it suspiciously. "I finally got a chance to curry some horses for a Jehu with neglected whiskers, and in payment for my work he gave me a lot of silly advice and some heavy biscuit. They're green. I can't think what they're made of." He offered the bag to Susan. He tried to make the offering of this gift a jest, but Susan could see that he was humiliated and sad.

She took the thing he offered, and held it close to her heart, and regarded him with thoughtful eyes. "It would have done nicely," she declared at length, "but we'll put it aside just now." Her voice was gentler than he had ever heard it before. Her eyes were softer. "Look!" she added, "didn't you hear me say I had good news? Look at this!" She drew the basket from beneath the bench and eagerly removed the cover.

The soft grace which most women derive from the opportunity to serve food to a hungry, presentable man was upon her subtly. When she lifted her face Mann noted a dimple and eyes that glowed tenderly. It was a revelation to him of how the woman can be strong and hopeful when the man is helpless.

He fairly gasped. "Where the thunder—!" He peered closely. "Angels?" he asked.

"And to-morrow I'm to have money enough to buy a railroad ticket." Her eyes were beaming.

"Well, that *is* fine," he declared vigorously. All his worries seemed to have been banished by her good news.

And because of his ready generosity Susan was prompted to add, with something less of assurance: "Of course, that's not helping you, in a way, and yet it seems now that you'll be better off with me off your hands."

"Well . . . perhaps we may let it go at that," replied Mann thoughtfully. "But you didn't tell me who the angel was."

Susan explained. "And she's going to bring me the money, too. I'll take the train to-morrow—no mistake this time. If we could only find a way out for you, too——"

"You mustn't think about me." He

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spoke cheerfully, with emphasis. His relief at the course affairs were taking was plain. The smile that was on his lips was in his eyes, too. "I want you to get away from here—no matter where. Perhaps the city is the best place." He paused. "And who knows? Some day I might have the good luck to see you there again."

She made no response to this. She was thinking that if she ever rejoined Herkimer there could be no further friendship between her and any other man. She was by no means lacking in knowledge of those laws which govern the woman who has not been conventionally married. She thought, too, of that wider gulf which had opened between this pleasant passing acquaintance and herself. She had the opportunity now to serve him cheerfully, but it was clear that their association was drawing to its close.

She placed bread and meat in his hands; and when she perceived that he was too absent-minded and tired to eat immediately, she set him a good example. She praised the food highly. She seemed to be quite happy. And Mann, whose recent depression had sprung from thoughts of her helplessness, put aside the regrets which were a part of his larger view of their situation, and seemed again to be gay and irresponsible, as he had seemed on many a previous occasion.

As events developed, Susan was destined never again to see the woman who had promised to aid her. Unknown to her, the stage was being set for a new, strenuous act in the drama she was living. Forces which were already at work were to seize her ruthlessly and bring her troubled journeys to their end.

She had no premonition of evil in store for her during the long afternoon, nor had Mann. They remained together, waiting. It seemed impossible to do anything else. And when the sun went down and the world grew dim they sat alone on their door-step and talked pensively and old-comrade-wise, as perhaps others had done in the same place long ago, when the cabin was new.

Their days together were drawing to an end. They realized that a chapter had been written; that it would forever stand, no matter which way their roads turned. They had the abiding knowledge that they had aided and comforted each other.

The moon came up and cast ghostly shadows in the silent cabin. Insects broke the stillness; the odor of emptiness and decay became stronger.

It was Susan who first discovered that she was weary; and when she expressed a desire to lie down, Mann too confessed that he was ready for his night's rest.

Half an hour later the sound of Susan's tranquil breathing arose. Mann also was asleep on the floor, his head pillowed on his outstretched arm. They were very much like two children as they lay there. Slumber effaced from their countenances the masks which they wore but indifferently by day; it touched their bodies, as a hypnotist might, and caused them to be relaxed, and like the bodies of children. It placed in their gray minds the rosy tints that come in dreams and are of the dawn and of the years of childhood. To persons of a larger growth than ordinary mortals it would not have seemed at all strange if some spirit of nature had entered the place and touched the two bodies into more restful attitudes, and covered them kindly against the night damps.

Then, stealthily, the curtain was lifted upon another period of action. By way of overture there was the wail of a night-bird that paused on the roof and sought to attract its lost mate by a pensive cry; there was the idly insistent sound of a tree frog somewhere out in the darkness; there were little noises from lesser insects. Then there was silence: a kind of startled silence.

A hand from without quietly yet firmly closed the front door of the hut. Simultaneously the back door was closed. There was a sinister whispering of men and women; a menacing tramp of feet. Human forms appeared outside the window before which Susan lay stretched asleep, as helpless and pathetic as an ancient sacrifice. The voices, which had been cautiously subdued, were now liberated. Men and women were talking freely, excitedly, mysteriously.

Susan sprang to her feet. She was unable to suppress the cry that arose in her

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throat. Mann, who had slept more soundly, was instantly by her side. He swept his hand across his face. "What is it?" he asked. He seemed to be putting the question to himself.

Susan had shrunk away from the window. "There are men and women," she whispered. "I think there are a great many of them. They have closed both doors. I saw them at the window."

For a moment the man and woman stood together, staring at that window as if they expected to see the figure of Doom step within. Instead of that a group of men appeared and a voice was heard:

"Yes, we've got them, all right."

And then Mann underwent a remarkable transformation. He motioned Susan aside and stepped to the window. And it seemed to Susan that he had become larger and quieter. It was as if he had taken power from some place where he had kept it concealed and slipped it on as a man puts on a coat when he is going out into a storm.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

His voice, vibrant with anger, fired the rising passions of the group outside. There was a chorus of jeers and maledictions. The effect of many voices, merging in a torrent of hatred, seemed to Susan far more terrifying than any sound she had ever heard before. But of reasonable response there was none.

Mann took in the group studiously. The men numbered a score, perhaps. Some were elderly and were obviously of that type best described as zealots. Others were young men, of a kind to be found in every community. They were the kind of men who are regarded by society as worthless fellows in normal times, but who in times of special stress are looked upon as diamonds in the rough.

Mann's impulse was to spring across the sill amidst the group and to begin swinging right and left. He felt a tremendous scorn of them, and nothing of fear at all. And then discretion asserted itself. He could not prevail against a score; and as yet there was no proof that they meant really to injure him and his companion.

He went to the front door and found that by some means it had been secured and would not open. He made the same discovery relative to the other door. Then he heard Susan's voice arise in a small, heart-broken cry. She had drawn closer to the window again, and now she stood with her hands over her eyes.

The sound she had made, and her attitude, had the effect of paralyzing him slightly. Such terror could not have been quite causeless. He went back to the window for a fuller inspection. He had taken in only the men and women before. Now he realized what it was that had been planned. At a little distance from the cabin a fire had been built. A large kettle had been placed over the flames. From this a dense black smoke was already arising. The odor of heating tar was heavy in the air.

Mann took in these details with a kind of trance-like stare. There were dilapidated pillows, too, with feathers bursting from their seams. Around the kettle goblin forms were gathered almost stolidly. He felt that Susan's terrified, beseeching eyes were upon him.

And then a phrase was torn out of his throat—a phrase which was his answer to a question that had not been voiced:

"Not by a damned sight!"

He was breathing deeply, his eyes were blazing; but for the moment he remained in his place. He knew that the hideous orgy that had been planned would never come to pass. And yet he could not outline to himself the steps by which he meant to prevent it.

And then he realized that he was looking into a familiar face and hearing a familiar voice. Mrs. Royal was out there. "Oh, you vile creature!" she was saying, "you'll never bring shame to any other honest woman's house."

He regarded her steadily, wonderingly. He made no reply to her. He was taxing his wits to the utmost. There must be some way of dealing with this situation; and yet how was he to deal with it in such a way that he need have no fears for Susan? Suppose they were to overpower him!

Next he realized that a consultation was being held outside. The fire under the black kettle was burning furiously; some one had ripped open the pillows and a vast heap of feathers billowed in the wind. It became clear that they were

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trying to prevail upon the women to withdraw when the final punishment was about to be administered. A spokesman, as he seemed to be, was arguing that while it was a righteous duty they were performing they must be careful to do nothing that might bring reproach upon the good names of the women who participated. And then Mrs. Royal was stipulating that after the tar and feathers had been applied, they should all have a chance to inspect the guilty wretches who had brought reproach upon a decent community.

There also arose a cry from some one who stood near the fire. It seemed that the ladle had been misplaced or forgotten. There was an excited search for the missing ladle.

With the veering of the wind a vast cloud of malodorous smoke drifted across the window at which Mann had taken his place, and for an instant he could see nothing save the faint crimson of the flames under the kettle.

And then he felt a touch on his arm.

He swung about fiercely; but his body relaxed when he saw that it was only Susan who had approached him. He realized then that he had been standing with every muscle tense and strained.

"Look!" she whispered cautiously. She pointed to the floor. "This plank is loose. Lift it! And when I go you must follow, and be sure that the plank is back in its place again."

"But how did you know—?" he looked at her incredulously.

"Hurry!" she urged.

He stepped back again and regarded the group outside. They were still disputing. Swiftly he stooped. In the grip of his fingers the plank lifted easily.

Susan let herself down on her hands and knees and entered the vault-like darkness, with its odor of mildew, its cobwebs, its suggestion of reptiles and insects. But ahead of her she saw the pale gray light of the open.

She crept under decaying beams toward the pale light. Every fibre of her body rebelled against contact with her surroundings, yet her mind was concerning itself chiefly with that looming horror which lay behind her.

She heard Mann lowering himself through the opened floor; she heard the plank fall into place again; she heard him following her.

They were creeping toward the side of the hut which was unguarded—which was farthest from the smoking kettle, from the passion-blinded men and women who planned their ruin.

In another instant they were standing, side by side, in the shadows of the far side of the house.

"If only they'll argue long enough!" whispered Mann; and then, taking Susan's hand in his, he began warily running away from the cabin.

They had proceeded a hundred yards —two hundred yards—almost far enough to be swallowed up in the shadows of the night—when they heard shouts of rage and protest.

The mob had discovered that they were gone.

XXIX

HOW THE NIGHT ENDED

At that terrifying sound Susan stumbled and fell, despite Mann's effort to support her; and when she seemed unwilling or unable to help herself, though he tried to lift her, he knelt down by her side.

"We're safe now!" he whispered. And then he added anxiously: "I'm afraid you're hurt."

"No, I think I'm just frightened." She made an effort to rise then, and when she had got to her feet she looked back along the way they had come. Mann too took occasion to study the vicinity of the cabin, and he was greatly relieved to note that the men and women from whom they had escaped were confining their activities to searching on all sides of the house, and looking under the floor, and passing in and out of the doors. They had evidently failed to discover as yet how their prisoners had escaped.

"They certainly will not find us," Mann ventured. "You needn't feel frightened any more. We'll just stay where we are for a few minutes and when we are rested we can go farther away."

Their flight had taken them in a direction parallel to the main body of the

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woods; but at the point they had reached it was noticeable that an occasional tree of larger dimensions stood out from among the others. The fugitives were not far from the welcome protection of the deeper shadows of one of these trees, and others stood only a short distance beyond. They had also been moving in a line parallel with the town, so that they were no farther away from Horseshoe than they had been in the cabin.

When, after a time, the sound of cries subsided and there were no longer any visible forms in the vicinity of the deserted cabin, Mann began planning again.

"They have probably put their heads together," he concluded. "They will begin to skirmish for us soon. Suppose we move a little farther away while we have the chance. We'd better get into the shadow of the trees." So, stooping warily and proceeding with the utmost caution, they went on their way.

"But what are we to do?" was Susan's first question, when they had reached the protection of a pall-like shade.

Mann took her hand, as if the action lessened the danger of speech between them among those brooding shadows. "There's the same old course I've been recommending," he whispered; and she realized that those lowered tones and the persuasive pressure of his hand thrilled her strangely. "It seems almost as if chance had favored me. I think we'll have to take to the road." He tried to make out the expression in her eyes; but when he bent closer above her he realized that her hand was not responding to his touch. "Think of the romance—the excitement—of running away now! You know we are in the enemy's country. People from a radius of a hundred miles are in Horseshoe now, and they will all know why we were driven from the town. They will be talking about us. More than likely they will be looking for us. And it won't make much difference now whether we travel singly or together. Every window will be an evil eye turned toward the highways and watching for us to come by. Think of the chance that gives us to outwit them—to get entirely away without their help, and even in face of their opposition! And there's always the chance that we may find some reasonable creature who won't be willing to judge us unheard. We'll make out well enough, if you'll consent to go with me." He paused a moment and then added, it might have seemed reluctantly: "And really, I don't see what else you are to do."

Susan had freed her hand from his. It had been so pleasant to have him hold it that contact with him had filled her mind with misgivings. Her mind went back to the city: to Herkimer and to the conviction that he was in great need. And the thought of Herkimer and the revelation which had been made to her in the hut served again to point to the impassable chasm between her and the man who stood there in the dark, offering to befriend her, to save her.

No, she could not think in terms of Mann and the open highway now. She could only see herself as the partner of a man who was in peril, who was drifting toward destruction. She could picture no life save the life of the city, of Pleasant Lane, of the old duties toward Herkimer.

Although Mann could see only the blurred outline of her there before him in the dark, he knew that she had decided against him.

"I think running away must be the wrong way to do things," she said finally.

"If you're running away toward happiness, it is a good thing," he replied.

"I'm thinking what it is to run away from duty," said Susan. Then, with a quality of decision in her tone which he could not understand, she added: "I've done nothing wrong in Horseshoe—nor anywhere. I'm going back into that town and let those people know that I am not afraid of them. I've been promised help to-morrow. I'll wait until it comes to me, and then I'll take the train. It was our hiding that made those people bold. I'm going back into Horseshoe and wait for daylight. I don't believe that consciences like theirs, or courage, would amount to much in the daytime."

While she was still speaking she realized that a strangely familiar note was sounding in her ears. She stopped to listen, bending her head a little. "It's a creek!" she said.

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"Yes, there's a little stream running through the woods."

They walked a little farther, and Susan, with the wish to keep her bearings, turned around for a survey of the near-by scene.

Then she stood in her place for what seemed a long time, and finally—much to Mann's amazement, even to his dismay—she began to laugh forlornly.

"What is it?" he asked. It seemed to him that the events of the night might have affected her reason.

Susan began pointing. "There are the trees, and the stream, and the grass, and the wide-open spaces—and yes, there in the distance is a church steeple."

"Well?"

"Haven't I spoken to you about the—the picture?"

"I don't seem to remember."

"Well, anyway, I've seen my picture. I suppose I ought to be satisfied now."

She continued to stand still. Her hands were clasped before her; gradually she hung her head. Mann could not read the expression in her eyes, but he fancied she must be moved almost to tears.

And so it was that the lesser dream of Susan's died.

The strangeness of her behavior troubled him. "Come," he said, "I think we may venture into Horseshoe now. We'll find a dark door-step; or possibly the railway station will be open. You're right about the daylight being a good friend. When the sun comes up we'll scarcely have anything to fear beyond a little insolence and neglect, maybe."

Nevertheless, they remained in the shadows of the big trees a little longer. It was Susan who called attention to the fact that if they moved into the open now their forms might be outlined against the horizon.

They waited half an hour; and then they were again startled by voices—suddenly loud and close at hand—of men and women.

"They're in the woods," whispered Mann. "Come!"

He took her hand again, and together they began to cross the common, taking a direction which kept them a safe distance from the cabin. They had proceeded several hundred yards when Mann checked his companion.

"We've certainly given them the slip, now," he said.

Susan, with a sweeping survey of the territory they had quit, whispered excitedly, "Look!" And Mann, following the direction of her glance, perceived that the fire was still burning near the cabin, though the flame was now a mere flicker.

"They haven't given us up yet," was Susan's comment.

"You mean, they're 'keeping the pot a-b'iling,'" he whispered back, with something of the old, light mockery in his voice. Then, more seriously: "So much the better. That means we are not likely to run into them soon. Let us hope they'll spend the whole night right where they are."

It was on the door-step of the railroad station—which was closed—that they made their first stop. They were in darkness here, and away from the main thoroughfare of Horseshoe, and it was Mann's belief that they were now running but slight risk.

The main thoroughfare of the town lay only a hundred yards farther on. Before them, over beyond the railroad tracks, stretched the deserted common, obscure and mysterious, with a faint, faltering flame beside a ghostly little house in the distance.

Near at hand an empty box car stood on a siding, seemingly as fixed in its place as the common itself. A benumbing silence reigned, broken at intervals by a dog that barked in the distance somewhere or by the snort or stamp of a horse out in the town square.

Yet Susan's mind returned to its normal channels, despite the strangeness of her surroundings. She was thinking how terrible it was to be in the plight of the simple villagers among whom she had come, who knew nothing of the complexities of life, and whose self-righteousness was far more to be dreaded than even the wickedness of people with deeper understanding and more varied experiences. And then, with disturbing clearness, she thought of her first memorable experience on the road—her night with the Stovers. There she had won confidence and affec-

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tion, there she had obtained a fleeting glimpse of happiness—and yet the Stovers had lived in far completer isolation than the people here in Horseshoe, who had turned their hands against her.

What was it that had filled the home of the Stovers with placidity and faith and kindness? She recalled their loving-kindness toward each other—toward others who came to their house. They loved each other—that was the secret of the influence they exerted.

She pondered long and perplexedly. Perhaps love was the thing that made life beautiful; perhaps it was the thing she had vaguely yearned after back there in Pleasant Lane. Perhaps her search for freedom had been, after all, only a step in the dark.

She turned her head so that she could see the man who sat beside her. There he was, silent, yet sentinel-like. She had a clear realization of that delicacy which bade him be silent, because she had been silent. He had removed his hat, and she seemed to perceive for the first time that the lines of nose and brow and chin expressed, in some strange way, much of the quality she had sought in life and which had been drearily absent from Pleasant Lane. What was it? Power in repose? Nobility? Was it the thing people called breeding? She could not tell what it was. She only realized that he had been born into one world and she into another.

Her meditations were disturbed at last by a sound which seemed wholly alien to that time and place. A low hum, deepening into a rumble, had become audible. Then from a point far across a distant hill came the powerful note of a locomotive whistle.

"A train—at night?" asked Susan.

Mann had become unwontedly alert. "A freight, probably," he replied. "They're likely to come through at any time."

"And they don't carry passengers?"

"No."

"Anyway, not passengers who haven't got the price of a ticket."

"No, no passengers at all. It won't even stop."

She reflected slowly, recalling certain bits of information which had come into her possession in the years gone by. "Isn't it freight trains that tramps steal rides on, mostly?" she asked.

"I believe it is," he replied.

"And could you catch it, if it didn't stop?"

He was puzzled by these remarkable questions. "I might," he admitted.

"Why not try, then?" she asked.

He glanced at her sharply, indignantly—and so she had her answer.

He listened again. When the great iron steed appeared through a distant cut he fancied, by some quality in the noise of the steam, that he might have been wrong in saying that the train would not stop. An instant later he knew he had been wrong, when short, warning blasts of the whistle called "down brakes." He knew that a man, or two men, would come running along the tops of the cars, turning vigorously at the wheels which served the purpose of checking the great machine which was approaching through the darkness.

Presently the strong headlight ploughed an illuminated path along the rails, and the man and woman sat on their step, quite out of sight when the locomotive passed, moving slowly. Mann had not stirred when he saw the agile figure of a brakeman swing itself over the side of one of the cars and come slipping down a ladder. But when he perceived, a moment later, that the coupling between two of the cars had been removed, he grasped Susan by the hand.

"I think—" he began, his voice tense with eagerness.

"What?"

"Wait!"

The train had broken in two; the forward half moved ahead—in the direction of the switch which connected with the siding. Through the open space between the two parts of the train the empty car on the siding was again visible. The side doors of it were partly open.

Mann stood up, his body rigid with excitement. The train crew were all aboard the forward section, which was now a matter of fifty yards away and still moving forward.

"Come!" exclaimed Mann impressively, and again he had Susan by the hand.

"What is it?" she demanded. She was

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greatly excited, yet she did not understand. Still, she had arisen to her feet and was standing close to Mann's side.

He pulled her forward a few steps, and then he stopped, excitedly, fearfully. And in that instant it seemed to him that the irony of mischance had done its utmost.

A band of men and women—a score in number—were approaching from a point over beyond the empty box car on the siding. They had given up their quest at last; and no doubt they had hurried across the common in response to the invitation of that locomotive whistle. The Horseshoe intelligence was running true to form, and the arrival of the train was as a magnet to draw the Horseshoe feet.

They were still a dozen yards or more beyond the car, but they were following a path which would bring them within a few steps of the end of the car within the next half-minute.

Mann reflected only a second. Then he murmured excitedly: "We can beat them to it." And his next word was a command to Susan—"Come!"

They reached the empty car just as the forward half of the train began backing into the siding—and just before the thwarted citizens of Horseshoe, defeated after a long night's vigil, appeared around the end of the car.

"Get in!" whispered Mann; and instantly he had taken Susan by a hand and a foot, and she found herself on her hands and knees in the car. A swift leap, and Mann was by her side.

He pulled the sliding doors shut. He stood looking out while a file of men and women trudged by. Mrs. Royal was there. She was fumbling at the buttons of her jacket and talking excitedly to a woman who walked near her. And then she was gone and he heard her voice no more.

In another moment there was a rude bump against the car in which he and Susan had taken refuge; and later there was jarring movement to and fro. But at last the steady puffing of the locomotive heralded the fact that the night freight was pulling out of Horseshoe.

And Mann and Susan were on their way.

XXX

MANN SUGGESTS A SOLUTION

Some time after daylight the whistle blew and the train began, jarringly and rumblingly, to come to a stop.

Mann had drawn the side doors to as soon as he and Susan had entered the car, only to open them partly as soon as the train got under way. Now again he cautiously closed them, lest he and his companion be located and driven from their haven.

Susan was asleep. Utterly worn out in body and greatly troubled in spirit, she had felt herself yielding to a blessed sensation of drowsiness when the movement of the train began; and Mann had encouraged her to go to sleep.

The car had been loaded with wheat, many grains of which were still scattered about. Mann gathered these together in a sort of bed, so that his companion might overcome her scruples against lying down on the dusty floor. He made a pillow of his coat; and then he had withdrawn to the far end of the car, to look back after a time to note that she had fallen asleep easily and almost instantly, as a child might have done.

Now that the train was slowing down, he crept over toward her, to be ready with the explanation which she would inevitably seek when she awoke. She was long in stirring, and he sat down quite within reach of her and regarded her with gently humorous eyes. She had grown dear to him as a woman; but she had grown dear to him too as all that is fine in the spirit of adventure and revolt. What a rare kind of hardihood she had manifested in turning her back upon all that most women counted as indispensable! And how surely she had proved the worth of that armor which is simple goodness and faith!

A ray of sunlight, finding its way into the car through a crevice, fell upon her breast, upon which her hands rested, and made prominent the pleasant curves of her body, which, as she lay, seemed of nobler outlines than when she stood. Slumber had softened her expression, robbing it alike of fear and resolution. Her lips were childishly curved and delicately parted, as if, in her sleep, she were

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framing a plea for happiness. The hair rose elfishly from a brow that had been smoothed as if by loving touches.

The car lurched—and then came abruptly to a stop.

Susan stirred at last; and after one indefinite movement she sat up, startled and alert.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. The train has stopped—maybe only for a minute."

"Should we get out?"

"I don't think so. We're doing all right here. You haven't finished your nap. I think you ought to go to sleep again. It will be time to move when we have to."

When her glance rested upon him he saw that she was not a little bewildered. "Have we been riding long?" she asked.

"No—not long enough."

She clasped her hands about her knees and became thoughtful. Her recent experiences were passing through her mind. And at the memory of some of those experiences, she put out her hand a little indefinitely in his direction.

He took it and patted it reassuringly. "This isn't so bad," he said, "though you're not dressed for it. Sometimes when women run away they dress in boys' clothes. Should you like to do that?"

She flushed with embarrassment and shook her head.

"I was only thinking it might be easier," added Mann. "I can't say I think much of the idea myself."

Susan did not like the subject. "I think maybe we ought to get out," she said, perhaps by way of diversion. "There's no telling where we'll go to."

"Does it make any difference, as long as we get as far as possible from Horseshoe?"

She covered her eyes with her hands. "I'm afraid there are other places like that. I want to go back where I belong."

Presently she lowered her hands and lifted her troubled gaze to him. She was depending upon him now; clearly she had great confidence in him and had no thought of concealing it.

He leaned closer to her with sudden abandonment. "Susan!" he cried, "we can go back where you belong—where you really belong, if you'll let me go with you. I don't mean just to the city; I mean on—to the very end. Let's go back together. Let's go to the church together and to a little home. Let's always help each other!"

He saw little lines of distress and stubbornness find their way into her brows. By a quick effort he made his tone less passionate, less insistent.

"We could go to a hotel together, in the city; and you should have your own room until I hunted up some of my friends and got money, and got back to work again. And then you should be a bride!" He made this statement impressively. "Think of it! You should be dressed all in white, with a veil as long as a window curtain—but much finer! And a big bunch of flowers to carry! What a picture! And with me to care for you—truly!—to the very end of time. That's the way I'd have you go back."

He clapped his hands at his own picture; the smile that lit his eyes and brought warmth and kindness to his face was like a sunbeam playing upon her.

Exquisite color came and went in her face; the old unconquerable shyness was in her eyes. Then, as if Life had placed the book of her days on her lap and turned back to a familiar page, her gaze became gently stern and unyielding. She shook her head slowly. "I couldn't," she said.

He thrust his hand through his hair roughly. "And yet," he declared, "you don't know what you're going back to, nor what you'll do, nor how you'll get along."

"I can work; or, if Herkimer wants me, maybe I can help him." She put forth her hand and laid timid fingers on his arm. "He needs me," she said. "It's come to me—I can't tell you how—that he needs me. I'm not sure we can go on living together always. He must help too. But I've got to give him the chance if he'll let me."

Mann dropped into an almost reclining attitude, resting his head on his arm, lifted up as a prop. He gazed at her as if from a great distance. "There are lots of things I understand," he said mus-

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ingly. "I understand the nature of men, and horses, and dogs, and cows, and birds, and fishes, and lions, and bears, and elephants, and camels, and foxes, and—and potato-bugs; but there's one thing I don't know the nature of."

"You've named 'most everything," she said, interestedly, as if she were trying to think of something he had omitted.

"That's the nature of a woman," concluded Mann.

"Oh!" she said. And added: "But that's simple enough. Women are almost precisely like men. The only difference is that men are vainer, I think—like roosters and other males. They can't bear to think they don't know everything. Men say, 'You can't understand women,' just as if they *could* understand men. Men are really just as funny as women. But when a woman sees a man do some strange things, instead of thinking she's got to understand it, she just says, 'It's only his way,' and doesn't worry about it. She's not so vain that she thinks she ought to read every word that's in the book."

Mann brought his hands down on his knees with swift delight. He had changed his position while she spoke. "Great!" he exclaimed. "I give up." And in a moment he smote his knees again. "I'll spring that on somebody sometime," he added. He scarcely had the manner of a rejected suitor.

There was a series of jolts and jars, and then they were moving again.

It was somewhat later, when the train had stopped again—seemingly on a siding, to make way for a passenger to pass—that Susan ventured to explore the interior of their car a little; and it was in the course of her examination that she surprised Mann by a swift cry, at once sorrowful and sweet. She sank to her knees and became a perfect picture of solicitude.

He approached and looked over her shoulder.

She had found a nest of very tiny mice. There were four of them: hairless and pink, with certain blue spots. They were blind, and one of them had managed to get outside the bounds of the nest—a kind of crater in a small heap of wheat—and it was giving faint manifestations of distress.

"Oh, the dear little thing!" cried Susan mournfully. She replaced the lost mouse in its nest. Her gaze was sad; she shook her head a little.

"Only a nest of mice," said Mann, a trifle impatiently.

"Yes, but they are babies, and they had a mother and have lost her. There's nothing for them to do but lie here and wait—and starve, little by little. And their mother, far away somewhere, has got milk for them, and her breasts will ache, and she will wonder where they are, and look for them, and never find them."

She withdrew from them and sat down, and Mann looked after her darkly, his brows lowered.

He was surprised again when she turned to him presently and asked: "What is it the philosophers try to find?"

He leaned against the wall of the car and looked down on her. "It would be difficult to say precisely what. Say it's a path through the wilderness—a way that avoids the pitfalls and leads to the open at last."

She nodded. "What silly fellows they must be!" she said. "Surely the only really wise people are they who know that things simply can't always be right. It seems like child's play, trying to make all the parts of life fit into a perfect plan."

She rested her face on her hands and gazed pensively at the deserted mice, helpless and blind and doomed. "There are children like that, too," she said, "and men, and women. The philosophers must close their eyes to an awful lot of things, if they really imagine they ever find the real path through the wilderness."

There was silence in the car for a long interval; and when Susan finally looked at Mann she was amazed to read in his eyes an expression which was frankly mischievous and jubilant. He signalled to her to be silent, and then with his eyes he bade her look toward the ceiling above them, over toward the far end of the car.

On a remote ledge a mother mouse had emerged and stood with bright eyes and quivering nose, looking down at them!

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Susan's hands went to her breast. She arose as noiselessly as possible and gestured to Mann to withdraw with her to the remotest corner of the car.

When they turned about, as cautiously as children at play, the mother mouse had disappeared. And in another moment the train was in motion again.

But the bright eyes and the quivering nose reappeared on the ledge after a time; and after many nervous retreats and reappearances the tiny creature descended the wall and progressed, inch by inch, in the direction of the nest.

And then the time came when the motionless Susan ventured to steal the most minute glance at her companion. It was the most wary of glances, yet Mann read the message in it with perfect certitude. Susan was saying "She's nursing them!"

"Still, what I said about the philosophers was every word true," maintained Susan half an hour later, after the mother mouse had gone away. She had to lean close to her companion so that her voice might reach above the rumble of the train. "It was every word true. That was just a miracle we saw over in that nest awhile ago."

"Yes, just a miracle," agreed Mann. He was looking at her steadily, with a deeper blue in his eyes than there had ever been before. "Just a miracle. But you know, miracles happen lots of times. Sometimes I think they're the commonest thing in the world!"

(To be concluded.)

FROM THE LOWEST

By Isa L. Wright

I LOOKED into the heart of him, my friend,
With trust and love;
Yet when the sorrow came, mine enemy
It was who held my soul above
The pettiness of selfish end,
And brought me peace.

I deemed him wise whom all the world called king
Of spoken word;
But in the hour of deep perplexity
None but the fool, with soul unstirred,
Brought to my doubt and questioning
Security.

I found in one I knew all virtues rare
In thought and deed;
Yet when the way seemed hard, there came alone
One whom I loathed, to see unspoken need,
To smooth aside my frequent care,
To gently serve.

I cried aloud: "O God of sky and land,
In my great need,
Give but a sign that I may know Thee near
And comfort feel." The wayside weed
Swayed down to touch my outstretched hand
And answered me.

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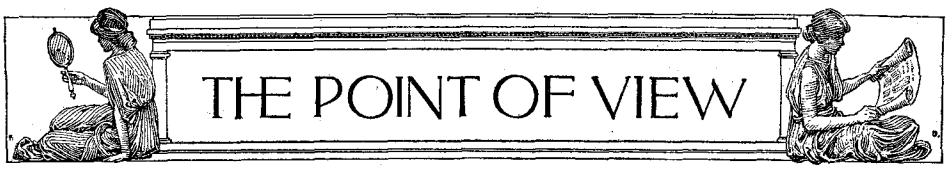

THIS era—like all other eras—is an era of transition. It is also an era of translations. Even before the war there seemed to be an intensifying of international curiosity. We wanted to know about other peoples, how they lived, what they did, what they thought, what they felt; and how could we inform ourselves as to these things so well as in the literature wherein these other peoples had unconsciously recorded themselves and revealed their true inwardness? English translations of Tolstoi and Turgenief and Gogol have been followed by English translations of Gorky and Chekof and Andréef.

Ponies and Boiled Strawberries

The war, so suddenly forced by Prussia, aroused in the rest of the world a desire for a clew to the stern and implacable spirit suddenly manifested by Germany. The little-known writings of the little group of aggressive militants who have tempted Germany to sheathe its soul in steel have been sought out and turned into English that we may be helped to understand the incomprehensible transformation of the gentle and genial Germany of Goethe and Schiller into the ruthless and relentless Germany of Treitschke and Bernhardi. The "Hymn of Hate," which may be accepted as the very quintessence of Teutonic emotionalism, was rendered almost immediately into vigorous English verse. The arrogant egotism of Nietzsche was called to the attention of thousands who were scarcely even acquainted with the name of the megalomaniac philosopher whose genius dissolved itself at last into insanity.

In these attempts to transfer into English the substance of a long literary campaign to modify the mind and heart of a people prosperous in peace, and to make them believe in the righteous necessity of war, the main effort of the translators has been to preserve the spirit of the original without retarding punctiliousness as to its exact wording. This may not be the best method of translation, but none the less is it a good method. It was the way in which the Tudor translators worked; and what could be more delightful than the flavorful vernacular into which North rendered the slightly sophisticated style of Plutarch? The forthputting Elizabethans held that the letter killeth; and they were completely content if they could carry over into English something of the proud spirit of Homer.

It was Chapman's Homer which lifted Keats to the silent peak in Darien; and it was Pope's Homer which drew from Bentley the dubious compliment that it was "a very pretty poem—but you must not call it Homer." What would a Bentley of the nineteenth century have said about the slightly archaic transposition of the Iliad and the Odyssey into English prose accomplished by Andrew Lang and his three collaborators? He would have had to allow that it was very pretty prose; but he might not have been disposed to admit that it was Homer, the whole Homer, and nothing but Homer.

When all is said, Homer is as untranslatable as Horace and Heine and Béranger, three lyrists whose seeming simplicity is a Loreley singing only to lure her lovers to destruction. Sooner or later those who adventure themselves upon an English version of any one of Horace's easy lyrics will come to the discomforting conclusion that there is not a little truth in the old saying which asserts that a translated poem is only a boiled strawberry.

The most ample collection of contemporary translations from the classics is that due to the generous interest of Mr. James Loeb in the masters of Greek and Latin prose and poetry; and the volumes of his series have this pleasant feature—that they contain the original text face to face with the English version, opposite page corresponding with opposite page. Now that the old interlinear perversions of Cæsar and of Vergil have passed into innocuous desuetude, the Loeb volumes must come as a boon and a blessing to young men in college, whose major interest is in what are now euphemistically designated as "extra-

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curricular activities." In the picturesque vocabulary of the undergraduate these short cuts to a passing acquaintance with distinguished foreign authors are called *ponies*. And a familiar jest is to the effect that on the dread morn of examination day many a hero of the gridiron, the diamond, and the oar has been ready to give his kingdom for a horse.

Thou art Translated!

HOWEVER useful the presentation of the original and the translation directly over against each other may be to the athletic undergraduate, it is a severe test for the translation itself, since it enables us to resolve immediately and with the minimum of trouble any doubt we may have in regard to the justness of its rendering of a favorite passage. There is no truth, of course, in the assertion that a translator is necessarily a traitor, as the Italians rashly insist. But it is true that a perfectly satisfactory translation is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Even if the translator is able by infinite pains to carry over into English exactly what the words of the original denote, he can never hope to suggest in his version all that they connote to those familiar with the tongue in which they were composed. Every vital word possesses a direct meaning, and also a host of indirect meanings, a penumbra of obscure significancies, which are ever the despair of the translator who happens to have the double qualification for his task—a knowledge of the language out of which he is translating equal to his knowledge of the language into which he is translating.

It is not always easy for the translator to read his title clear and to find an English name for a book which shall be an exact equivalent of the original name. Mr. Archer, for example, warns us that a more accurate rendering of "A Doll's House" would be "A Doll-Home"; and all admirers of Ibsen's earliest social drama will admit the superior descriptiveness of "A Doll-Home." The French translation of Colonel Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life" is entitled "La Vie Intense," and probably this is as close to the original as one could hope. But did Colonel Roosevelt really advise us to choose an intense life? If he had so entitled his book he would have been in danger of recalling to our mind the disconcerting query of the thin lady of Passionate Brompton, in Du Maurier's drawing—"Are you intense?"

An American, glancing through the catalogue of a dealer in old books, found his eye suddenly arrested by one entry: "Darwin, Erasmo, gli amori delle pianti. Poema con note filosofiche, traduto dall' inglese. Milano. 1805." It took only a moment for this casual reader to recall the fact that the grandfather of the author of the "Origin of Species," was himself the author of "The Loves of the Plants." There was no fault to be found with the Italian translation of the title; and yet it failed somehow to suggest the unread English original. And the same American once discovered on an open-air stand of second-hand books on the quais of Paris a French translation of a favorite volume of his schoolboy days, Mayne Reid's "Scalp-Hunters." But the yellow-covered volume declared itself to be a record of the sayings and doings of "Les Chasseurs de Chevelures." Here again the translation is accurate enough, perhaps even exactly accurate, but the connotations of the French title were for the moment curiously obstructive. Well might Peter Quince say: "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee; thou art translated!"

It is recorded in a forgotten collection of theatrical anecdotes, that a Frenchman who had seen the elder Charles Mathews in a farce called "Hit or Miss," met the comedian not long after and desired to compliment him on his performance in that particular play. Unfortunately he could not at first recall the title of the little piece in which the comedian had pleased him, and he was reduced to describing the actor's dress and gestures. Then his memory awakened, and he cried: "Ah, oui, oui—enfin je sais la pièce; ça s'appelait 'Frappé ou Mademoiselle'!" In other books of theatrical anecdote there are other examples of the way in which titles of English plays have suffered a sea-change in crossing the Channel into France. "The Mourning Bride" of Congreve was transmogrified into "L'Epouse du Matin"; and Cibber's "Love's Last Shift" became "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

It is only fair to offset against these slips of several Frenchmen the blunder of an American whom a Frenchman once tried

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out as a translator of a chapter dealing with the Elizabethan drama. The trial was not favorable to the aspirant; and thereafter the historian of English literature—he was also ambassador of the French Republic—preferred to render his own flexible French into his own energetic English. Of the many slips in the sample passage which the American undertook to put into English, one must suffice. M. Jusserand, dwelling on the strong attraction of the stage in Tudor times, had declared that the population of London flocked to the playhouses,—"*ils se portaient au théâtre en masse.*" And this was betrayed by the novice in bilingual thought-transference into "they carried themselves to the theatre after mass."

"EVERYBODY to church Sunday"—did you hear the bells? They ring themselves faintly into the borders of my sleep every morning, as the slow-moving cattle tinkle their melody in fitful syncopation, pause to crop my tender lawn grass, then jingle a nervous response to the farmer's shout. He hung their necks with tuneful bells, because he "kinder liked to hear 'em"; set the morning and evening chores to music. My cathedral always stands open and masses are said continuously in the appointed order.

"Everybody to Church."

Church bells call "Hurry!" "Get ready!" but not mine; there is no haste, no preparedness. You go as you are. You may give your face a polish and there is no harm in a clean garment, but for yourself—not to impress the congregation. It is too scattered to see your bonnet; there is no "meetin' side" to it. "Everybody welcome! Come"—out! My church is the earth.

If you like to go at night, when thousands and thousands of twinkling candles are alight, and the only music is the ghost call of the owl or the lament of the whip-poorwill, you may pray with an invisible congregation; silent, at peace, waiting for the morning roll-call. All seems quiet, but can you not catch the faint, rhythmic murmur of countless tiny voices chanting their hymn of night? Listening under the stars, you merge into the pulsating darkness. Now summon the problems of the daylight! What are they? Difficult to recall, unimportant, not genuine, quickly solved, or turned over to a higher authority; best of all, forgotten. You look up at the myriad-studded roof of the House of Worship and discover that you are a part of the mysterious, beautiful earth-drama that always has been and is infinite. Fleeting trials disturb you no more than fireflies, the stars.

Perhaps you like better to go when darkness lifts its curtain, the candles have been put out and in floods the sunshine upon every altar. Before the bells heralding the dawn have died away, the opening chorus has burst forth, twittering, trilling, whistling, calling, and singing. Each tune is carried alone by a confident singer, in any key he may choose, and yet not one destroys the harmony. The bluebird, oriole, bobolink, thrush soloists show no jealousy. Why should they? Each may take the leading part at will; all may sing their unrelated songs at once; there will be no discords. The audience is sure to be pleased. While unseen hands prepare the cathedral for mass, the music floods it like light. Soon acolytes appear—small, busy creatures. It is not always clear what they are doing, but obviously they know, for they are businesslike and fleet. The chipmunk thrusts a head out of his door, makes a hasty survey, and speeds forth to meet some obligation. The squirrel, who has been leaping from bough to bough and performing most unchurchly antics, suddenly becomes sober, drops on his haunches to chatter a brief scolding and then scurries off to execute a duty that must be imperative, for he dashes along a stone wall at such a pace that his slender feet barely brush its surface. And that elderly person (in furs, no matter how warm the day) lumbering across the road—a verger? What is required of him in the hole in the ground which suddenly engulfs him? All who serve at the altar are astir. Now that the music has softened and become intermittent, you notice the decorations. The cathedral is full of flowers. Every day, from snow to snow, is Easter Sunday. The floor, bright with daisies, buttercups, and lilies, is dewy with holy water, sprinkled at night by the High Priest, scattering color from his garments and treading out fragrance. Everywhere the blossoms are stirred by tiny breezes—remembered footsteps of those who passed by in the years before we

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were. The stone pews, set among ferns and grasses, are festooned with "traveller's-joy." The small altars, for solitary petitioners, are fashioned of laurel and saplings and bright with wild roses and the flowering raspberry.

Pillars, tall and shapely, rise from the blossoming floor. Capitals of rounded oak, spreading chestnut, pendant elm and twinkling poplar make shade for the worshipper and lead his gaze upward to the blue sky, touched to deeper hue by white cloud billows. The aisles are bordered with meadow-rue, flaming lilies, blue harebells, and goldenrod. The high altars mark the horizon; like the stars, too distant to come to us, they invite us. Though we know that we never shall reach them, we hearken to their call and, now and then, seem to draw nearer them. In certain moods we must lift our eyes to them; no lesser will suffice. But on most days we worship at the small, familiar altars. We wander from one to another, gathering flowers, searching out birds' nests, tasting spicy berries and fragrant leaves, drinking from cool springs, watching lambs and calves—innocently, wonderingly beginning their short span of life, following the proud mothers of the fields—and we are content. We live it all—love, creation, flowering into the perfect form, joy made alive.

The air of the church is sweet with incense swung by invisible censer-bearers—wild grape, field strawberry, sweet fern, roses—the subtle perfume of everything green, blossoming and earthy, stirred by the wind. Against the high altars rise curling threads of smoke, touching our hearts for those who may not come forth into the great outdoor church but must keep incense burning on homely hearths; for invalids who, having only the memory of the great cathedral, have built a sanctuary within themselves; for the very aged, beginners of life again. We must remember that they are waiting within and carry home to them what beauty we can capture, while we wonder when He who has made the earth altogether lovely will bring it to pass that every soul shall be free to go out into it and feel himself a part of it, rest in it, and live.

With incense rising and the music hushed to an accompaniment begins the lesson of the day. No priest is seen to mount the lectern but a thousand voices cry: "Let the heaven and the earth praise Him," for "in wisdom has He made them all; the earth is full of riches." "He causes the grass to grow"; "the strength of the hills is His also." He who "hangeth the earth upon nothing," "holds in His hand the soul of every living thing." Both from "the field of the slothful," ruined by beautiful pests, and the "lilies of the field," we hear the voice of Him "who walketh upon the wings of the wind." The "green pastures," the "tree of the Lord . . . full of sap," "the hills . . . joyful together," "the flowers . . . on the earth, . . . the singing birds," all say: "The hand of the Lord has done this." "Ask now the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee"; "speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." We hear "the heavens rejoice . . . the earth be glad . . . the field be joyful and all the trees of the wood rejoice." Then why do not we? Let us be "in league with the stones of the field," drop our burdens and open our souls to the flood of pure happiness which pours in like sunshine. It is our right. The happy earth proclaims it. Here endeth the lesson.

There is no need for a sermon, though it be written "in stones," in tree, mountain, field, and sky. Hark! The cattle come tinkling home from the pasture. They do not fear the night. Why should we? It will come and it may be starless. But there is the day to remember and another dawn to await in confidence. And, though we cannot even catch a glimpse of it, there is something beyond—something as far transcending the earth that we know as its great, free out-of-doors transcends any part of it which men have confined within walls.

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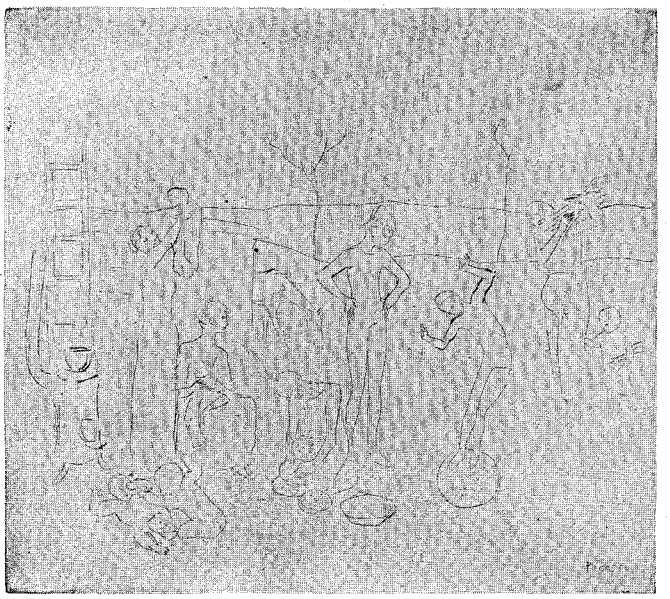
THE FIELD OF ART

SOME FRENCH ETCHERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL

MOST readers will not need to be reminded that a significant and far-reaching change, amounting almost to a revolution, has occurred of late years in the objects and methods of modern art; but it may surprise some to learn to what extent this change, familiar, for the most part, in painting and sculpture, has been felt in other fields also—etching, wood-engraving, lithography, and the graphic arts generally. These, in a certain sense, have long been the strongholds of conservatism; and, though it has been seen how so modern a master as the Englishman Augustus John has carried over the ideals of his painting to the copper-plate, it might be possible, if we confined our survey to the English field alone, with its Camerons, McBeys, and Bones, to regard him merely as an isolated instance. It is the same with American etching, where men like Davies and Marin are exceptional. The story is altogether different when we turn to France, the home of modern etching, and see how largely the practice of that art and of its sister arts has passed into the hands of the innovators, who have adapted it to their new needs of expression and given it a strange, new vitality.

This popularity of etching and the other linear technics is not really surprising when we consider the aims of modern art and the means by which it seeks their attainment. For these involve a wholly new insistence upon the function and significance of line, and thus offer a complete contrast to those of the preceding, or Impressionist, period, when line, or anything else that sought to limit, circumscribe, or even *define* an object, was summarily rejected in the interest of luminosity and "atmosphere." But the appeal of the plastic is always bound, sooner or later, to reassert itself; and it was inevitable that, in due course, an artist should



By Pablo Picasso.

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arise in revolt against this narrowing of the aims of art. Such an artist was Cézanne, who, without insisting any less than his predecessors upon the claims of light and color—indeed, he alone among modern artists had a profound metaphysic of these elements—sought to restore to things their essential forms, to nature its mass, volume, and organic structure. To accomplish this he naturally was obliged to have recourse to line, which, in his work, becomes extraordinarily powerful and expressive. While the two colored lithographs by Cézanne hardly represent the great qualities of his painting in oil—they come closer to his water-colors in this respect—they have a very great beauty of their own and bring out at least one aspect of his art, often overlooked under the apparent coarseness and heaviness of his *facture* on canvas—its singular subtlety and delicacy. Most of the exquisite harmonies that make these two prints, with their blending and balanced blues and greens and grays, with ghostly warmer tones of red and yellow, would be lost in black-and-white reproduction. There is something of a more robust Blake, of a really pagan Puvis, in his boys of a heroic build and stature, these young demiurges made in the image of man yet purged of his imperfections and impurities.

By Pablo Picasso.

The fact that Cézanne too experimented with lithography is not the only thing that connects him with Corot. In spite of the profound difference that separates the two artists in most respects, they have also this in common—that they both admired, even worshipped, the "classic" style of painting, and sought, each in his own way, to be classic themselves. If what Corot wanted above all else was to emulate the serenity and the limpid radiance of Claude's atmosphere, what especially appealed to Cézanne was the strength, solidity, and massive grandeur of Poussin's design. Indeed, he once declared that all the artist had to do to-day was to repaint Poussin with his eye on nature. This is what he himself tried to do in the latter years of his life, and it was this return to a synthetic, or purely pictorial, method of painting, on the part of one who had carried analysis and scientific research to their extreme limits, that constituted the principal source of Cézanne's peculiar influence upon the rising artists of the younger generation, of which Henri Matisse was the leader.

Matisse, more than any one else, is the father of the modern movement in art. He, the founder of "Les Fauves," was the

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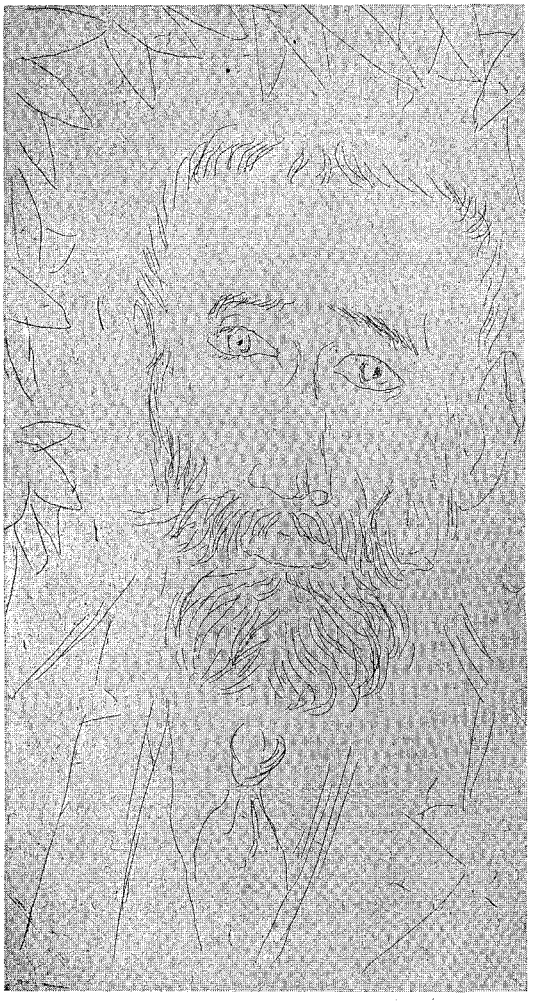
first to perceive the full implications, both intellectual and æsthetic, of Cézanne's later way of working, and to attempt to deduce from them an entirely new theory and practice of painting. This involved a still further step, in the complete substitution of synthesis for analysis. But synthesis is design; and, as design is the expressive element in art, Matisse, in stressing this, emphasized the subjective side of the artist's double function, as interpreter, placing it above that which is purely representative. The artist's eye was no longer to be upon nature in repainting Poussin, but turned within. . . .

Matisse has done much experimenting in the graphic arts, and in his work on the stone, on the copper-plate, and on the wood-block, are clearly revealed both his strength and his weakness as an artist whose almost Raphaelesque suavity of design degenerates at times into a veritable Parisian chic. Adopting the linear method of Cézanne, he carries it, in intention at least, even farther and more systematically. But, as a matter of fact, his line has little of the structural character and quality of the older master's. It is subtle and refined rather than strong and expressive. It gives us the shapes and the patterns of things seen on a flat surface rather than their weight, volume, and density. But it also gives us delicacies of modelling and of texture, as about the temples and in the beard of the man's head which we reproduce; and, above all, color. For, in whatever medium he works, Matisse remains the rich and audacious colorist, as well as the savant designer, and I know of no modern artist who surpasses him, in this respect at least, in the black-and-white medium.

Matisse was the first to draw attention to that negro sculpture which has so profoundly affected recent art. But it was left for another artist to realize its full æsthetic significance—Pablo Picasso.

"In choosing for guides the savage artists, he (Picasso) was not unaware of their barbarism," writes M. Salmon. "Only he conceived logically that they had attempted the real figuration of the being, and not the realization of the idea—sentimental, for the most part—that we fashion of it for ourselves. . . . Thus he wishes to give a total representation of man and things. Such was the attempt of the barbarous image-makers." And such, in another medium, with the special problems involved in representing this totality on a plane surface, has been that of Picasso. It has led him directly to so-called "Cubism," of which Picasso is the father, precisely as Matisse is the father of "Les Fauves."



Portrait of a man by Henri Matisse.

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But it is not with Picasso the Cubist that we are here concerned. It is with Picasso in that first fine period of his maturity, the "Blue Period," when, fresh from a visit to his home in Spain, he reveals anew the influence of the great Spanish masters Greco and Goya, either direct and unadulterated, or modified by that of such modern French artists as Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec, as in his skeleton-like figures of absinthe drinkers. But Picasso's mastery of pure line is, to my mind, even more evident in those prints where what he seeks is little more than balanced rhythm and harmony, but where he succeeds, at the same time, in realizing a vital vigor of conception. It is the musical element that is uppermost, perhaps, in the impression produced by the slight but significant sketch of men with horses, and by the group of circus folk, with a boy balancing himself on a ball, but in the former at least it is a solid architectural music which, with its strange dissonances and discords, makes us think insistently of some fugue or chorale by César Franck.

Monumental, too, are the figures in the smaller groups. There is the suggestion of Egyptian sculpture in the figure of his nude clown—nude save for his clown's cap. But strange, arresting beauty and significance reach their highest pitch in the nude woman combing her hair before a glass—a figure of flame rather than of flesh, which suggests the metaphysical evocations of John Donne or some of our modern English poets. I showed this figure to an artist friend. He looked at it in despair. "But the pelvis is all out of drawing!" he exclaimed. Well, no doubt it is. So much the worse for the pelvis!

There is, moreover, in these circus folk of Picasso's—*cette belle série d'acrobates métaphysiques, de ballêrines serves de Diane, de clowns enchanteurs, et d'Arléquines Trismégistes*, as they have been happily called—a note of charm and of human tenderness that is too often lacking in this artist's work—even his earlier work—and that has totally disappeared in the later stages of his development. The relentless logic of the Cubist dreamer, bent on reducing the human form to its geometric equivalents, has effectually destroyed it, swallowed it up. He may rise to intellectual and emotional levels hitherto unknown in his own work, or in the history of art; but, as M. Salmon says, never again can he become "the fecund, ingenuous, and learned creator of human poetry."

With Matisse and Picasso must be mentioned André Derain. An eclectic, if we divorce the word from its common connotation of lifeless dilettanteism, Derain has experienced a far wider range of influences than either Matisse or Picasso, between whom he is, in a sense, a link. He owes more to the Japanese than to Matisse, and at least as much to the German and Italian Primitives as to the barbarous art of to-day. His work is a sort of impassioned synthesis of these influences, upon which he has managed to impress the unmistakable stamp of his own individuality. There is a suggestion of Gauguin's South Sea Islanders in an admirably etched nude figure, and of tropical palms in the stiff foliage of the trees in the background. But there is also a suggestion of Dürer and of Campagnola, and the artist takes us back, in imagination, to the age when influences were extended across the Alps and over Europe, and one national school had its direct impact upon another.

Georges Braque and Jacques Villon, oldest of the three brothers, are other painters of the new movement, who have turned their hand to etching, with interesting results. Both have etched plates that, like later ones by Picasso, are purely "Cubist" in character. Among the best examples of the working out of this latest phase in terms of black and white, is Villon's very beautiful plate entitled "The Table under the Trees." Here etching and dry-point are skilfully combined to produce that harmonious balance of forms and of tone which is the main object of modern art.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.—CLAUDE-OSCAR MONET: It is the patient, salutary Monet who, more than any of his colleagues, typifies in the popular mind the characteristic features of the Impressionist movement. A life-long student of outdoor coloration and atmospheric effect, he offers in the "Lady in the Garden" a glimpse of the garden of Vetheuil radiant with springtime bloom and blossom.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

DURING many weeks the world's attention has been wholly diverted from the economic effects of the European war to the events of the war itself. Not since the advance of the German army into France in 1914, culminating in the disastrous reverse of September on the Marne, have the news bulletins been scanned with the eager anxiety which has characterized the period since the "German drive" reached its furthest point a month ago. The later stages of the episode, though perhaps not marked by such sense of overwhelming relief from an impending tragedy as those of four years ago, were even more stimulating to the imagination.

America's Dramatic Part in the Fight

That it would be American divisions which, barely fifteen months after our declaration of war, would stop the tide of German invasion at its nearest approach to Paris, and that American troops would be co-operating, in formidable numbers, in the blow which crushed the German right flank, was a chapter in history which the boldest prophet had not so much as ventured to predict. Nothing was missed in the dramatic setting of the picture—the complete surprise to Allies, to enemy, and the American people themselves; the blows of our reinforcements against the German front at the moment when Germany was protesting that the Americans could not possibly be there, or the French people's celebration of our national holiday in recognition of what our soldiers might do next year, followed within a fortnight by the very achievements which on July 4th had been fixed for 1919.

This second great victory of the Allies on the Marne was by no means the victory of the American troops alone; the ratio of Americans actually engaged was still relatively small when measured by the total strength of General Foch's active army. But several hundred thousand of them were in the battle; they proved themselves, man for man, better fighters than their German antagonists, and the remainder of their force in France, numerically nearly a million, increased to very large proportions the Allied reserve army. The sense that the German High Command had staked everything on this single blow, because it must be dealt before America arrived, had intensified interest in the early stages of the campaign. The unexpected arrival of the Americans, at the moment most disconcerting for the German plans, necessarily raised that interest to the highest pitch. A very few months before, the world had begun to talk of "war-weariness," of physical or economic exhaustion among our European allies, of financial demoralization in the United States itself as a result of our own economic burden. All such considerations dropped into the background with the turn in the fortunes of the campaign.

IT will be long before the military and political aspects of the situation lose first place in every one's calculations. Nevertheless, as another autumn season approaches, with the emphasis which that season always applies to the economic problems of war-time, it is natural that two questions should recur to the financial mind—first, as to what will be the economic result of another year of war; second, as to what economic conditions will confront us when the war is over. The second question was canvassed and recanvassed in the discussions of 1914. It became a matter of practical controversy during the two succeeding years, in which the recurrent talk of peace negotiations, coming at a time when the United States, though only an

Economic Problems to the Fore

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outsider, was greatly affected both financially and industrially by the war, threw our markets into constant agitation over the possibility of sudden change to peace-time conditions. It has been much less talked about since 1916, not primarily because of our government's joining in the war, but because the entire community appeared to have made up its mind that the end of the war was much further away than any one had previously imagined.

During many generations, the stock-market has been the index-finger which pointed out the probable character of the financial, industrial, and political future. Exactly how far it can be relied upon to perform that function in war-time, is a disputed question. Under ordinary circumstances, an investment market displays prophetic power for the well-known reason that values are raised or depressed, as the case may be, by the purchases or sales of people whose judgment regarding the trend of affairs is most highly trained and whose information as to financial and political tendencies is of the best. In the case of a great war, however, two influences often operate to hamper the stock-market in its reflection of probable developments by a rise or fall in prices. One is inflation of the paper currency, which, if it results in actual depreciation of the money standard, will thereby create false values for investment securities as for ordinary commodities.

This was a well-known phenomenon of our Civil War. Prices of that day on the New York Stock Exchange were quite as fundamentally governed by the rise in gold as by news from the battle-front; so that the upward tendency was fairly constant, even when the news was unfavorable. The same phenomenon has been witnessed during this war on the stock-market of Austria, for instance, where depreciation of the currency has visibly come into effect on a greater scale than in any other belligerent state except Russia. Not only in Austria, but in Germany also, shares even of ocean-steamship companies whose ordinary business had been ruined by the war have risen 50 or 100 per cent on the stock exchange since the war began.

The other complicating influence arises from the restrictive policies of government itself. On no European stock exchange does there exist to-day what would ordinarily be described as a "free market." On some of them no purchases or sales are allowed except for actual cash; on all of them speculative activities are frowned upon and sometimes directly prohibited, as tending to divert capital from investment in the war loans. It is clear that markets thus restricted cannot be depended on to reflect quickly or emphatically the good or evil probabilities of a situation.

A Free Stock-Market in the U. S.

IN the United States, however, a free stock-market still exists. No restrictions are placed by the government upon the trading. Our currency is undoubtedly much expanded; money in actual circulation, outside the Treasury and Federal Reserve banks, amounted to $5,384,000,000 in the middle of this year, as against $4,702,000,000 when the United States went to war, in April, 1917, and $3,367,000,000 in July of 1914. This is a very substantial increase. But the question of actual depreciation rests, not primarily on the volume of a currency, but on the power to redeem it in gold and the provision for doing so. Now, in the case of our own outstanding paper currency, the $346,000,000 of United States notes are by law secured to the extent of 44 per cent in gold, while the $1,700,000,000 Federal Reserve notes now in circulation were protected, as shown in the midsummer reports, by an abundant gold reserve in the hands of government; which, amounting as it did to $1,900,000,000, was 61¾ per cent of outstanding circulation and deposit liabilities combined. Our pre-war national-bank notes had no gold reserve against them.

In the case of Germany, the $1,750,000,000 Loan Bureau currency of the war is protected by no gold reserve whatever. The Austrian Bank's note circulation increased $6,125,000,000 between July of 1914 and December of 1917, while its gold reserve in the same time decreased $1,730,000,000. The fourfold increase in the French Bank's circulation has been accompanied by increase of barely 10

(Continued on page 44, *following*)

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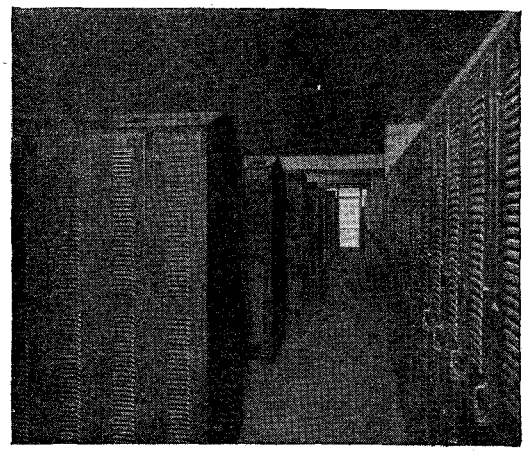

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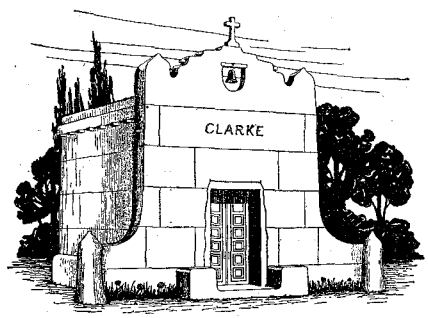

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per cent in its gold holdings, and the notes are not now redeemed in gold. Even the "currency notes" of England, also a war issue, have now a gold reserve of only 11 per cent; the note issue having been increased five times over since 1915, without any increase in the gold reserve held against it.

The result, so far as can be judged from any accepted test, is not depreciation of the American currency. How far the mere fact of its large expansion has had an influence on prices is still a moot question, as every reader of the day's economic discussions knows. Yet, when the volume of business done in the country, as indicated by bank checks which have changed hands in the United States, has increased from $83,000,000,000 in 1915 to $157,000,000,000 in 1917, it is clear that the mere increase in transactions would in any case require a very great increase in the currency supply, simply in order to conduct the larger trade. The real point at issue is the character of the currency.

AT all events, it is not apparent that the increase in actual volume of our currency has exerted any influence on the stock-market. The prolonged and sweeping decline of prices last

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winter proved of itself pretty conclusively that no such offsetting influence was at work. The essential fact about the stock-market of this summer has been the stability of values on the higher range reached in the great advance of last spring. That prices rose no higher, despite the cheerful attitude of the Stock Exchange toward the news of the day, was largely ascribed to the uncertainties of war. But, as a matter of fact, the cause most commonly assigned was doubt as to what would be the effect on the money-markets of the projected doubling of revenue by taxation contemplated by the Treasury and of the $6,000,000,000 war loan which the Secretary of the Treasury foreshadowed in a general way for next October.

The Stock-Market Shows Stability of Values

There was indeed plausible reason for arguing that such an increase in the government's requisitions ought to cause just such depreciation in financial markets as occurred when the revenue law of 1917 was announced last October. The Secretary's reasoning in the present instance was based on the fact that, although the actual governmental expenditure of the fiscal year ending with last June had been $12,696,000,000, the monthly rate of expenditure had risen from $675,000,000 in July of 1917 to $1,512,500,000 last June. From this he inferred that monthly expenditure hereafter would increase at the rate of $100,000,000 per month during at least the second half of 1918. In that case, even with monthly expenditure stationary thereafter, total disbursements in the fiscal year ending with June of 1919 would be $24,000,000,000 or nearly twice the outlay of the fiscal year 1918.

In order to maintain the existing ratio between the part raised through taxation and the part raised through loans, war taxation for the next fiscal year, and war loans put out in the same period, must both be virtually doubled. Such was the Treasury's reasoning. To the working out of the tax plan the congressional committees immediately applied themselves. As for the government borrowings, the Treasury gave out the official intimation that the next war loan would be at least $6,000,000,000 in amount, that its interest rate would be 4¼ per cent, the same as that of the third war loan, and that the campaign for subscriptions would begin early next October. Here was apparently sufficient ground for apprehension as to the effect of the hugely increased governmental requisitions on the country's financial organism. That the markets reflected no such acute misgiving, but on the whole held firm, though with diminished activity, cannot easily be explained except by the accumulating news regarding America's preparation for its own part in the war, and by the actual achievements of our army at the front in France.

MUCH as we had learned already regarding the activities of our army-transport service, the War Department's announcement on the eve

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Taking Stock of the Future

WAR is now the supreme effort of the nations. After the war every energy will be concentrated vigorously on the work of reconstruction, the taking apart of the vast and intricate war machine, and on readjustments to meet the new requirements of business and industry.

American manufacturers and merchants should begin now to study and plan for the holding and expansion of our foreign trade. The interests of domestic business also are vitally concerned. The thoroughness with which we solve our foreign trade problems will have a far-reaching influence upon our commercial future.

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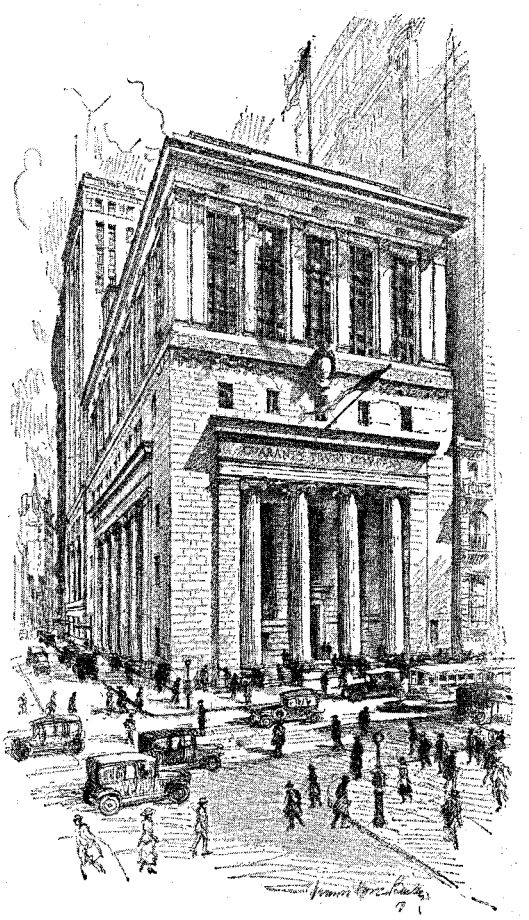

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of July 4 that we already had an army of a million men in Europe (of whom 638,000 had been carried over within three months) and the further information that the movement was continuing at the rate of nearly 100,000 per week, came as a climax of reassurance, both in regard to the prospect for turning back the German invasion of France and as evidence of the power and resources of our country. Here was an achievement which our own military authorities had never promised, which our allies had not expected, and which not only Germany but our own congressional committees had a few months before pronounced impossible. From this, and from the brilliant performance of our soldiers actually at the front, came the same outburst of national pride and confidence as followed the unexpectedly prompt and complete victories of our naval fleet in 1898.

Cause of National Pride and Confidence

With this announcement came the extraordinary facts concerning our new ship construction in the fiscal year ending last June, showing that a tonnage of new merchant ships four times as great as that of the preceding twelvemonth had been turned out, and followed by the launching, on the Fourth of July, of nearly 500,000 tons of shipping, or one-third of the actual total output in the fiscal year just ended. This dramatically impressive proof of the energy and defensive capacity of the United States appealed to even the financial imagination in such manner as apparently to offset completely the burden of the economic strain. The response of the Stock Exchange showed how largely the outcome of our preparations for war played a part in creating financial confidence.

The vacillating markets of the summer of 1917 reflected the attitude of experienced observers regarding the mere fact of our going to war. Last autumn's decline in prices measured their doubt, both as to the economic influence of the heavy loans and taxes and as to our national capacity for playing a great part in the European campaign. The prolonged recovery of last spring was the evidence that financial misgiving in both directions had been relieved. What the Stock Exchange's action of midsummer has indicated is undoubtedly conviction that the new and increasing economic burden, though weighing heavily on the financial organism, can be borne by a country whose available wealth had been vastly underestimated, and that our notably successful defensive and offensive military effort was the paramount consideration.

BUT what, then, of the longer future—especially of the time when the world returns to a state of peace? We shall hardly look to the Stock Exchange for light on this. Judgment expressed on the stock-market is judgment of the near future, and, whether rightly or wrongly, Wall Street appears to agree with the rest of the community in anticipating a much longer dura-

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tion of the conflict. The excited movement of prices with which, in 1915 and 1916, the Stock Exchange used instantaneously to respond to news of "German peace proposals," was a consequence of the then very prevalent belief that the war could not be thus prolonged, and that the vague or indirect overtures of the statesmen at Berlin were the prologue to acceptable proffers of terms.

Germany's Futile Peace Moves

That attitude of mind has passed. Financial markets and the general public have lost all confidence in the honesty of the Berlin proposals. It is understood, as it was not understood two years ago, that the primary purpose of the Wilhelmstrasse is to divide its antagonists and secure a peace which would leave the vital issues of the war unsettled. Within the past twelvemonth the world has had the actual opportunity of learning, from the episode of Brest-Litovsk and its sequel, how Germany makes peace, and how she observes the terms of peace. The result is that when, during July, the German Foreign Minister and the German Chancellor renewed in a somewhat shuffling manner their previous suggestions of a general peace, the news did not make the slightest impression on the markets. As against the exceedingly violent commotion on the Stock Exchange which occurred when Bethmann-Hollweg outlined his government's ideas in December, 1916, the speeches of Von Kuehlmann and Hertling this summer, reiterating Germany's own programme of peace terms, failed to cause a ripple in the market.

If, indeed, the financial community were convinced that termination of the war, whenever that occurs, is destined to confront western Europe and America with a domestic situation such as arose last year in Russia when her government withdrew from the war, the influence on the investment market would probably be far-reaching. But Wall Street is entertaining no such supposition. Like every one else, experienced financiers are holding in abeyance their judgment as to probable tendencies of the longer future, differing widely among themselves, and awaiting developments. But this does not mean that there is no trend of intelligent opinion as to the general nature of the situation which we are destined to confront.

Great Changes Impending

ON three points there is already entire agreement among thoughtful men. There will be very great changes in commercial and industrial relations after the war. There are sure to be important social changes, probably involving also change in the scope and direction of governmental activities. Political changes in the foreign governmental system, in the number of independent states, and in the make-up of existing kingdoms and empires, will be practically inevitable. These postulates are challenged by nobody. It is only when the nature and extent of the antici-

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pated changes begin to be discussed that opinion diverges.

Two or three years ago the question of the commercial and industrial trend of affairs on return of peace seemed chiefly to converge on the relative future position, in international trade, of the great commercial countries, and on the probable course of prices for the products of their industries when the war-time demands of governments had ceased. To-day the problem takes wider scope. The business community has to confront such questions as the future effect on ocean commerce and on the shipping industry of the enormous output of new merchant ships; the future relation of the governments to that industry, when the new merchant fleets have been built with public money and are the property of the state; the extent to which foreign trade itself, in character and direction, will be controlled by government as the government undoubtedly controls to-day. It has to consider the agricultural situation which will result when the ocean highways are no longer impeded, when the supply of cargo-ships is greater than the pre-war maximum, and when the blockaded ports of producing nations are reopened—all this in face of an increase of cultivated harvest-land, in many of the belligerent countries, beyond any precedent of our time. Not least of all, it is forced to take into account, more seriously perhaps than at any previous period of the war, the question of the future commercial relations of Germany and her allied states to the rest of the world.

Future of Our Merchant Marine

SO far as past history is any guide, the problem of the huge new merchant marine will be met in due course by an equally large expansion of international commerce after the war. This result has invariably followed every great conflict of the sort, though usually after a lapse of years. In the present instance—again judging by historical precedent—it ought to mean the opening to the world, on a scale only imagined in the past, of the productive resources of Russia, China, South America, and Central Asia, and the simultaneous advance of those communities to commercial wealth and power.

Whether this new trade will be conducted, so far as shipping facilities are concerned, by the governments which own the newly constructed ships, and to what extent those governments will control the direction of post-bellum commerce, depends on so many intervening occurrences as to make prediction difficult. Of the war-time increase in facilities for production and shipment of food, it is at least a fact worth remembering that, in proportion as the commercial and industrial facilities of the world at large have expanded, even in peace-times, consumption of food and production necessary to meet the new requirements have also increased.

If, therefore, the actual return of peace is, in the long run, to create new industrial prosperity in the outside world, to be served by the enlarged

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merchant marine, the world's larger production of foodstuffs will itself be a necessity of the new conditions. This is, at any rate, the teaching of the past—whether it has come immediately on termination of the war or only after a period of industrial confusion, uncertainty, and reaction.

The Economic Boycott of Germany

THE problem of relations between, let us say, the unrepentant Teutonic states and the rest of the civilized world, is a problem new to history. That it is a practical and a serious problem, German statesmen and men of affairs have been the first to recognize. The case is not primarily that which was contemplated by the Paris Economic Conference of 1915—action of the present Allied governments, as governments, to restrict and partly boycott trade with Germany. It is the attitude of peoples rather than governments which will determine it. The feeling toward Germany rightly entertained by the people of the twenty-three nations now at war with her—the sentiments aroused in them by the political perfidy, military brutality, and naval savagery of the German Government—is something for which history may be vainly searched to find a parallel in modern times.

The United States was, in 1915, the one country whose adhesion to the "economic war" seemed unthinkable. But the entry of our citizen army into the war, coming on top of the discoveries regarding the German Government's conspiracies against us in our period of neutrality, has to all intents put an end to the "German-American constituency" as a political or economic factor. What is even more formidable to Germany is the fact that the children who will be the producers and consumers in American trade, a few years from now, are growing up with the conception rooted in their minds of Germany as a mark of personal abhorrence, the enemy of mankind.

It is not easy to imagine Germany completely boycotted, even by a people uncompromisingly hostile to her government. In default of obstruction by our own high civil authorities, she will always be a potential buyer of our goods, and the principles of trade as we know them would seem to mean that we must take her goods in return. But with a hostile consuming community, and severe scrutiny of imports by the government (the British Board of Trade committee has already proposed that absolute proof of the origin of imported merchandise be required), resumption of her commerce on the old-time scale would be impossible to Germany.

The loss of their piers at New York by the two great German transatlantic lines may conceivably turn out to be more than an accident of war.

There is still left the possibility that the German people may dislodge and remove the mediæval government which has been responsible for the mediæval barbarities of this war, and that the rest of the world will accept that action as ground for admitting the German people into the full in-

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

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Financial Situation, continued from page 53

tercourse of present-day civilization. But this solution of the problem must be the work of Germany herself.

A Reaction Caused by Bolshevikism

TO assert that there must be important social changes after the war, with at least some extension of governmental functions, is to reach a rather obvious conclusion. Such results, indeed, would mean not only that some of the necessary experiments of the war had met popular approval as permanent institutions, it would signify that tendencies which were strongly at work before the war began had been intensified by subsequent experiences. But all such probabilities are a matter of degree.

Undoubtedly there are people, even in the United States, with a vague notion that something like the Bolshevik government at Petrograd will come to exist in this country also—a class government, pure and simple, in which the mere fact that a man works with his hands is assumed to make him the only kind of citizen fit to administer government, to pass laws, to sit as judge, or to command armies, and in which it is taken for granted that prosperity can be assured through confiscation of the savings of the past. Bolshevik political philosophy will quite possibly be heard in English and American political campaigns after the war; but I am making, it seems to me, no extravagant assertion in saying that actual political danger from that cause is vastly less to-day than it was even in that period of the war which preceded the Russian Revolution.

Had a general peace been agreed upon after Bethmann-Hollweg's speech to the Reichstag at the end of 1916, and had the Russian Revolution then occurred, with the subsequent political experiments which we have already witnessed, it is not easy to say what its effect would have been, even on countries of far higher political development. The powerful reaction on the English people of the early extravagances of the French Revolution is a notable case in point. Highly respectable English propagandists accepted even the wilder extravagances of the Convention, applauded the full programme of the revolutionists as having solved all the problems of society, formed a species of international union with the Convention at Paris, and planned for England herself a similar overnight reversal of social and political institutions.

It needed the visible demonstration by France herself of the dangerous fallacies which the Revolution had mixed with its general truths, to stop the spread of the worst of this contagion. As soon as the assertion of the Rights of Man, without the restraints imposed by human experience, had resulted in a cruel and stupid despotism, sustained by the lowest classes of society, the spell was broken. But what was accomplished in the way of shaping popular opinion in other countries by the episode of the Terror in France has al-

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ready been accomplished in the brief career of the Russian Bolsheviki.

Dictatorship by the proletariat, absolute government by labor-unions, might be a tempting example to other restless communities to-day, if the experiment had been tried at the moment of world-wide reconstruction. But the outside world has been able since March, 1917, as it was after 1789, to watch the working-out of an isolated experiment, and in this case it has seen the result in Russia's social anarchy, economic collapse, territorial disruption, and political humiliation. There is infinitely less likelihood that the example of Russia would be closely copied elsewhere on the return of general peace than there would have been if, as the Soviets intended, the Revolution had been promptly followed by a general peace.

Government and Industry

ON the question as to extension of the powers of government, its regulation of social habits and its direct intrusion into the field of general industry, the outlook is necessarily more obscure. It is so, partly because no one can be sure to what extent the new order of things will commend itself as a permanent and beneficent institution, but partly, also, because the necessities which have fastened the machinery of state socialism on a world at war cannot instantly disappear on return of peace. In England the trend of expert opinion is to the effect that governmental control, even of production and distribution of food, must inevitably continue for a long period after the war.

It is admitted even in this country and recognized in congressional legislation that the railways which the government took over last December cannot in any case be returned to private ownership until the period of military demobilization and immediate industrial readjustment is completed. As to how and when the government can safely relinquish all of its direct control over prices of necessities, that, too, is a question which will have to be determined by events. Back of all this comes the occasional intimation, in political and business circles of Germany as well as of the Allies, that the political and economic situation after war may necessitate direct control by governments, individually or in league with one another, of the character and destination of foreign trade.

State Restrictions Must Be Removed or Modified After War

HERE, then, are uncertainties enough for any one who plots out the political horoscope. The most, perhaps, that can be said to-day is that the visible signs of the times, at any rate, do not point to growing demand by the people at large for perpetuation of these war-time experiments in government control. There are evidences of a trend in the opposite direction. The government to-day is arbitrarily keeping up the price of wheat and keeping down the price of coal; but in both cases it is acting strictly on grounds of war-time necessity,

Financial Situation, continued on page 56

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Financial Situation, continued from page 55

and in each its programme of operation has meant to the consuming community sacrifice, inconvenience, and sometimes actual hardship. The end of the war would be widely greeted as a promise of relief from these conditions, not of their perpetuation.

In the belief that they were doing their part in contributing to effective prosecution of the war, the American people have submitted quietly to removal, one after another, of the advantages and conveniences of competitive railway service, and have surrendered these conveniences in the face of an all-round increase of 50 per cent or more in passenger fares, and of 25 per cent in freight rates. It is difficult to suppose that the public mind, however great its willingness to endure the new arrangements now, will not associate these trying experiences with government operation and the consequent destruction of competitive railway service. What conditions will be created by the still more recent assumption by the government of control over telegraphs and telephones remains to be discovered.

It is true that European governments exercised such control before the war. But it is equally true that the result was a service, notably in the case of telephones, which the American public even then described as intolerable. There is, in fact, an easy possibility that both industry itself and the public at large will have reached, before the war is over, the position lately taken in an official committee report to the British Board of Trade that "state control of and restrictions upon industries, arising out of war conditions, which have been recognized and accepted during the war, but which we consider are detrimental under normal conditions, ought to be removed as soon as possible after the conclusion of peace."

The World's Political Map to Be Changed

ALL the experience of history warrants expectation that important changes in the world's political map will come with the ending of this war. The financial and economic as well as the political significance of such changes is bound to be far-reaching. But in one notable respect the existing outlook seems to differ from that of other wars. Treaties of peace which followed other and older conflicts have usually provided for acquisition of territory by one or more victorious belligerents. In the resultant situation there were apt to be less, not more, of independent states.

If the partial reconstitution of the Balkans after the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 and the secession of the colonies in the American Revolutionary War with England were exceptions, they were the exceptions which proved the rule; for Turkey was in the process of disintegration, from causes inherent in herself, and the constitution of 1787 made one nation out of thirteen partly independent states. The break-up of the so-called "Napoleonic Empire" after 1814 and 1815 was, in fact, not the liberation of subject states but

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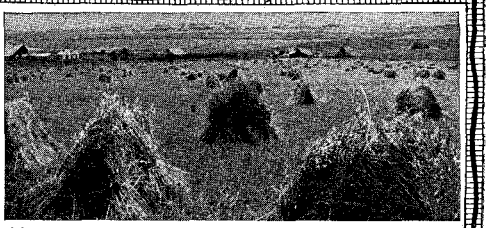
their redistribution and reaffiliation. The unmistakable tendency of the two past centuries has been the enlargement or consolidation of individual states and empires after war—a fact of which the rise of the German Empire in 1871 is perhaps the most notable example, and the cementing of the American Union after 1865 by no means the least. Conspicuously in the period since Waterloo, the centripetal force, in world politics as in world industry, has been the controlling influence.

It was clearly enough the belief of the German Government, when declaring war in 1914, that the results of this conflict would be the same. Germany, if immediately victorious, would almost certainly have taken Belgium. Her government, as we have learned since then, offered peace to France on condition that part of the territory now occupied by the German Army should be ceded. Not even the urgent desire to keep England neutral could induce the government at Berlin to promise Sir Edward Grey that the French colonies would not be seized. The acquisition of Denmark had been considered by Germany even before the war, and might easily have been a consequence of German victory.

But the actual movement of events has been very different. It was not left for the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk to introduce the idea of disruption of existing states into a group of independent units. Disintegration of southern Austria into political independencies had been discussed as an almost inevitable sequel of the war as far back as 1915. It was taken for granted that the success of the Allies would erect at least two new states from Turkey's European empire. Within a year, applying to its own original population the somewhat vague doctrine of "self-determination," the Russian Government has allowed that empire to break into five or more fragments, each now asserting and exercising political independence.

The Proposed League of Nations

IF this were in fact to be the general tendency of the eventual peace negotiations—and such tendencies have a way of unfolding themselves in history, regardless of the arguments of statesmen—a peculiarly interesting period, in economic as in political history, would be ahead of us. The movement as a whole would exactly reverse the tendencies of the preceding generation, which had witnessed the final termination of the disunion propaganda in America, the creation of united Italy, and the foundation of the German Empire. Perhaps it is too early to say whether this centrifugal force in European politics is destined to prevail in the actual outcome, or whether it is merely a passing and temporary phenomenon of the war. In either case, the political and economic significance of the resultant situation will depend on the much larger question, to what extent the as yet hardly formulated League of Nations, designed to protect the weaker states of the future from the aggression of unscrupulous neighbors, is to become a political reality.



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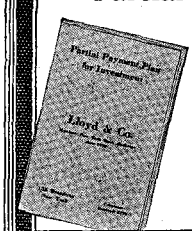

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THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

IV—Investment and Speculation

By William W. Craig

(This is the fourth of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

THE dividing-line between investment and speculation in securities is so vague and shadowy that shrewd minds have difficulty in separating to their own satisfaction these impelling motives for the purchase of stocks and bonds. There are able students of finance who maintain that investment buying so greatly overlaps speculative buying that the two cannot be considered in any way except supplementary to each other.

What is a simon-pure investment purchase? Conventionally considered, a transaction of the sort involves the payment of cash for securities which are bought for the sake of the income they yield and the buyer's belief in their potency to keep his principal intact. This is a rather rigid attempt at a definition and precludes the expectation on the part of the buyer that his securities may rise in market value. But if this is permitted to enter as a factor in investment buying, it may well be argued that speculation was an influence equal to investment in bringing about the purchase. Here is where difficulty arises at once in differentiating between the purposes behind the exchange of money for securities.

Consider a railroad company just emerging from receivership. A top-heavy funded debt has been scaled down to a conservative figure and an adequate amount of cash has been provided in the reorganization to upbuild the physical property of the road. Because of the company's troubles the new bonds come upon the market at a large discount from par, although earnings are sufficient to pay interest charges easily and hold out promise of increasing in the future. After studying the company's balance-sheet and reviewing its prospects, a man uses his savings to buy several of the bonds. Is he an investor or a speculator? He believes he can get his principal back at any time through a sale in the open market, and because of the discount in the price he is getting a sizable return on his money. In these respects he is an investor, but the circumstances under which the bonds were issued shows that some time must pass before they become well "seasoned" as investments of stability and proven worth, and the chances are that the buyer had at the back of his head the belief that the market appraisement of his purchase would appreciate in value after a time. This attitude brings a distinct speculative flavor to the transaction.

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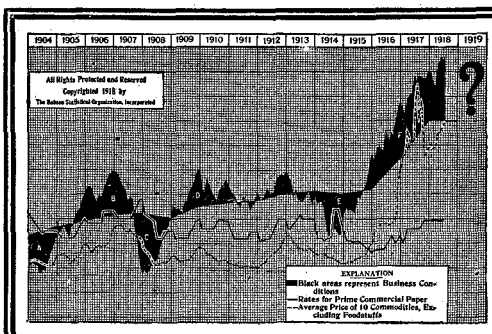
An industrial company ploughs its earnings back into its business for a period of years, gradually building up good assets behind common stock which originally was mostly water. During this painful and slow process far-sighted men buy the stock and lock it away. They receive no dividends and they have no full assurance that the equities for the shares will not cease growing some day. They buy for cash; they expect to get their money back when they sell, but they expect also to receive considerably more than they paid for the stock because of an expansion in the actual value of the company. Are they investors or speculators?

The illustrations show that the definition of investment as presented is by no means broad enough to be satisfactory. The edges of investment and speculation are dovetailed together where they do not spread over each other. The buyer of unimproved real estate which he intends to sell later at a profit is sometimes called an investor and again a speculator. The purchaser of real estate may pay cash or he may borrow a part of the price, and his status is the same in public opinion under both methods. In securities, however, speculation is closely linked in the consideration of the public with operations involving heavy borrowing in the way of "margin" from the broker handling the business, and stories of losses entailed have long caused a distrustful impression of speculative transactions in stocks to be held by many people.

Competent observers of trading on the New York Stock Exchange estimate that fully 90 per cent of the business in stocks is speculative. This calculation is based on the ratio of purchases on borrowed money to purchase for cash, with a considerable allowance for the sales of stock put through which the sellers do not own and expect to purchase later at a lower level—short sales. But purchases made with borrowed money, on margin, do not always represent outright speculation. Frequently real investors borrow money of their brokers in order to carry bonds yielding a high return. The bonds yield 7 per cent, say, on the purchase price and because of extraordinary conditions in the market are considered entirely safe by the purchaser. He is able to borrow money at 5 per cent, so that a monetary advantage lies in the holding of the bonds on terms including a part-cash arrangement in order to secure the difference between what the bond pays in interest and the amount paid by the owners on the borrowed funds.

It has been said by economists that "speculation supplies a channel through which enterprise may flow into wealth." Adam Smith wrote in his "Wealth of Nations": "The establishment of any new manufacture or any new branch of commerce or of any new practice in agriculture is always a speculation from which the projector promises himself large profits." In rounding out this comment for latter-day application it might be said that the success of speculation in business undertakings depends frequently on the

Continued on page 60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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Continued from page 59

result of speculative operations in securities representing such ventures.

If the vast transportation and manufacturing companies of the United States had been forced in their early days to depend on investors for capital their growth would have been slow. Funds for development would have accumulated only gradually when the need was imperative for haste and enthusiasm. The energy and faith of countless speculators were required to hasten the distribution of securities, and the fact that losses were incurred lessened not at all the value of the risks which were taken as applied to the public interest.

Speculation on the Stock Exchanges being usually considered by sceptics of the value of stock-market affairs as synonymous with "margin trading," both have come in for severe criticism. That there are frequently rash dealings, in which the element of foresight is so far eliminated as to make speculative purchases nothing more than gambling operations, is freely admitted by members of the New York Stock Exchange. In past years such casual transactions frequently ended in disaster because of the failure of numerous brokers in demanding adequate margins, but that is seldom the case nowadays.

"Margin" is the part of the purchase price which the broker receives from a customer, the balance being supplied by the broker. There are no fixed rules in respect to the size of the margin, but, broadly speaking, the practice among Stock Exchange members is to require the payment in cash of at least $1,000 on stocks selling between $5,000 and $10,000, provided that the shares are not wont to move in an erratic fashion. In periods of excited markets, the practice is to demand double the amount of margin of other times. As buyers enter the field of high-priced stocks or issues subject to sudden and violent swings, the margin increases in accordance to the judgment of the broker. It goes without saying, as in any other business, that a customer of known large means enjoys a higher credit with his broker than another of limited resources, and this is reflected in the amount of cash margin required of each.

Brokers insist more vigorously than they did prior to the investigation of the Exchanges of New York State in 1908 that margin be "kept good" all the time. That is, customers are under the necessity of maintaining the agreed percentage between the cash they deposit and the money they borrow, advancing more money immediately upon a decline of their securities. This practice, which has been watched over with great care by the governors of the New York Stock Exchange in recent years, has reduced the losses of speculators and lessened the condemnation which formerly came down upon the Stock Exchange when brokers were forced, for self-protection, to close out the accounts of customers whose margins had become impaired.

The inclination to take chances when the prospect of a large profit is held out is an inherent

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factor in the human make-up, whether securities, real estate, or other forms of property be the medium. The successful speculator in stocks is the man who combines good judgment with foresight and carefulness in acquiring information about fundamental conditions surrounding the securities he buys. In the final analysis, the question of whether or not legitimate speculation, as distinguished from blind gambling, is desirable from the point of view of the individual is to be decided by the amount of money he can afford to risk. That is the attitude of members of the Stock Exchange. Speculation always involves risk. The person of limited means needs constantly to consider this when he contemplates the exchange of his money for stocks or bonds.

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New England Investment Securities: *Earnest E. Smith & Co., 52 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.*
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Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.
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The Prosperity of the Standard Oils: *R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*
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Exchange Members and What They Do.
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MUNICIPAL BONDS

Bonds as Safe as Our Cities: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*
Drainage Bonds: *Kauffman-Smith-Emert Investment Co., St. Louis, Mo.*
The Ideal Investment: *Kauffman-Smith-Emert Investment Co., St. Louis, Mo.*
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PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Acquiring Doherty Securities by Monthly Payments: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*
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Partial Payment Investments: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
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The Part Payment Plan: *R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

Alberta Farm Mortgages: *Associated Mortgage Investors, Rochester, N. Y.*
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Convenient Investments That Return the Highest Profit With Safety: *Bankers' Loan & Securities Co., New Orleans, La.*
6% Farm Mortgages and Farm Mortgage Bonds: *Gold-Stabeck Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*
Farm Land Bonds: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*
Farm Mortgages: *Fidelity Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*
Farm Mortgage Investments: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*
Farm Mortgages as Investments: *The Farm Mortgage Trust Co., Topeka, Kans.*
Federal Farm Loan Act: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
First Farm Mortgages: *Bankers' Loan & Securities Co., New Orleans, La.*
How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
Humphrey Farm Mortgages: *Humphrey Investment Co., Independence, Kans.*
Investing: *Texas Mortgage Company, Dallas, Texas.*
Investing for Safety and Profit: *Liberty Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*
Investor's Service Tested for 47 Years: *Maxwell Investment Company, Kansas City, Mo.*
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Mortgages on Money-Making Farms: *Capital Trust & Savings Bank, St. Paul, Minn.*
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Southern Farm Mortgages: *Sessions Loan & Trust Co., Marietta, Ga.*
The Farm Mortgage as an Investment: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
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"We're Right on the Ground": *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*
Your Investment Problem Simplified: *H. B. Allfree, Inc., Newton, Iowa.*

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

A Buyer's Guide to Good Investments: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*
The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*
Mortgages Secured by Kansas Real Estate: *Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans.*

INVESTMENT PERIODICALS

Doherty News: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*
Securities Suggestions: *R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.*

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"THE SPIRIT THAT WINS."

The gunners of an American battery, though reduced to two wounded men, keep the gun in action through a gas attack until reserves arrive.

—See "Battle-Front Pictures," page 392.

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